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America Lights Up For Christmas . . . PAGE 94

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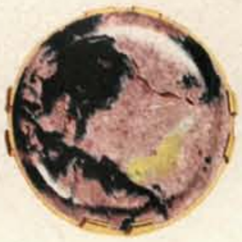
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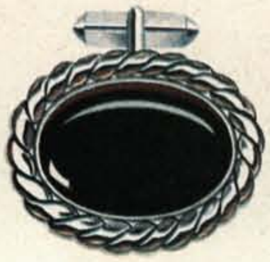
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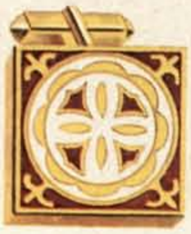
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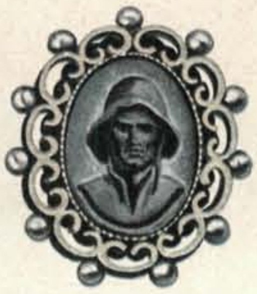
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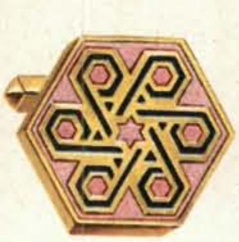
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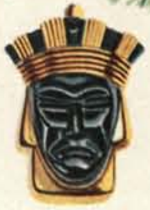
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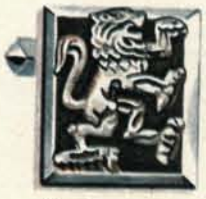
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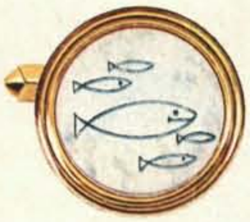
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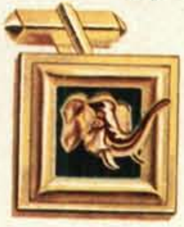
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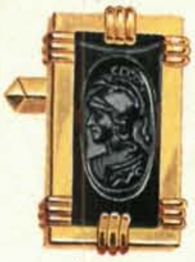
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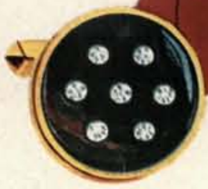
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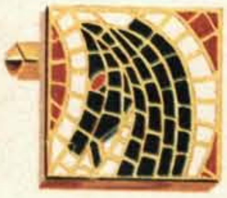
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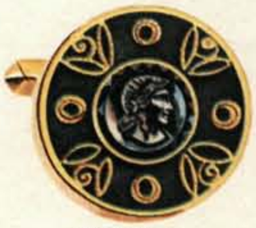
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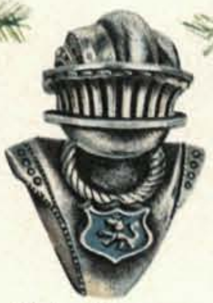
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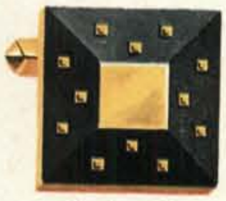
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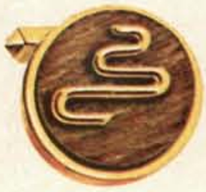
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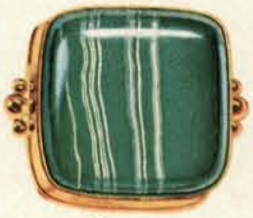
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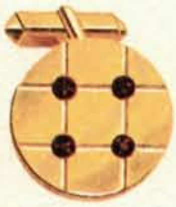
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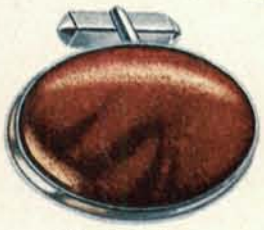
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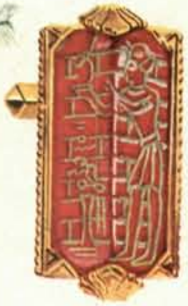
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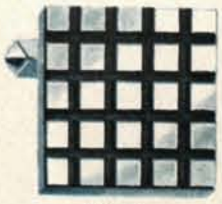
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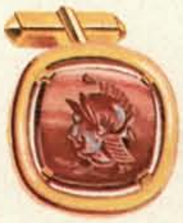
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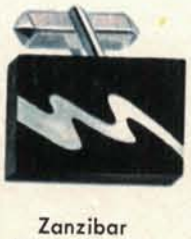
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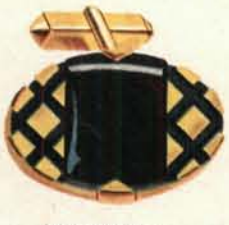
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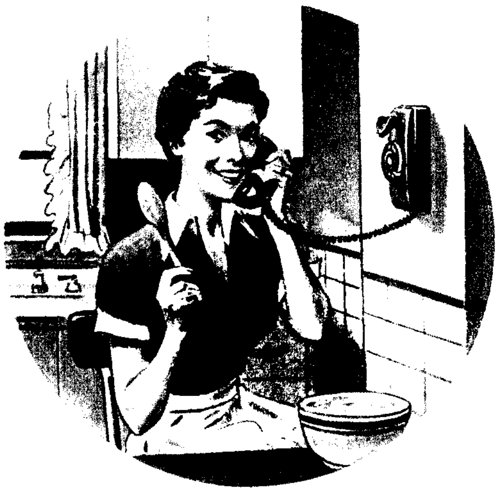
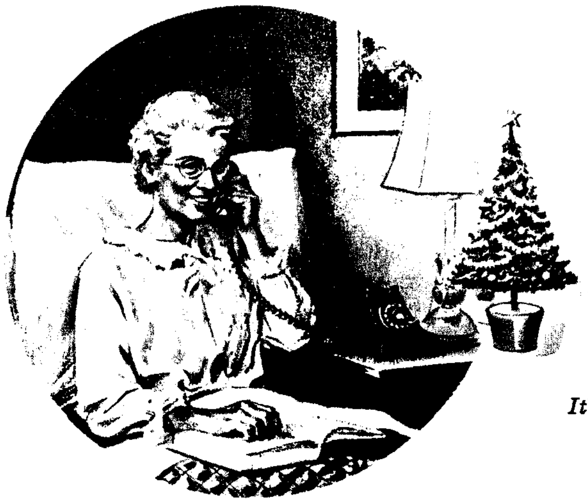


"Bill thinks of the nicest things.
He gave me an extension telephone
for the kitchen and one
for the bedroom too."



"Thanks ever so much, son,
for the extension telephone.
It's a big comfort to have
it close by in my bedroom."

HERE'S SOMETHING NEW
AND DIFFERENT FOR CHRISTMAS

Give an extension telephone to someone you love

Have you been searching for something new and different in a Christmas gift? Something that is distinctive, yet practical, and will last the whole year through?

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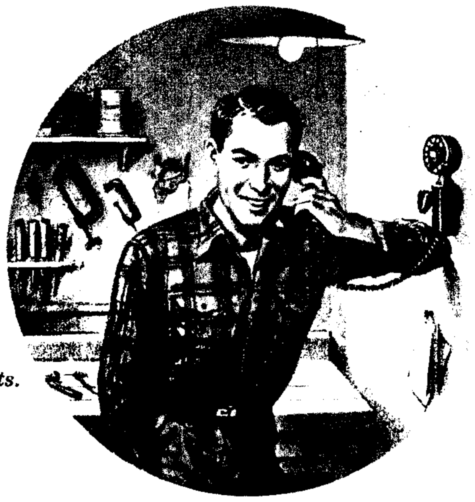
If you'll order in time we'll do our best to install the extension telephone before Christmas.

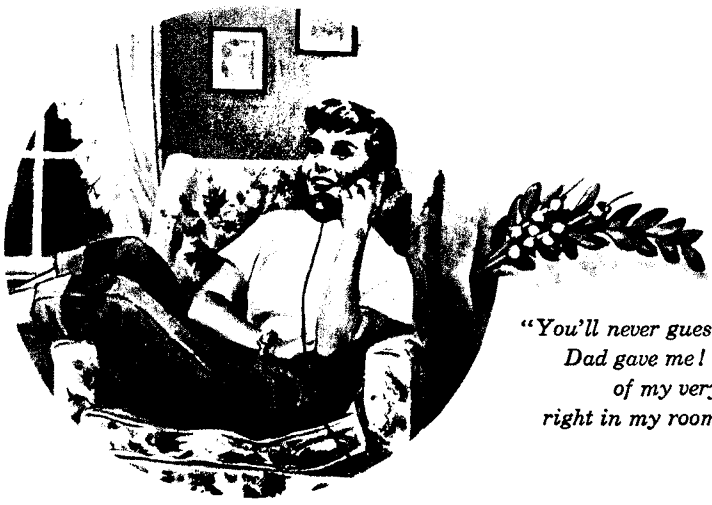
If that isn't possible, we'll deliver the telephone, attractively wrapped, so you can put it under the tree with the other gifts. Then we'll come around after Christmas and install it in bedroom, living room, or kitchen, or wherever you wish.

The cost is small—just pennies a day for each extension telephone. Just call the business office of your local Bell telephone company.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



"My wife sure knows how to pick
out the right Christmas gifts.
Gave me an extension telephone
for my hobby room downstairs."



"You'll never guess what
Dad gave me! A telephone
of my very own—
right in my room!"

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ARTICLES

ESCAPE . . . . Pierre Mendès-France 23
WORLD'S FASTEST FIGHTERS . . . . James J. Haggerty, Jr. 26
NUNS TURN TO MODERN ART . . . . Evelyn Harvey 32
EACH GAME I DIE . . . . Coach Joe Lapchick with W. C. Heinz 34
LITTLE GIRL, BIG SHOW 48
SLIM DOWN WITH YOUR FAVORITE FOODS . . . . . . Martin Lederman 50
WHO'S WHO ON THE MOON . . . . R. S. Richardson 58
TRAPEZE ARTISTS 68
MYSTERIOUS MARSHES . . . . Ben Lucien Burman 86
AMERICA LIGHTS UP FOR CHRISTMAS . . . . Martha Weinman 94
CHRYSLER AT THE CROSSROADS . . . . Vance Johnson 104

SHORT STORIES

THE UNSUSPECTED GIFT (The Short Short Story) . . . . . . Sherman Dixon 10
NEW YEAR'S BONUS . . . . Edward Linn 42
A CATCH FOR CHRISTMAS . . . . Lawrence Williams 98

SERIALS

WALKING OUT (First of Two Parts) . . . . Walt Grove 30
THE BODY SNATCHERS (Conclusion) . . . . Jack Finney 62

FEATURES

APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA . . . . John O'Hara 6
48 STATES OF MIND . . . . Walter Davenport 14
COLLIER'S CREDITS . . . . Jerome Beatty, Jr. 18
LETTERS 20
CHECKUP . . . . Martha Blanchard 79
COLLIER'S COMMENT 110

THE COVER . . Arthur Lavine

Like many other cities, Cleveland takes on a glow during Christmas. From the delicate pin points of light flickering in suburban windows to the huge electric pageants in the public parks, Cleveland hails the holiday season with all the dazzle which lights up our cover. For more dazzle, see page 94

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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AND

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

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Indeed, when we hear this traditional greeting all of us are reminded of many things that make life most worth while . . . happy children, reunions with old friends and loved ones, reverent voices repeating those radiant words: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

This Christmas of 1954 is truly a time for renewing our hope and faith . . . for offering thanks for life's blessings. Not the least of these blessings, which more and more of us are enjoying throughout life, is *good health.*

Over the years, Metropolitan has had the privilege of cooperating in many activities dedicated to bettering the health of both Americans and Canadians. However limited our contribution may have been, we have welcomed the opportunity to participate in the health progress of our two nations.

So, at this season, Metropolitan offers you and your family best wishes for peace, prosperity and that wonderful blessing—*good health!*

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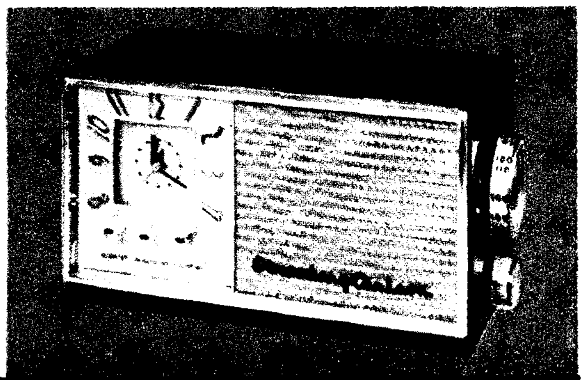

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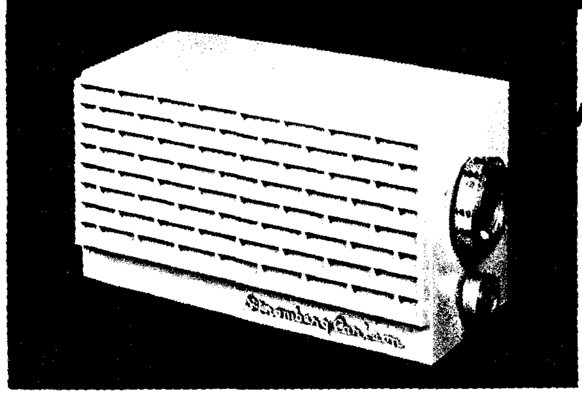

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Appointment with
O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

THIS, I see by my schedule, is our Christmas Eve issue, and one of the easiest tricks I do is to advance myself into a yuley mood. Love that yule. So I'm going to try to say nothing but nice things about the people and productions on my beat, throughout the whole department, and if I should fail—well, just say the fellow tried.

There should be no difficulty where Quadrille is concerned. That is the play by Noel Coward and starring the Lunts, and I would like to send you all to see it. But it is obviously impossible for me to provide a pair of skulls for each of the four million high-class ladies and gentlemen who linger over these words each fortnight. The next best gesture I can make is to suggest that you follow the usual commercial procedure, any time you happen to be in New York during the coming two years. Or three.

For here is a hit, and here is the professional theater at its best. I was about to say that it is not a message play of the soap-box type, but I caught myself in time. It is indeed a soap-box-type play, although a subtle one. The obvious message is that love conquers all, a somewhat debatable point, but the more subtle one is contained in a speech delivered by Alfred Lunt. Written by, of all people, Noel Coward, and not Sinclair Lewis, it makes you feel pretty good about this country and the men who helped to build it. Lunt plays an American railroad tycoon of the 1870s, and he is trying to tell a marchioness how it feels to be a Midwestern railroader. And for my money he succeeds.

I don't want you to get the impression that Coward has rewritten Dodsworth. The impression is that he has rewritten Private Lives. But when I said a few copies back that Coward has heart, I didn't expect that the next demonstration of that theory would be in the form of lines by Coward that could have been created by Lewis or even Stephen Vincent Benét.

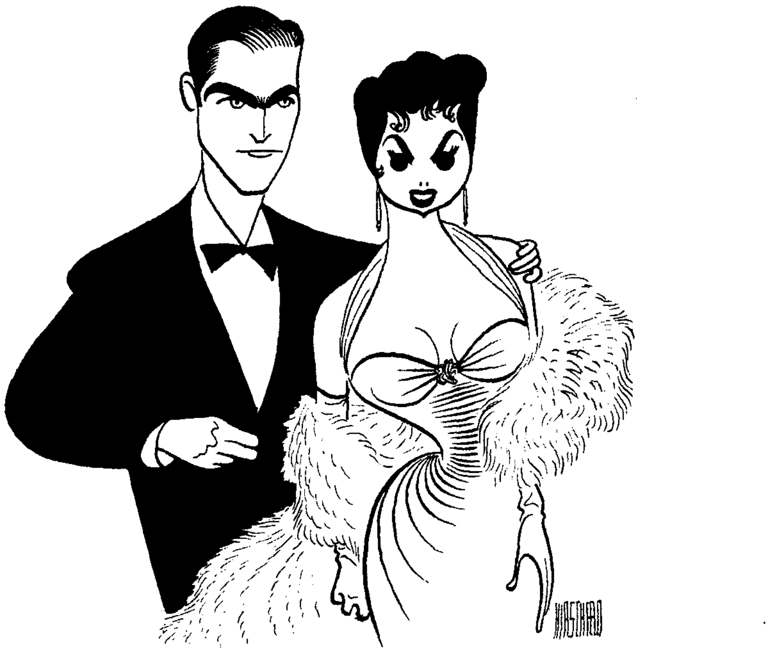
The play is funny, charming and warm, expertly done by experts. At the final curtain, with the Lunts making their exit together up-center, you want to give them a present for what they are: the king and queen of the American theater.

The word for Lynn Fontanne is, of course, remarkable. She allows as how she is sixty-seven years of age, but she has no trouble convincing you that she is hovering over forty. And her triumph is not one of make-up and costume, but of Lynn Fontanne over the dust that collects on all of us.

* * *

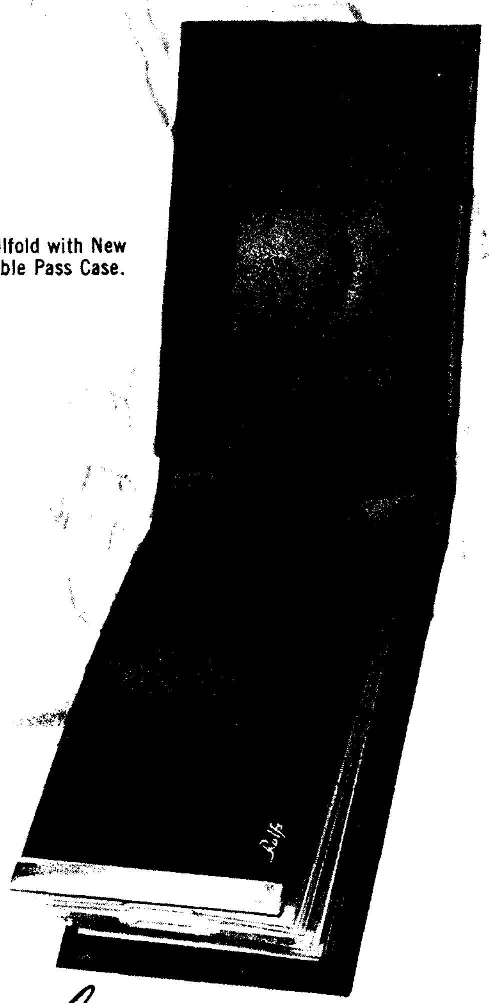
DR. MIRKO SKOFIC has returned home to Rome. He had an exciting four-week visit to America, appearing on television and in newsreels and at charity balls and motion-picture *premières* and in the fashionable restaurants. Dr. Skofic speaks English, I know, because I heard him on the TV. His impressions of these United States are therefore not hazed over by the language handicap; he could understand what our people were saying and he could ask questions. His opinions consequently are somewhat more valuable than those of his charming wife, who, by the way, returned home

AL HIRSCHFELD

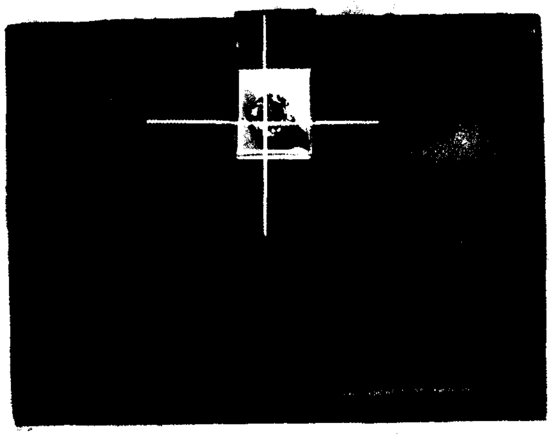


Dr. and Mrs. Mirko Skofic visited America. She's Gina Lollobrigida

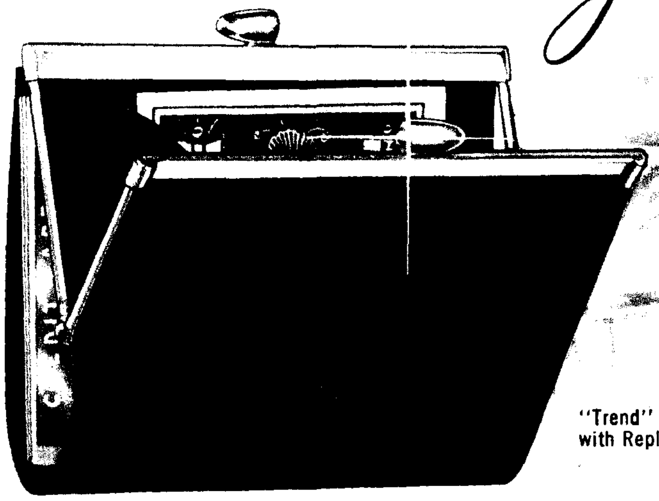
"Identifier" Billfold with New
Replaceable Pass Case.



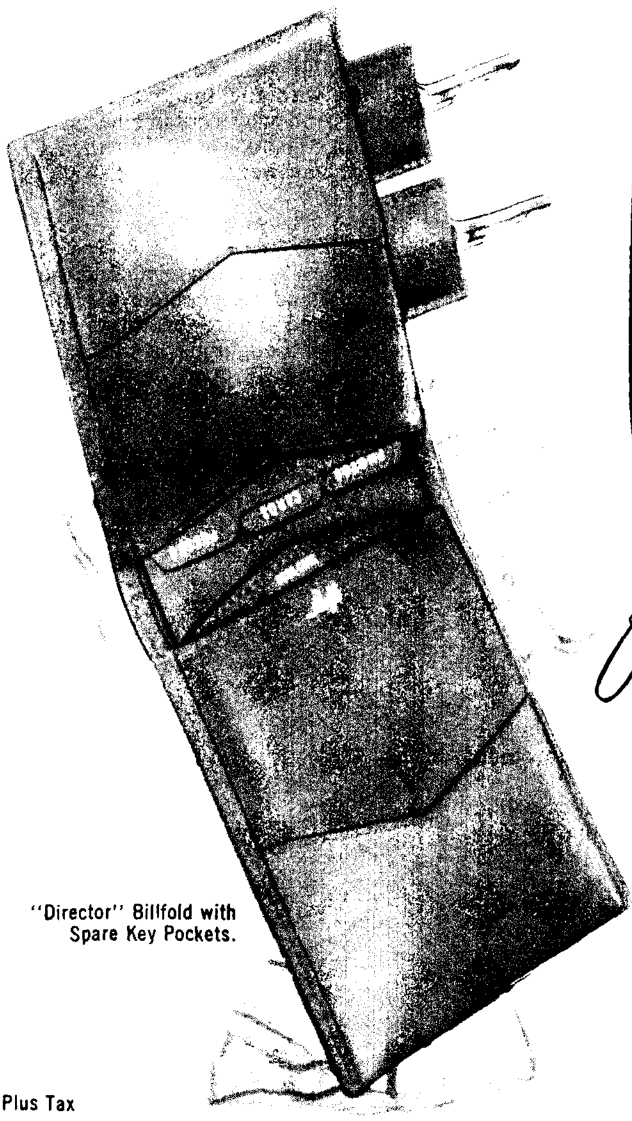
"Trend" Ladies' Billfold. Bills and coins
from same outer magic pocket.



Handsome and handy



"Trend" La Garde Ladies' Billfold
with Replaceable Pass Case.



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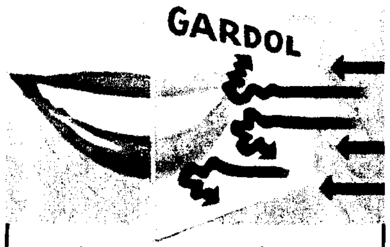
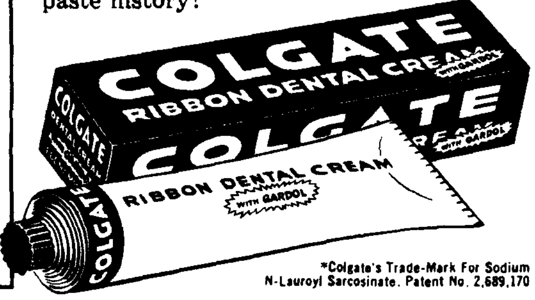
Because Only New Colgate Dental Cream —Of All Leading Toothpastes—Contains GARDOL* To Stop Bad Breath Instantly.. Guard Against Tooth Decay Longer!



Gardol, Colgate's wonderful new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth. You can't feel it, taste it, or see it—but Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. That's why Colgate's—the only leading toothpaste to contain Gardol—gives the surest protection ever offered by any toothpaste!

Your dentist will tell you how often you should brush your teeth. But whether that's once, twice, or three times a day, be sure you use New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol! Colgate's stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! In fact, clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history!



*Colgate's Trade-Mark For Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate. Patent No. 2,689,170

Every Time You Use It...New Colgate Dental Cream CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

with him. The Americans had some trouble enunciating her name, which is Gina Lollobrigida.

When the Skofics were in town I was invited to a couple of parties to meet them, or at least to meet Mrs. Skofic. But we had nothing to say to each other, at least in a common language, so I compromised by staying home and watching her on TV, where she was always the grand lady and a good ad for whatever is Italian for *haute couture*. As Mrs. Skofic she is only one of many beautiful women; in a movie like Bread, Love and Dreams she is a movie star, with a sweet appeal and an invaluable shape and a complete understanding of the role she plays, which in this case happens to be an enormously sympathetic one. This, by the way, is a first-rate movie, in which Miss L. plays an Italian hillbilly, cruelly poor, who wants to marry a young member of the *carabinieri* (state cops). One of the most sensitive bits of acting you'll ever see comes when Vittorio De Sica, as the commanding officer of the *carabinieri*, goes to Miss L.'s hovel and sees for himself the miserable poverty of her family. There is no one else in the scene, and it is all acting, no words.

There, I got through that without setting fire to the Tree.

* * *

CENSORSHIP, governmental or independent, is a tough problem. Or rather, it is a dangerous power to bestow or possess, and everyone feels strongly about it, as I can tell you from the letters I got when I wrote about it back in February. But by a coincidence while I was brooding recently over the question of censorship I tuned in on the Don McNeill Breakfast Club, which you might think would be so antiseptically regulated that it would be as far as I could get from the topic. And what happens?

This is what happens: an old gentleman, ninety-one years old, tells a little story and in the story he pops out with "God damn." I imagine it was the first time profanity was ever used on the Breakfast Club, and McNeill handled it, I thought, very well.

He didn't get sore, and he didn't even get terribly upset. He commented that the storyteller was a remarkable man of ninety-one and let it go at that. By the time these words get into print the incident will have been forgotten, but I'm glad I'm not McNeill at this very moment, trying to placate the sponsors and the busybodies from the women's clubs and the one-woman pressure cookers.

What do you do in a case like that? I say you do nothing. You take your chances that the people who speak into your microphone will behave like sensible human beings. You *don't* try to make them read everything from a prepared script and destroy all spontaneity.

The previous night, too, on the Steve Allen show, there was a "damn" without the deity. In this case it was uttered by a wise guy. Allen asked a man in the audience how he happened to choose his particular line of endeavor (he was an undertaker) and the man said, "I was too damn' lazy to work."

Now that wasn't funny. It was a gratuitous *damn*, and what's more, the man also revealed that he had been a singer, which means he must know a little bit about show business and about the restrictions of a TV show. He wanted to make trouble and he wanted to show off. And he *can* make trouble: his unwarranted profanity provides the continuity-control (censorship) boys with an argument. I wish Steve Allen had hit him over the head with a Hebrew National salami. Allen would have had the audience with him.

* * *

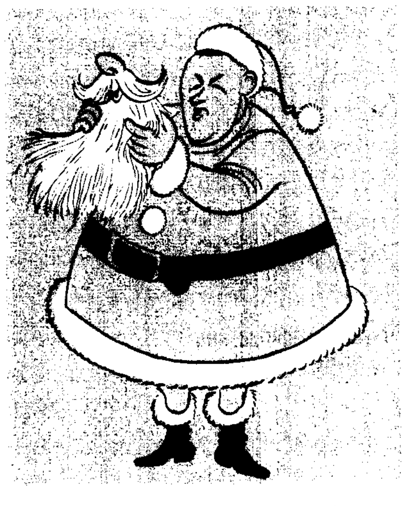
ERNEST HEMINGWAY finally has his Nobel prize, and I should be satisfied, even if he isn't. I've been hollering for quite a long time: "Hey, committee! Look over there. Hemingway. Give it to him, you dopes." So they give it to him, and with all the gruffness at his command—a big supply—he says (a) he won't go to Stockholm to accept the prize, and (b) they should have given it to Carl Sandburg.

Well, Hemingway can take care of that (b) oversight by endorsing the cheque over to Sandburg (and I understand the money is tax free) and by having the gold medal re-engraved. Or, if he felt awfully, awfully strongly about it, he could refuse the prize.

If Hemingway had gone to heaven after that airplane accident he probably would have been dissatisfied with the seating arrangements. And why couldn't he have just said "Thank you"? But then I know the answer to that one.

* * *

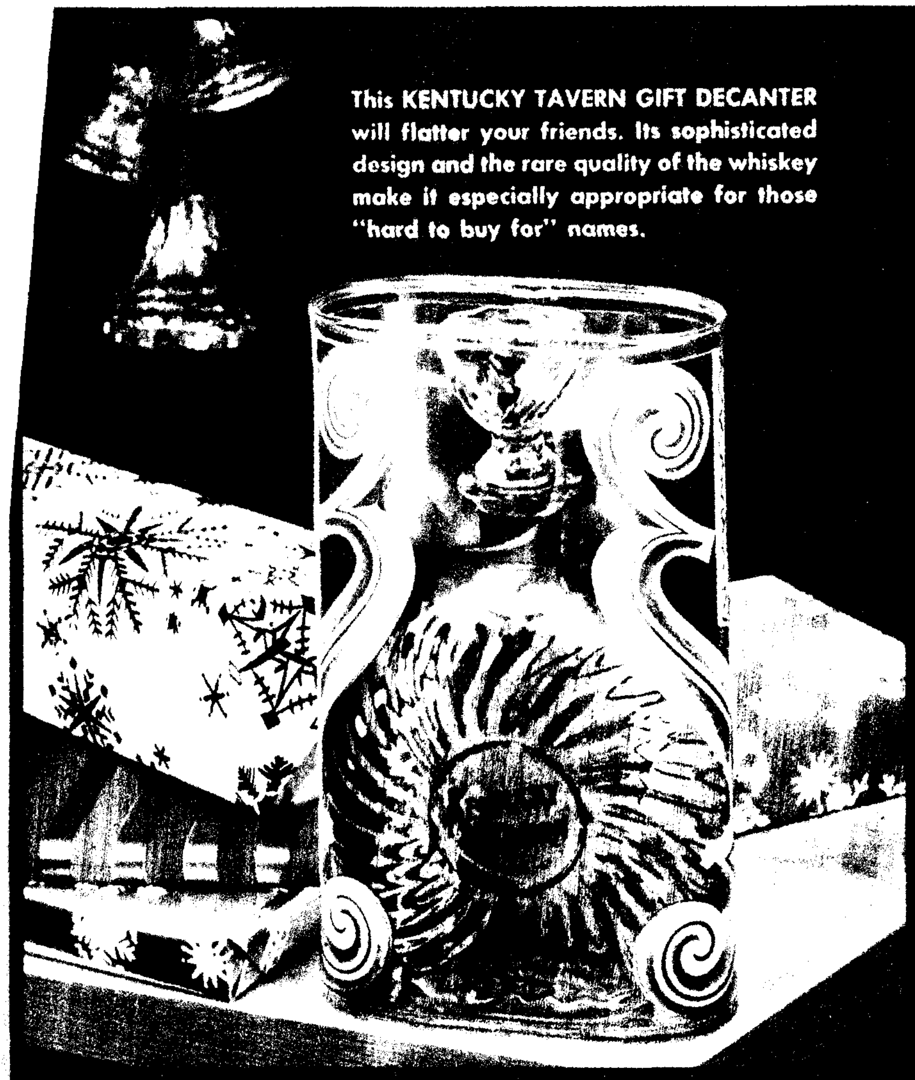
AH, ME. I tried and tried, and the sweetness-and-light content for this issue turned out to be no higher than usual. I might just as well have been writing for April 15th. And I've just learned that a boyhood friend of mine named Laurie Williams is one of the authors of the present income-tax law. You can't win. But Merry Christmas anyway, fellow losers. ▲▲▲



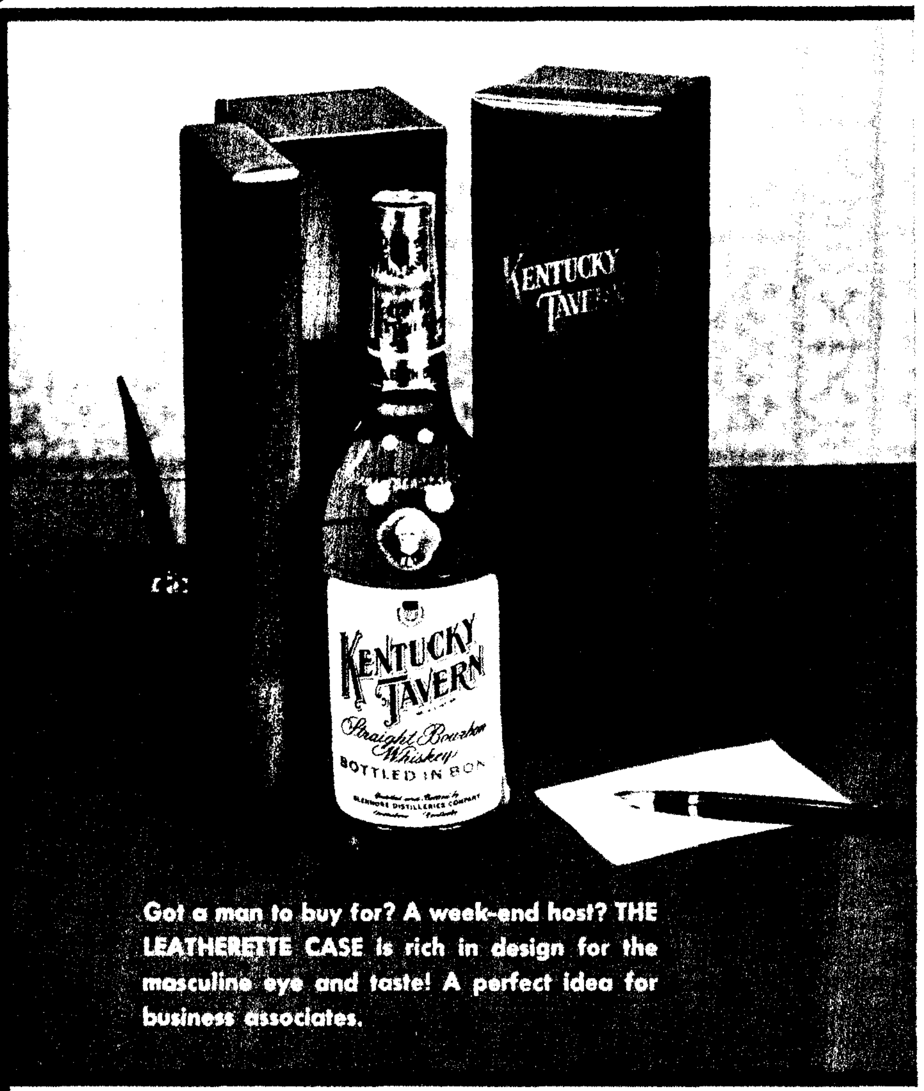
For Christmas I tried to boost the sweetness-and-light content

3 Cheers...for the

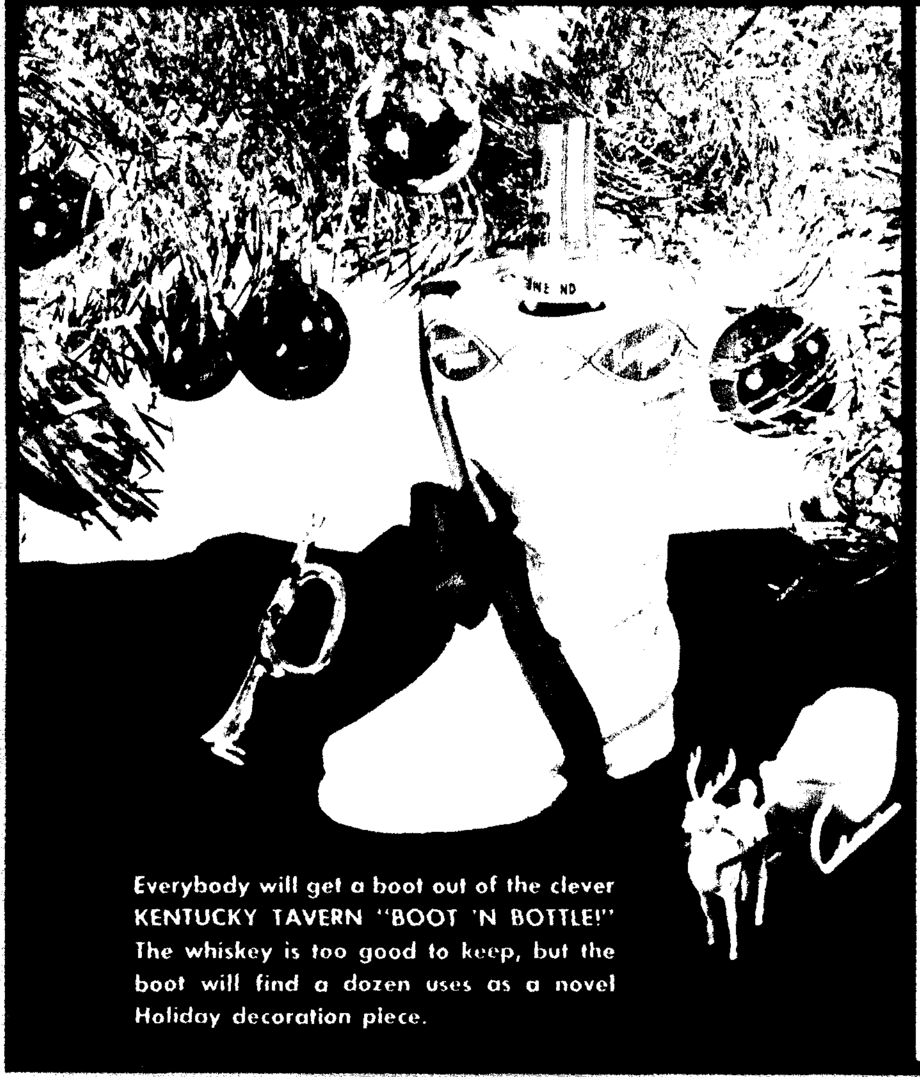
Always in good taste...
Smart Gifts of Fine Whiskey



This **KENTUCKY TAVERN GIFT DECANTER** will flatter your friends. Its sophisticated design and the rare quality of the whiskey make it especially appropriate for those "hard to buy for" names.



Got a man to buy for? A week-end host? **THE LEATHERETTE CASE** is rich in design for the masculine eye and taste! A perfect idea for business associates.



Everybody will get a boot out of the clever **KENTUCKY TAVERN "BOOT 'N BOTTLE!"** The whiskey is too good to keep, but the boot will find a dozen uses as a novel Holiday decoration piece.

Here's the smart way to breeze through your gift list with "something out of the ordinary!" Always appreciated, these smart Kentucky Tavern Holiday Gift Packages cost no more than the regular bottle! As gifts they'll reflect your perfect taste . . . because the *taste* of Kentucky Tavern has made it *The Aristocrat of Bonds.*

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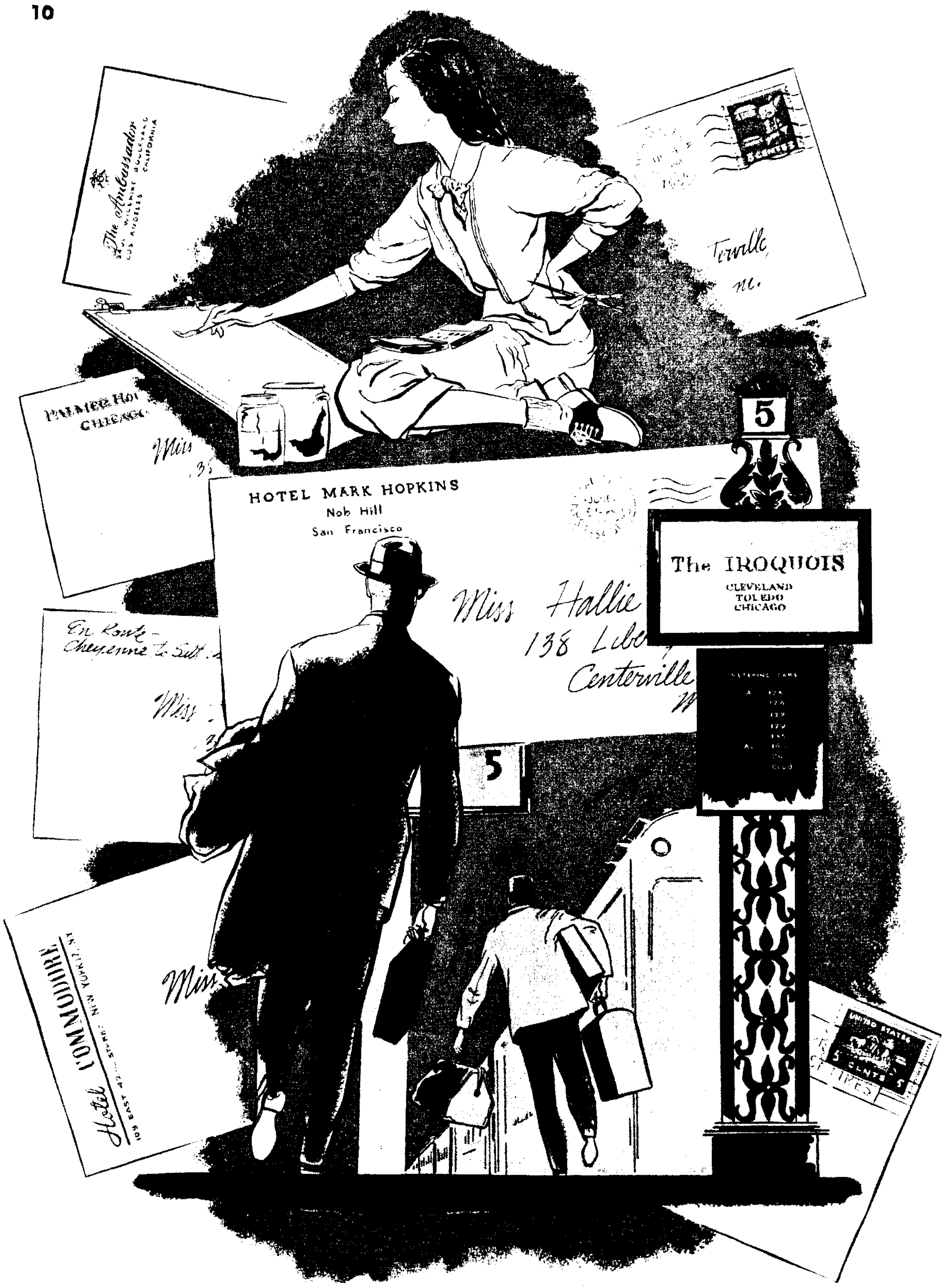


The Unsuspected Gift

By SHERMAN DIXON

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN NOONAN

HE'D never been a real father to Hallie. He was painfully aware of that now, watching her with her friends. "Mr. Burton's driving us all over to school," she called. "Don't you want to come with us, Dad?"

She was fifteen now, with straight blue-black hair like her mother's and very blue eyes. In summer, she tanned like an Indian—and all year round she had the power to make him sad or happy with her changing moods, to make him want to give her the best, to save her heartaches, to give her the time his job never let him have.

"Sure, I'll go along," he said. "What's it today—basketball practice?"

There was a mob of them, girls from Hallie's class, and they all answered at once, trying to brief him, bring him up to date on what had been happening since he'd been away. He seemed always a few steps behind, and whenever he was about to catch up with all their doings, he'd find himself back on the road again, traveling, selling, counting the long days.

"Come on," Joan Burton said. "Daddy's waiting for us."

His feet felt heavy as he walked with the kids to the car. Ed Burton could drive them everywhere, wherever they wanted to go—to picnics and dances, basketball games and barbecues. His business was right here in town.

"Joan's lucky," Hallie had told him once in a burst of honesty. "Her father's here all the time. He takes us everywhere."

I take you everywhere too, he had wanted to say—you and your mother, Hallie. I take you on dreary train rides to small towns you'll never see. I take you along the route where I sell, and I've shown your pictures a thousand times to people you'll never meet. That's my way of keeping from getting too lonely, of telling myself I'll be back home again soon.

But he'd said, "Someday, sometime soon, I'll get a job where I don't have to travel. Then you and your mother will wish I were back on the road!" It was a bad joke. He knew it wasn't true that they'd wish him back on the road. And he knew it wasn't quite true, either, that he'd ever get the job he wanted in town. He'd tried for that long ago; it hadn't worked. He wanted to give Hallie and her mother security, so that they'd never have to worry. And traveling was the only way he could do it.

"Got room for a stranger?" he asked Ed Burton, crowding into the carful of youngsters.

"Always got room for you, Roy," Ed Burton said heartily. "Don't get to see you often."

They'd gone through Centerville High together, Roy and Ed Burton, graduated the same year. Ed's father had staked Ed in the automobile business the year Ed had finished college.

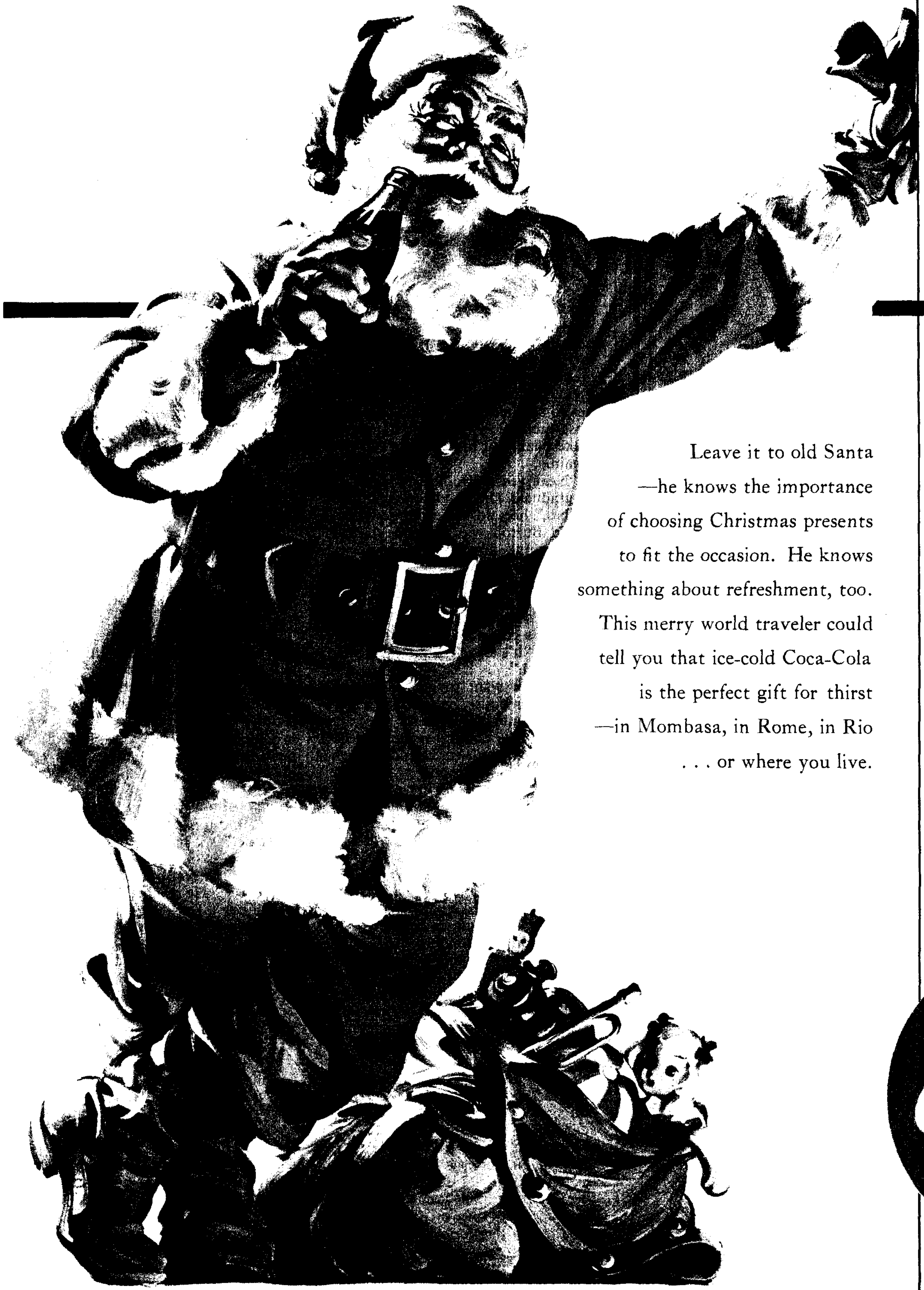
Roy hadn't gone to college. He'd started out on the road for a big paper firm a few months after he'd married Viola Wilson, his old high-school sweetheart. Those first two years he had told himself that the road job was only temporary. Then Hallie had come along, tiny, brunette and far more expensive than he'd imagined—and he hadn't wanted to give up a sure job and the money he could make on the road. He was a good salesman; his bonuses told him that. And he'd always thought that someday he'd have enough saved up to stay home with his family.

But time had rushed past him like a fast freight. One day, it seemed, he had been buying Hallie a baby dress in Toledo, then a book of nursery rhymes, then a dress for her first party. Once, in a shop in Arizona, he had bought her a tiny drawnwork blouse—and Viola had said that he must have forgotten how fast Hallie was growing, because the blouse was two sizes too small.

When the day's work was over, after eating dinner alone in some hotel dining room, he would write long, talky letters to Viola and Hallie. He'd tell them about the lake front in Chicago—the blue water and the skyscrapers and the brisk, cold wind. He'd describe New York, and the quaint horse-

There's this about Coke...

"It's my gift for thirst"



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—in Mombasa, in Rome, in Rio
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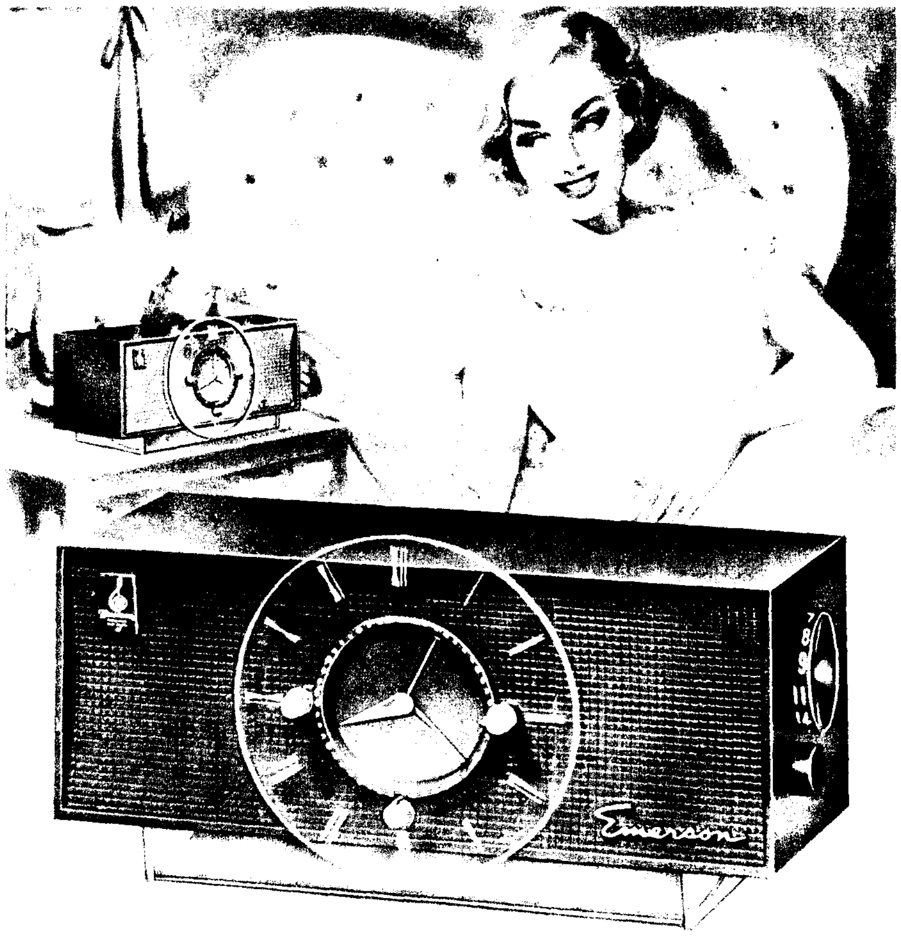

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drawn carriages you could see waiting around the Plaza at 59th Street. Sometimes he even told them about the hot little southwestern towns, where there were still cowboys lounging about on street corners.

He was too tired most of the time to join any part of the gay life he described. Most of his evenings were spent in hotel rooms, typing reports to the company, writing letters home, or reading the ones Hallie and Viola had written him.

Hallie didn't write often. Usually she'd just draw him a picture. *Today, I rode a horse,* she would write. Then, there the horse would be—looking nothing like a horse except for his four legs. After that, when Roy had made his next trip to Oklahoma, he had sent Hallie a beautiful post card with a picture of a horse. The sky was really that blue in Oklahoma, he had told her, and the earth was really that red, and she would see it someday.

IT WAS only during the last two years he realized what he'd been losing. Too much time had gone by when he should have been sitting down to dinners at home; listening to what had happened to Viola at the supermarket, to Hallie at school; helping with arithmetic problems (if he could solve them); standing by with Viola at parties to say hello to other kids' parents. Lost money, he thought, a man can make back; but lost time he can never regain. . . .

"Next year," Hallie said now, "we all graduate. Did you know that, Dad?"

"No," he said, trying to be as jovial as Ed Burton was with the kids. "I didn't think any of you would ever make it!"

There was a burst of laughter from the back of the car, but it was restrained somehow.

"Joan's going East to college," Hallie said. "It's all set. She's even picked the school."

"Do you want to go too, Hallie?" Roy said anxiously, grasping at a straw. He had money put aside for her college education; he could give her the best. In that realm, at least, he could give her what Joan Burton had.

Hallie looked moodily out the car window. "You're away so much, Dad," she said. "I never get a chance to tell you *anything*—" She broke off as Ed Burton drove up in front of the school.

She knew she had hurt him, and she was instantly sorry. "Come on in and watch us play basketball," she said. "I want you to come in anyhow. You haven't come to school—ever."

It was the same high school Roy had gone to, and they'd made very few changes: the same halls, the same smells of chalk dust and floor wax.

What had he hoped for when he had walked through these halls the last time? A big future for Viola and himself. He hadn't dared to hope for Hallie. He wouldn't have pictured his daughter so straight and tall and self-sufficient. He wouldn't have imagined the joy she'd given him just by being alive, or the pain she'd dealt him without realizing she'd dealt it. Joan's father, Betty's father, Anne's father, the men who didn't travel—Hallie's letters were full of the things a man could do for his daughter if he just lived at home.

"Are you a good basketball player, Hallie?" he said now, a little stiffly.

"Yes," she said impatiently. "That's easy. It's the other things that are hard."

Their footsteps echoed along the empty corridors. Joan's gay laughter drifted back. "What kind of things?" he said.

"Don't you *ever* read my letters, Dad?" she asked.

"Sometimes I read them twice," he said with a laugh. But it was true enough. If letters were all you had of a daughter, you'd read them over and over, hoping to find something new.

"You just never notice anything, Daddy!"

He saw the exasperated expression in her blue eyes. She'd wanted a dress for the junior prom; he had sent Viola the money. She'd mentioned a boy she'd met, and asked if he knew the boy's parents; he'd written back and told her that he did, that they were fine people. Where had he missed along the way?

"Oh, come on!" Hallie said, and caught his hand and started running along the hall.

She wasn't going toward the gym or the locker rooms. She was pulling him, instead, toward a wide sunny room at the far end of the hall. In his day, it had been used as a kind of teachers' lounge, but now it was bare except for the pictures around the walls.

It was a moment before he realized that this was a students' art exhibit. And then he saw Hallie's pictures, and above them the blue first-prize ribbon.

But he wasn't looking at the ribbon. His gaze moved instead over the pictures Hallie had painted in water colors: paintings of Chicago, with the blue lake and the skyscrapers; of New York and the horses and carriages waiting beside the Plaza; of a cowboy lounging against a café wall in a small southwestern town.

HE FELT stunned—a little shaken. "Darn' good," he said inadequately. His throat ached with emotion. All the letters he'd written, scarcely giving them a thought, had been stored in Hallie's mind—saved and used and put down here in water color. Through his eyes, she had seen the whole country. "Darn' good," he said again, stupidly. "You want to go to art school?"

"Well, it took you a long time to get that one!" she said, and suddenly she began to laugh.

"But you never put it in any of your letters. . . ." He reached into his pocket to fish out a few—letters from Hallie, letters from Viola, which looked a bit shopworn now. When he opened one of Hallie's, he saw the drawings right away. But she'd always made them, and so he hadn't noticed.

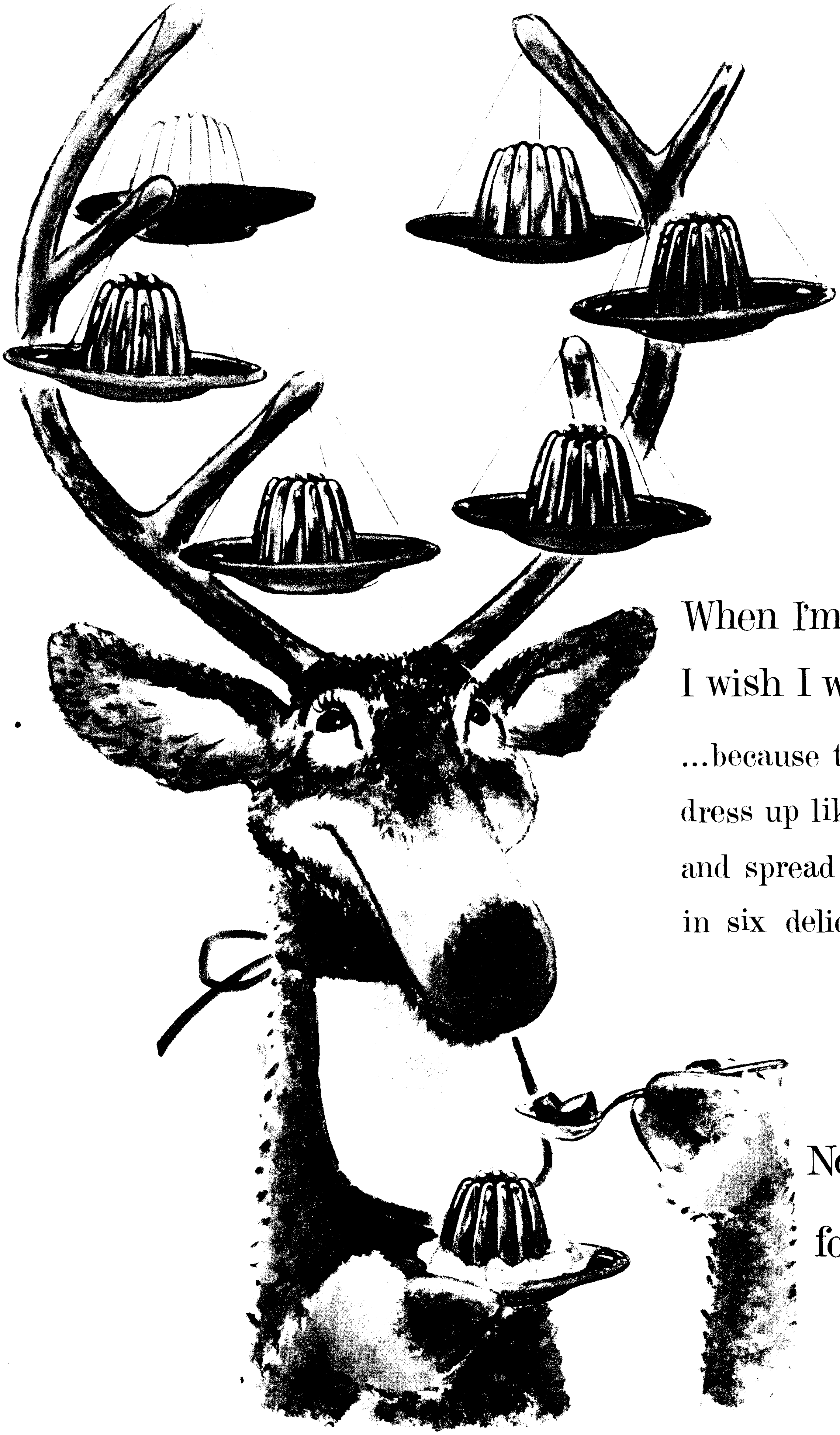
"Daddy!" she said, as if he'd gone suddenly mad. "You don't *save* our letters, do you?"

"Just a few," he said, embarrassed, cramming them back into his pocket.

Outside, he heard Ed Burton's car start up, and suddenly he smiled. Ed could give the kids companionship, sure. But if a father wanted to give enough, he could always find something. He could give a daughter like Hallie his thoughts, his travels, which had taken him far from her and brought him closer than he'd ever been.

"Come on, genius," he said, his voice not entirely steady. "You'll be late for your basketball practice."

—SHERMAN DIXON



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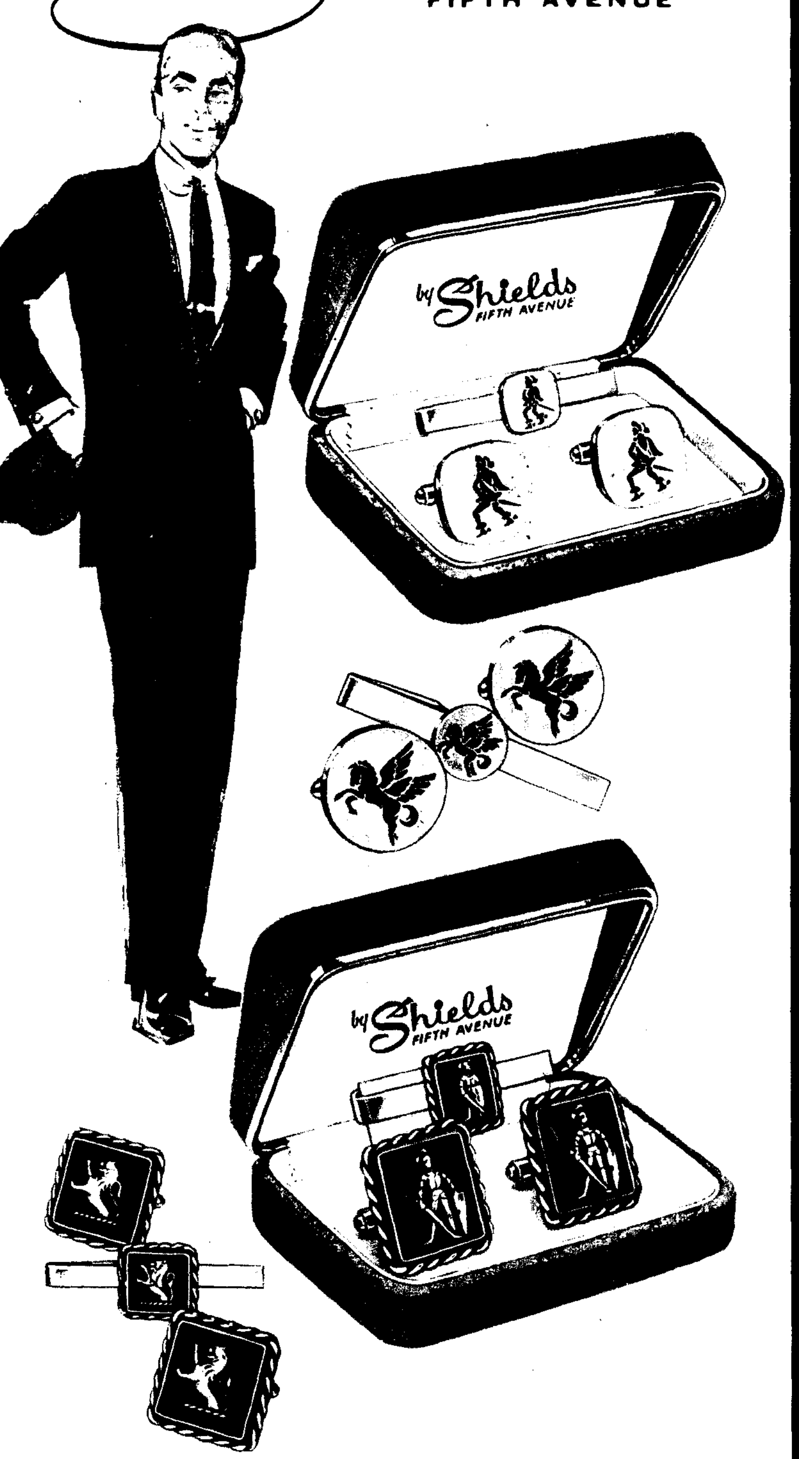

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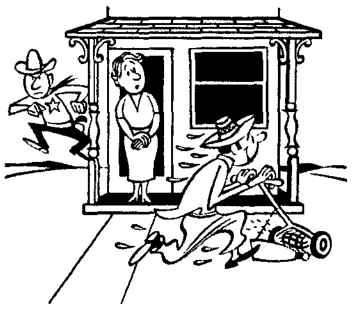
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

A tidy 25-page booklet has just reached this desk. Title: How to Be a Grandmother. Author: Alice Rebentisch. Lacking Mrs. Rebentisch's address, we hereby notify her that at the first opportunity we shall read the pamphlet carefully. Not that we expect to undergo a startling transition to grandamery, but so many unusual things are happening today it might be just as well to play the safe side.

★ ★ ★

This wetback knocked at a Weslaco, Texas, door on a beautiful Sunday morning. Said he'd only just arrived from Mexico and was hungry. He'd mow the lawn for a little something to eat. Miss Mannie Wilson says the lady of the house fed him, but told him to come back the next day because she didn't believe in working on Sunday. Monday morning no Pedro. But on Tuesday morning he arrived damp, eager and breathless. He explained that the federal men were getting tougher daily. On the same Sunday he arrived, they caught and deported him. So vigilant had the government men become that he hadn't been able to get back to the States for almost ten hours.



IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

Among the valuable bits of intelligence we've received recently is the information that "Books for Adult Children" may be had in a Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, store. Mrs. T. Rothschild investigated for us and finds they are aimed at young parents.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Pipeline Peter Perrot, an old Washington hand who keeps us pretty well informed on what is not likely to happen, telephones to say there is no truth to the rumor that the State Department is going to reorganize its Line Drawing Bureau. This is the section which draws lines beyond which the Communists may not step and draws new lines if the Reds do.

★ ★ ★

This is a story of a man and his dog. We find it in the Arkansas Baptist, a journal devoted unshakably to truth. They were out hunting, this man and his dog. Twice the pooch pointed. His owner kicked at the spot, wheeled swiftly, fired into empty air. How come? "I knowed there warn't no birds there," said the man. "But Old Jim's gittin' old. Nose ain't what it used to be. Him and me's seen some wonderful days together and he's still tryin' hard, and it would be mighty little of me to call Old Jim a liar after all these years."

★ ★ ★

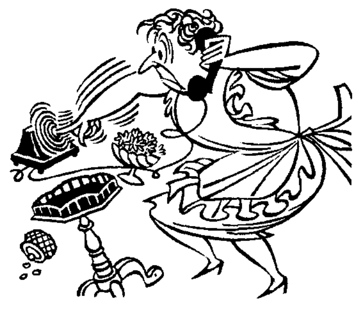
Now here's something you've doubtless been wanting to know since childhood. There's a granite sundial in the garden of the Naval Hospital at Corona, California. A visitor asked one of the sailors how it was read at night. Listen carefully. "Easy," said the sailor. "You use a flashlight." (Sometimes we think we should charge extra for the solid information you get out of this department of Collier's.)

★ ★ ★

Although lacking in what must be interesting details, we receive word that a California scientist has just completed a tremendously intricate electronic machine four feet high and seven feet long. Its beauty is in that it accomplishes absolutely nothing, serves no purpose whatever but, says its creator's friend, Mr. Joseph Trecswitch, it works smoothly and noisily. It is called the Electrofutileer and may be sent to Congress, Mr. Trecswitch says, for use by next year's investigation committees.

★ ★ ★

When you've talked for five minutes on a party line in Canby, Oregon, you are automatically cut off. You've got to dial again if you want to continue talking. Meantime the other parties on the line are dialing like crazy to beat you to it. Sometimes you miss by a single last digit. Word from the bookies is, five will get you six you don't make it.



★ ★ ★

Mr. Sam Frenchman, manager of old 48's What-Are-Things-Coming-To department in Lynchburg, Virginia, hasn't much to report this week. Of course, there is that fellow in Lynchburg who, after spending two weeks in the local jail, applied for unemployment insurance benefits to cover the period of enforced idleness. The judge got sore, called him back and fined him $25. Believe it or not, there are days when a guy can't make a buck even out of the government. ▲▲▲

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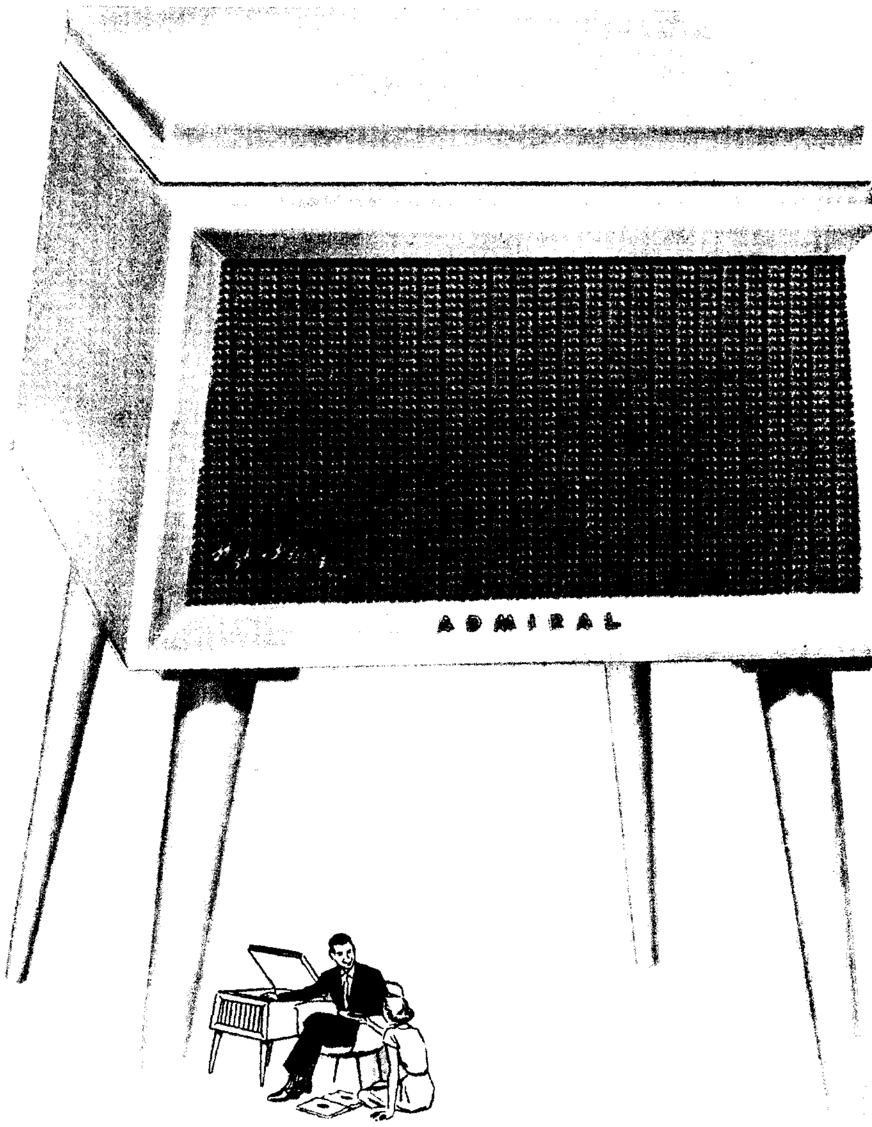

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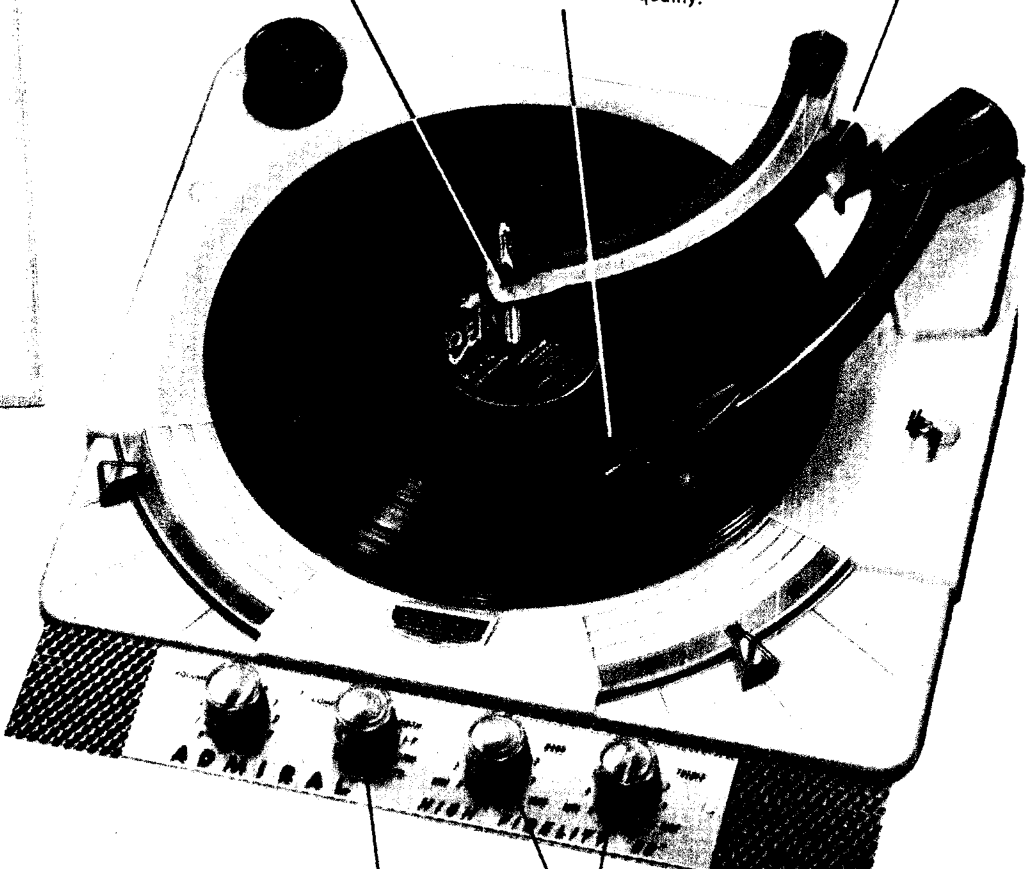

New 3-way Automatic Shut-off. Stops turntable, turns off amplifier and returns tone arm to rest after last record has finished playing.

Separate "Jeweled" LP and 78 RPM needles in new "Turnover" pickup. Makes records last longer, gives you the ultimate in tone-quality.

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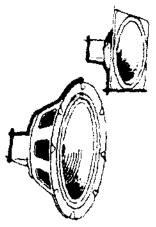
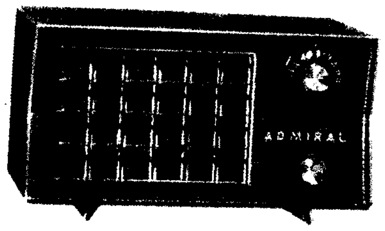
Record Compensator Control. Allows you to set phonograph for best reproduction of any brand of record. Usually in only costliest systems.

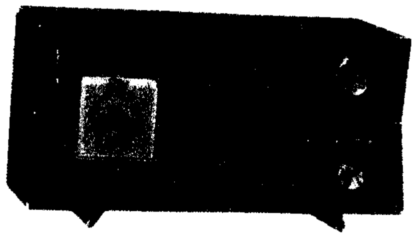
Separate Bass and Treble Controls—Lets you adjust bass or treble for exact tonal shading you desire. Both controls numbered to let you mark records with proper setting.



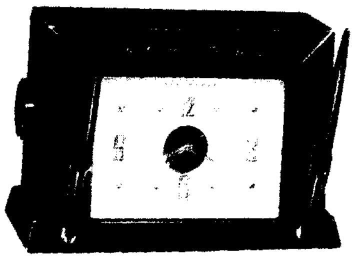
2 Speakers—7½ Watt Output. 8" bass speaker to reproduce low tones in all their richness. 3½" treble speaker to reproduce high notes with bell-like clarity. New vented sound chamber with six outlets provides full, rich reproduction of all notes in lower musical range.



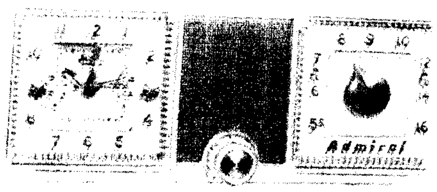
New Table Radio at sensational pre-war price! Choice of Ivory, Sungold Yellow, Beige, Green, Cherry Red...Mahogany (Model 5R32)—**$14.95***



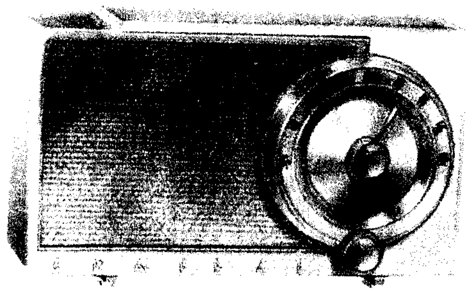
New Clock Radio value sensation. Choice of Ivory, Kitchen White, Cherry Red, Green... In Mahogany (Model 5S32)—**$24.95***



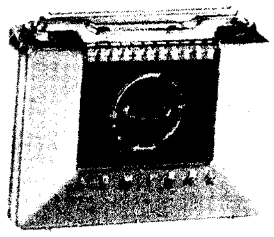
"Executive" Clock Radio. Ideal for desk, mantel, den. Pen and pecil set extra. Marbleized Green, Ivory, Ebony. (Model 5J38)—**$39.95***



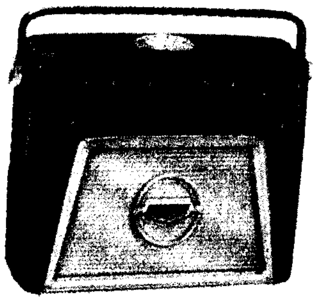
Deluxe Clock Radio, all-new with every wanted feature. Choice of Ivory, Beige, Green...In Mahogany (Model 5F32B)—**$39.95***



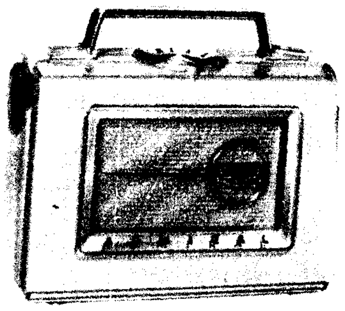
Deluxe Table Radio. Beautifully styled, super powered. Your choice of Ivory, Beige, Green ...Mahogany (Model 5T32)—**$24.95***



"Personal" Portable. AC/DC Battery operation. Powerful, featherweight. In Maroon, Beige, Green, Gray...Ebony (Model 4B21)—**$29.95**

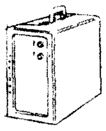


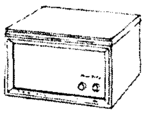
Deluxe Portable. AC/DC Battery operation. Rugged, compact—6½ lbs. In Maroon, Beige, Green or Gray. (Model 4Z18)—**$37.95***



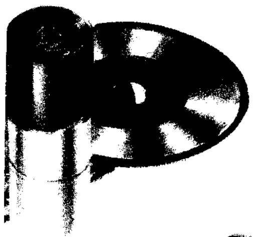
Super Deluxe Portable. AC/DC Battery. Spring-Back Power Cord...3-way Antenna. Maroon, Beige, Green, Gray. (Model 5K32)—**$49.95***

.yours at price of ordinary phonographs





NEW 45 RPM SPINDLE FOR ALL ADMIRAL PHONOGRAPHS



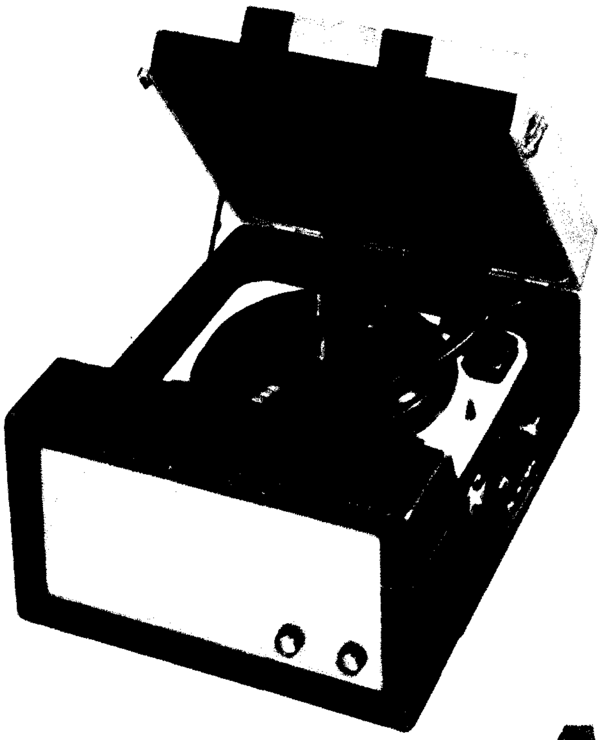
This precision-built, fully automatic 45 RPM spindle slips on regular spindle instantly. Changes up to 14 records. No need for "spider" inserts. Optional (extra) with your Admiral phono. Only **$5.25**

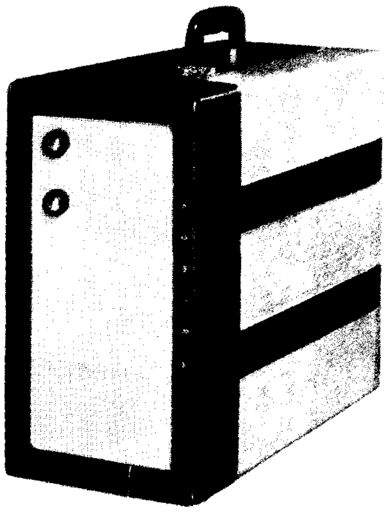
WORLD'S FINEST MUSIC...NOW WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL!

New High Fidelity Portable Phonograph, bringing you—for the first time—true Admiral hi-fi in a smart, *portable* case. New professional-type 3-speed changer with new "Turnover" pickup...Dual Speaker System...wide-range high fidelity tone control. Ultra-smart "Limed Oak" Pyroxylin finish. Only **$99.95***

New High Fidelity Table Phonograph, stunning in design, breathtaking in performance. Professional-type 3-speed changer has new "Turnover" pickup...intermixes 10″ and 12″ records. Dual Speaker System...wide-range hi-fi tone control. In modern Blonde Oak or Mahogany. Mahogany—only **$119.95***

Prices subject to change without notice. Prices marked (*) slightly higher south and west.



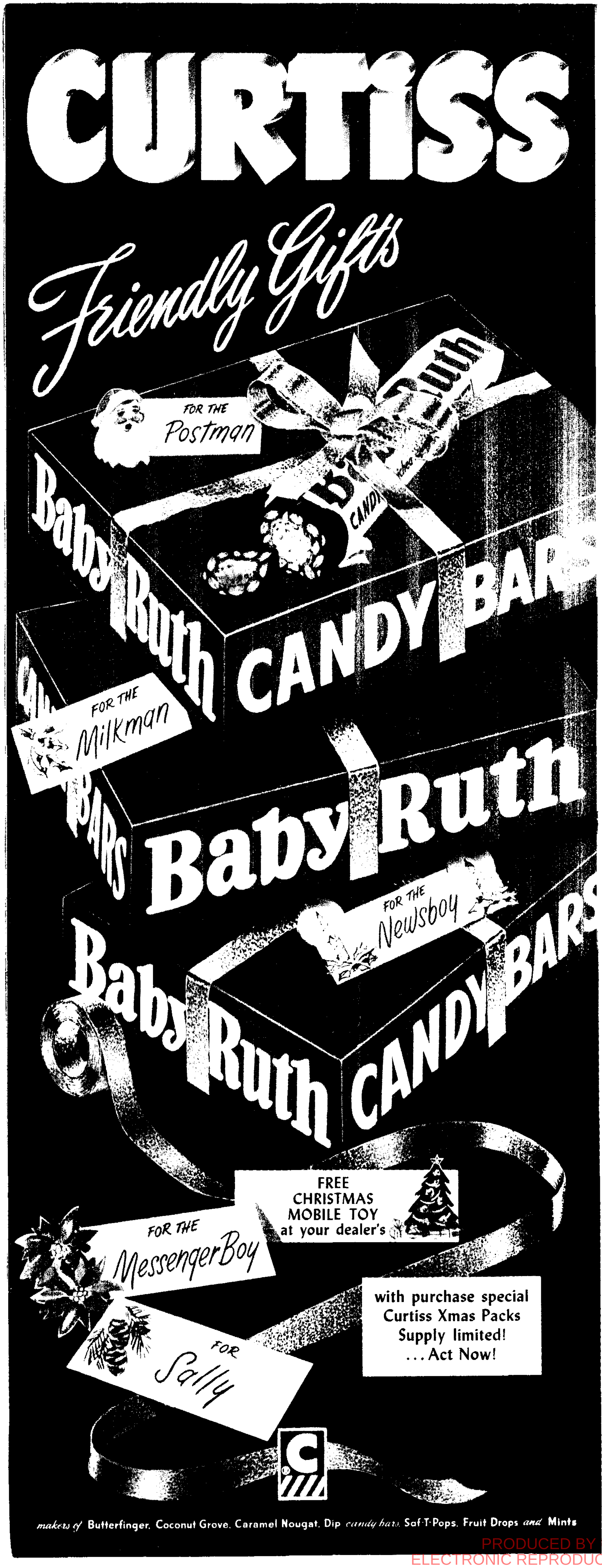


America's Favorite 3-Speed Radio-Phonograph New 3-speed changer plays up to 5 hours of continuous music...new powerful sound output...new long-distance AM radio. Ebony or Mahogany. Compact cabinet in Ebony (Model 5D31A)—**$69.95***

New Portable 3-Speed Phonograph. New record changer plays all speeds, all size records automatically...sets itself for record size. 3-way Automatic Shut-off... "Turnover" pickup. In smartly styled two-tone green case. (Model 3G18)—**$69.95***

Admiral

AMERICA'S SMART SET


CURTISS
Friendly Gifts
FOR THE Postman
FOR THE Milkman
FOR THE Newsboy
FOR THE MessengerBoy
FOR Sally
Baby Ruth CANDY BARS
FREE CHRISTMAS MOBILE TOY at your dealer's
with purchase special Curtiss Xmas Packs Supply limited! ...Act Now!
C
makers of Butterfinger, Coconut Grove, Caramel Nougat, Dip candy bars, Saf-T-Pops, Fruit Drops and Mints

COLLIER'S CREDITS..

THE supreme nervous tension suffered by coach Joe Lapchick, who runs the New York Knickerbockers professional basketball team, is reported so graphically by W. C. Heinz in his story on page 34 that we suspected something. Sure enough, we discovered Heinz himself is a worry-wart, which is why they made a great pair. Here's how their first meeting went: LAPCHICK: I'm just a half-baked basketball coach. I don't see what Collier's finds interesting in me. HEINZ: Oh, no, you're an important figure in basketball, Joe. I can't see why Collier's didn't send someone who knows more about the game than I do. I might miss something the piece needs. LAPCHICK: No, Bill, you're a good writer. Collier's told me how happy they were to get you to do the story, and other sports writers have told me that you're a good writer, too. You shouldn't worry. HEINZ: Well, you don't understand what a tough racket it is. You stay awake nights, afraid you haven't got the right research . . .

As Heinz tells us, "After a week of this we parted, fast buddies, the one still assuring the other that he had nothing to worry about."

Wilfred C. ("Call Me Bill") Heinz is thirty-nine and lives in Old Greenwich, Connecticut, with his wife and two young daughters. After he was graduated from Middlebury College 17 years ago, he started with the New York Sun as copy boy, worked his way up to European war correspondent and then, after the war, sports columnist. In 1950, he started free-lancing. This year he won again (fourth time) the E. P. Dutton & Company award for the best magazine sports story of the year, a piece he wrote for us on Billy Graham, the fighter. Heinz, like Lapchick, is tops in his profession and we wish they would stop worrying about it.

★ ★ ★

HEINZ isn't the only Collier's writer who was honored this year for something he wrote for us. Roald Dahl's unconventional short story, The Devious Bachelor, was given the Mystery Writers of America annual award; Thomas Thompson's Gun Job won the Western Writers of America Award for "the best Western of the year," and the Ben Franklin Magazine Award judges thought Jeff Brown's fiction story, Talk to Home, worth honorable mention. And in the new Scribner's book, A Guide to Successful Magazine Writing, no less than five of the 30 exemplary articles are from Collier's—more than from any other magazine.

Book publishers really pounced on Collier's material in 1954. Dillon Anderson's stories about Claudie and I are now in book form, as are those of Jack Schaefer and of Ernest Haycox. The Joe Hayes serial, The Desperate Hours, is a Literary Guild choice, a Reader's Digest Book Condensation and a William Wyler (Paramount) film. Other books out of Collier's: A Time to Love and a Time to Die by Erich Maria Remarque—Harcourt, Brace and Book of the Month; Escape from Fear by A. J. Cronin—Little, Brown-Duell, Sloan & Pearce; Peter Viertel's White Hunter, Black Heart is now a Bantam Book, and Joe Dinneen's exciting The Anatomy of a Crime was just brought out by Scribner's.

Hollywood liked Collier's, too, during the year. Cornel Wilde bought Walt Grove's story, Down; Republic Pictures bought Don Hamilton's serial, Smoky Valley, and Luke Short's Silver Rock, and William Herndon Productions has just optioned Ward Tanzer's short story, Murder in Paradise.

We were on television, when Kraft Theater dramatized Charles Mergendahl's Ask for the Moon, and what's more, we are on Broadway right now: the Harry Kurnitz comedy, Reclining Figure, was a serial in this magazine.

★ ★ ★

YOU are now about to read the third and last installment of Jack Finney's The Body Snatchers. By now you know that it concerns our own world being taken over by remarkable, insidious creatures from another part of the cosmos, and that you just won't realize it until it's too late. In fact, your next-door neighbor might be one of *them.*

Mr. Finney's realistic tale scared the devil out of *us.* For reassurance, we showed it to Dr. Harry A. Charipper, chairman of the department of biology of New York University, and asked him about the "transmutation" of "substance" from one form of life to another, which is how the body snatchers are taking us over. He says: "Readers need not be reminded that twenty-five years ago that which is real now was but fantasy. The scientific analysis on which the story is based is most intriguing and certainly within the realm of possibility." Gulp.

★ ★ ★

TO FIND out what Heller Halliday, Mary Martin's daughter, did on her thirteenth birthday, Lee Campbell of our research staff followed Heller all day long. It was Lee who assured us that, despite the exciting life she leads, Heller is quite normal: she once ran away from home. She got a block away and then came back. Both her parents spanked her, for they are normal, too, you see. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

ZINN ARTHUR

Lee Campbell, right, asks Heller Halliday about her 13th birthday

OLD CROW
Giving Old Crow is Traditional at Holiday Time

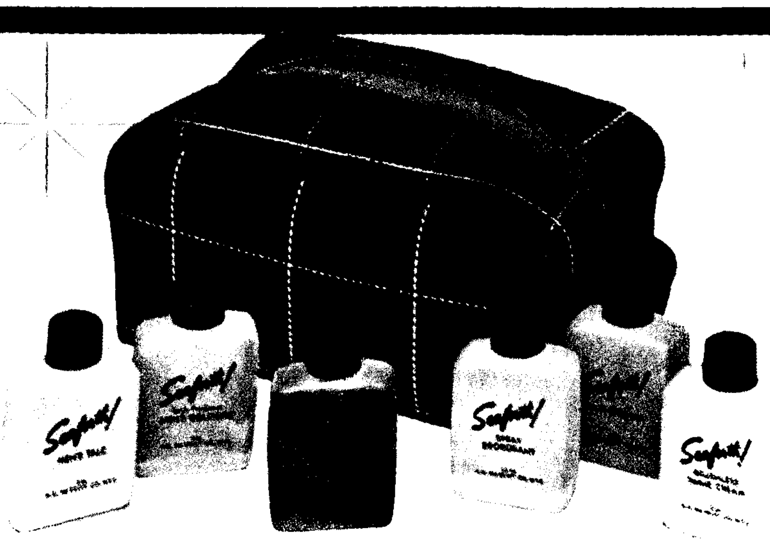
Celebrated Old Crow
now in the handsomest
of gift decanters

100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND

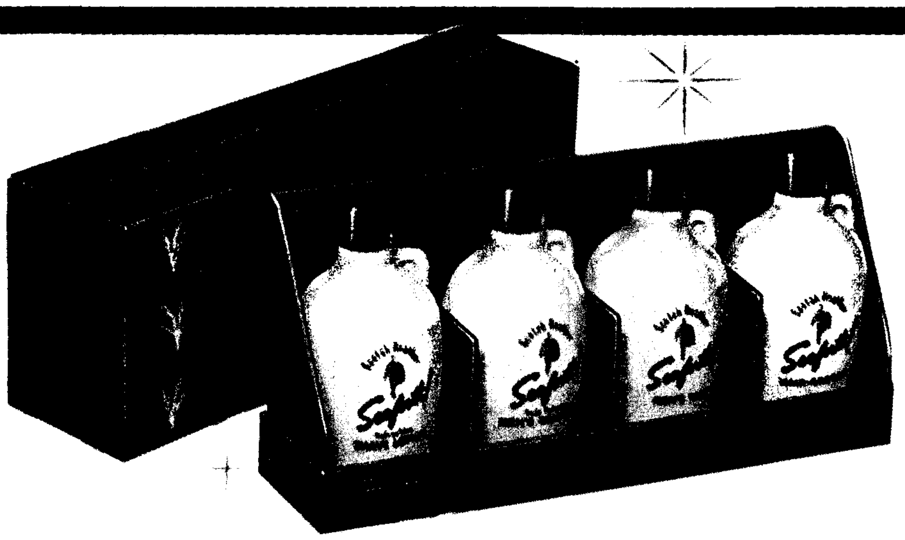
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY—THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

Give him Seaforth!

FOR THE MAN WHO IS GOING PLACES



FITTED TRAVEL KIT . . . Six Seaforth grooming essentials in unbreakable squeeze bottles. Room for extras. Zippered, waterproof. Good gift for stay-at-homes, too. Only $4.95



SCOTCH HEATHER QUARTET . . . Four sturdy jugs of Seaforth Shave Lotion, Men's Talc, Men's Cologne, Hair-Groom . . . fresh with *Scotch Heather* aroma. Gift boxed, only $1.85

LOTION-COLOGNE SET . . . Two handsome polished jugs of Shave Lotion and Men's Cologne . . . brisk with Seaforth's famous *Scotch Heather* aroma. In tweed-style gift box. Only $2.00

SPICED SET . . . Seaforth's new *Spiced* Shave Lotion and Men's Cologne. In colorful gift box. Only $2

SEAFORTH SHAVE LOTION . . . Brisk and breezy with famous *Scotch Heather* aroma. Big jug, . . . $1

AT LEADING DRUG, DEPARTMENT AND MEN'S STORES

LETTERS

Museums' Marvels

EDITOR: Congratulations for the fine article and outstanding photographs (The Marvels in Our Museums, Nov. 12th). You certainly did a splendid job of making the displays come alive. Museums with modernized exhibits are becoming increasingly important in the over-all educational program of the country. It is gratifying to know that you plan to publish further articles on museum subjects.

C. BERTRAND SCHULTZ, Director,
University of Nebraska State Museum,
Lincoln, Nebr.

. . . You have started a good thing . . .

ROBERT T. HATT, Director,
Cranbrook Institute of Science,
Bloomfield, Hills, Mich.

. . . A splendid educational tour most of us wouldn't be able to take otherwise. NYAL BROWN, Paw Paw, Mich.

. . . The text is exceptionally good . . .

CARL O. DUNBAR, Director,
Peabody Museum of Natural History,
Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

. . . A stroke of genius—the answer to a lazy man's dreams. Museum lore from one's armchair.

DR. GEORGE GLASSCO, Warren, Ohio

. . . You have certainly launched your museum series in grand style.

M. GRAHAM NETTING, Director,
Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Collier's will publish the second article in its series, The Marvels in Our Museums, early in 1955.

Moose or MIG?

EDITOR: Your article Moose or Man? (Oct. 29th) reminded me of something that happened last year when my friends and I were hunting deer in Minnesota. A hunter, complete with red cap, had climbed a tree to eat his lunch, to be especially safe. While he was up there, another hunter shot and killed him. With hunters around who thought deer climbed trees, we all packed up and ended our trip right then.

It was a lot safer over in Korea; there all we had were snipers and MIGs gunning us, but at least we knew what to expect.

DICK NICAILI, Grand Forks, N.D.

Blood Banks

EDITOR: A 21-gun salute to Bill Davidson for his article Should Blood Banks Make Money? (Nov. 12th). He did a wonderful job of letting the public know what's what. Now it is up to the American communities to do something about it.

LOUIS P. L. CHOUINARD, Hampton, Va.

. . . A timely and terribly accurate article. How low can some of our esteemed medical men stoop to make money? As head of the local Knights of Columbus Blood Bank (run in conjunction with the National Red Cross), I am convinced that the program of the National Red Cross is the *only* workable plan.

As for the leeches Bill Davidson castigates in his article—let the American Medical Association spearhead a drive to eliminate them once and for all!

JAMES A. PETTI,
Brockton, Mass.

. . . The best article on this complex subject I have yet read.

S. ROLAND HARRIMAN, Chairman,
The American National Red Cross,
Washington, D.C.

. . . Your article does a grave injustice to the community-sponsored blood banks in smaller cities. The author greatly underestimates the costs. Even under the best care and refrigeration, human blood spoils rapidly. If a particular lot is not called for within the time limit for safe use, it has to be poured down the drain.

For this reason only, patients' families are asked to replace the blood, two pints for one. Even then, the blood bank has to go out and buy extra blood, to keep an adequate supply for the community . . .

DUDLEY BUNN, McAlester, Okla.

Mail Call

EDITOR: In regard to the article Who *Knows* Who's on Top? (Oct. 29th), the answer is simple: the U.S. Mail. If the networks were honestly concerned with ratings, they could set up a company to count and tabulate the amount of mail each program receives. This type of rating would reflect audience reaction, something present rating services neglect entirely.

KERMIT A. SLOBB, Northbrook, Ill.

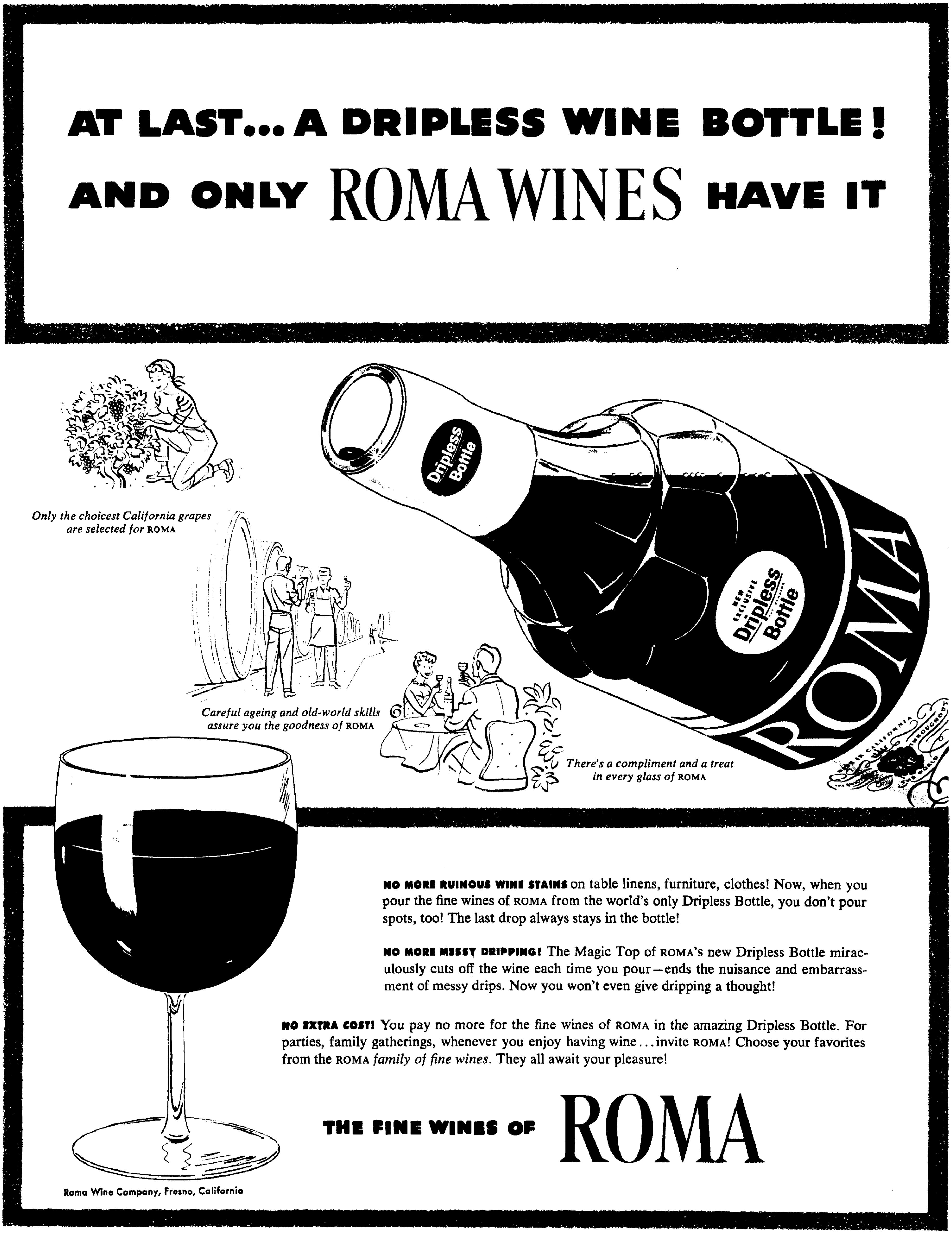
Realistic about the UN

EDITOR: Collier's deserves high praise for the hard-hitting, down-to-earth article Let's Be Realistic about the United Nations, by Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., in the November 12th issue. There are four towering reasons why all good Americans should support the UN and work for its strengthening:

- The UN provides the best forum for the presentation of the American point of view to the world.
- The UN can expose Communist propaganda before the bar of world opinion.
- The UN provides bridges of understanding between various sectors of this divided world—Caucasian and non-Caucasian, Christian and non-Christian, Communist and capitalist—bridges which, weak though they may be, may form the beginning of a settlement of outstanding differences.
- The UN provides the machinery for eliminating or alleviating economic and social causes of Communism, Fascism and war through its various commissions and specialized agencies.

If there were no UN, what would we substitute for it?

PALMER VAN GUNDY,
Santa Monica, Cal.



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AND ONLY ROMA WINES HAVE IT

Only the choicest California grapes are selected for ROMA

Careful ageing and old-world skills assure you the goodness of ROMA

There's a compliment and a treat in every glass of ROMA

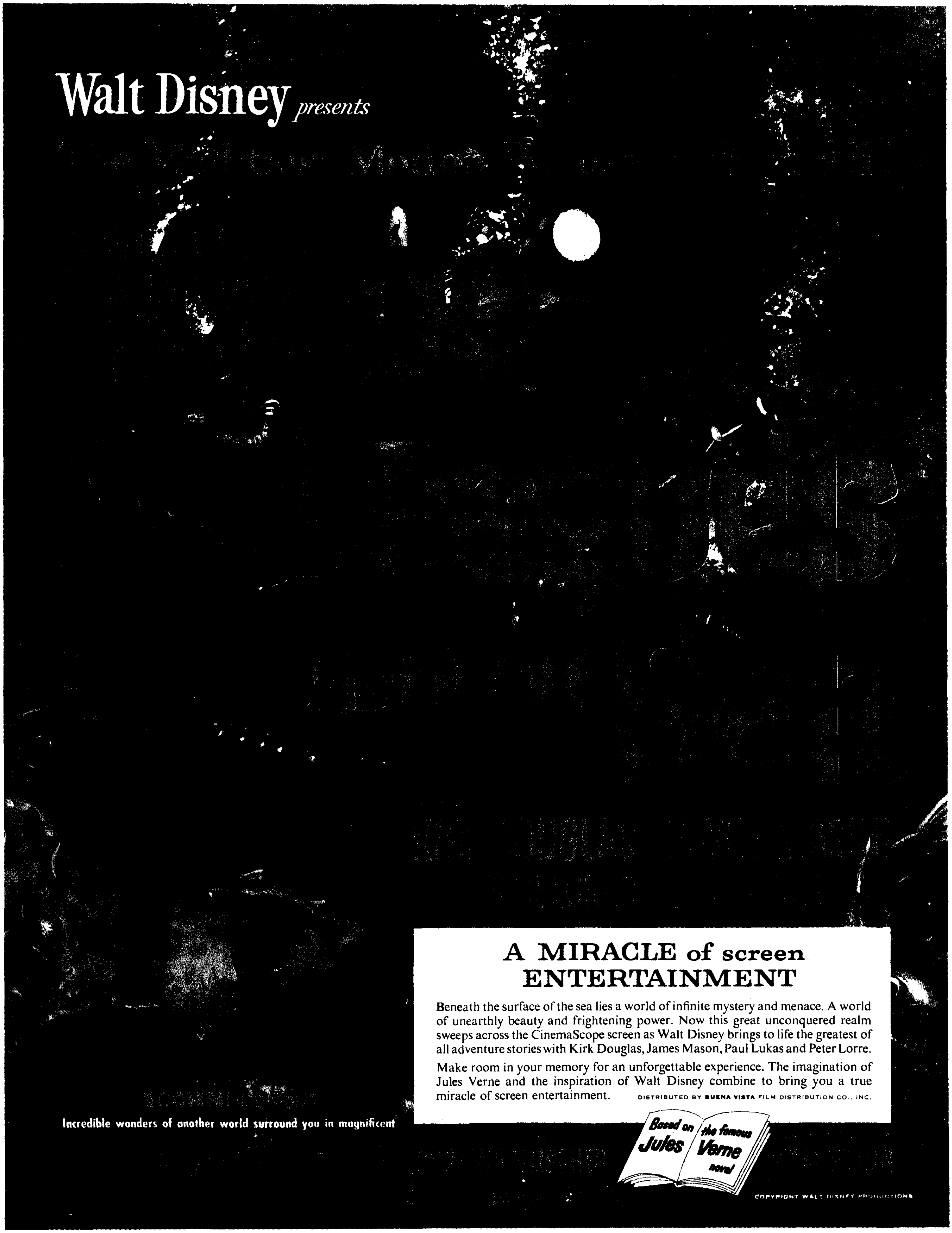
NO MORE RUINOUS WINE STAINS on table linens, furniture, clothes! Now, when you pour the fine wines of ROMA from the world's only Dripless Bottle, you don't pour spots, too! The last drop always stays in the bottle!

NO MORE MESSY DRIPPING! The Magic Top of ROMA's new Dripless Bottle miraculously cuts off the wine each time you pour—ends the nuisance and embarrassment of messy drips. Now you won't even give dripping a thought!

NO EXTRA COST! You pay no more for the fine wines of ROMA in the amazing Dripless Bottle. For parties, family gatherings, whenever you enjoy having wine...invite ROMA! Choose your favorites from the ROMA *family of fine wines*. They all await your pleasure!

THE FINE WINES OF ROMA

Roma Wine Company, Fresno, California



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A MIRACLE of screen ENTERTAINMENT

Beneath the surface of the sea lies a world of infinite mystery and menace. A world of unearthly beauty and frightening power. Now this great unconquered realm sweeps across the CinemaScope screen as Walt Disney brings to life the greatest of all adventure stories with Kirk Douglas, James Mason, Paul Lukas and Peter Lorre.

Make room in your memory for an unforgettable experience. The imagination of Jules Verne and the inspiration of Walt Disney combine to bring you a true miracle of screen entertainment. DISTRIBUTED BY **BUENA VISTA** FILM DISTRIBUTION CO., INC.

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A dramatic first-person account by the premier of France of his daring getaway from a Vichy prison during World War II

ESCAPE

By PIERRE MENDÈS-FRANCE

IN 1940, after the fall of France, I sailed from Bordeaux to Morocco, where my air force unit was regrouping. I had been serving simultaneously as an aerial observer and member of the French Chamber of Deputies; like a number of other deputies who sailed on the same vessel, I hoped to continue fighting the Nazis from North Africa.

I was due for a surprise. Shortly after my arrival in Morocco, I was arrested, for political reasons, by the Vichy government—and charged, falsely, with desertion. For a while I was held in Casablanca; then I was sent back to France to await trial.

For almost 10 months I was held in prison at Clermont-Ferrand, not far from Vichy. During all that time my thoughts were of escape. Several times, indeed, opportunities presented themselves—but I couldn't take advantage of them because of another consideration. I wanted to clear my name; in the midst of the war, that seemed important. At least I wanted to get the facts on record. To escape before the trial might seem to be an admission of guilt. I decided to wait. Later, after the trial, I would make the attempt. If it was successful, I hoped to proceed to London to join the forces of General de Gaulle.

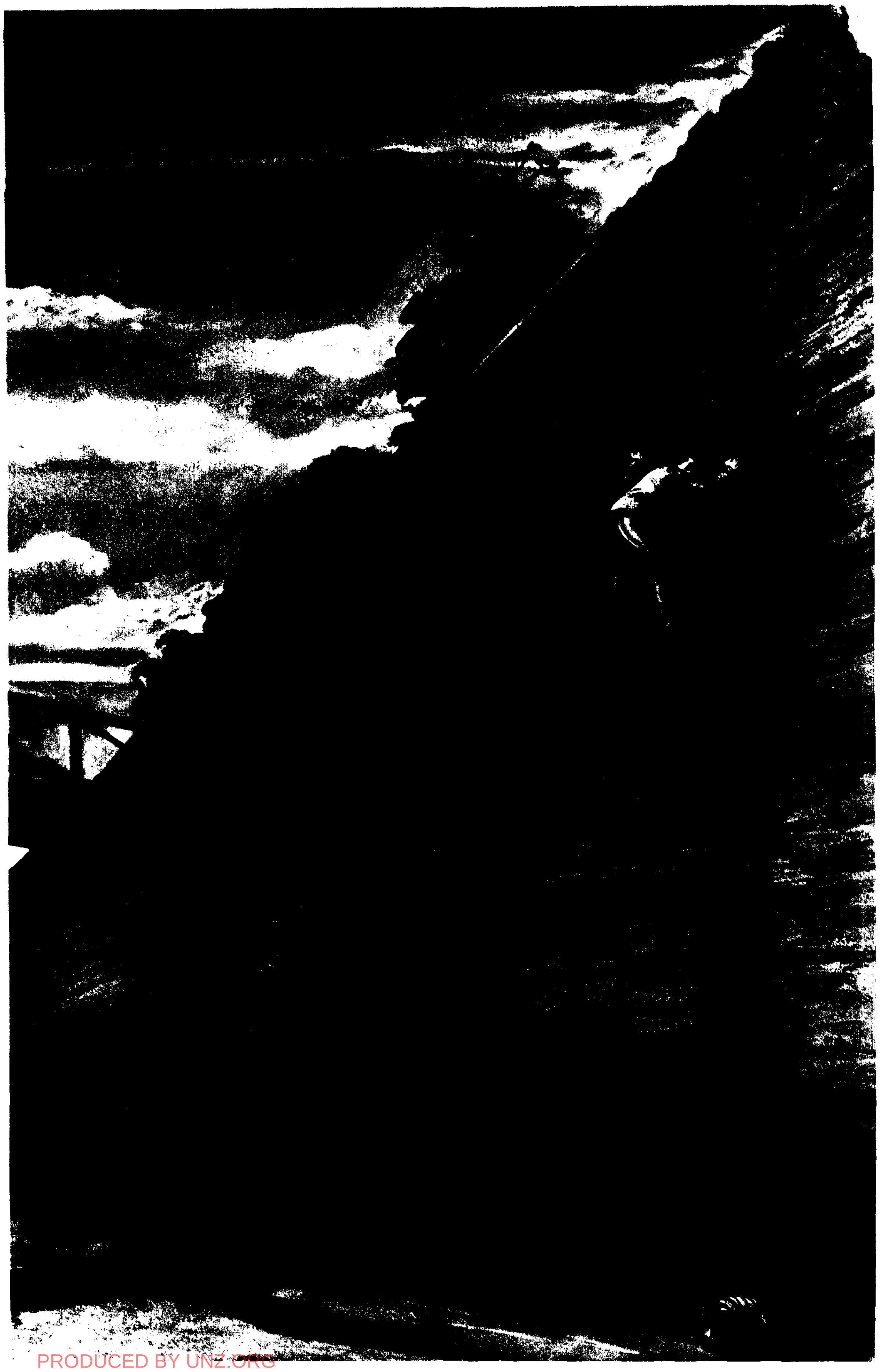
But while waiting I prepared. I made careful plans, gathered my resources and never lost sight of my objective. I knew, for example, that at some stage an escape probably would demand great physical exertion—so I began daily exercises to get myself in shape. Once outside the prison I would need money; at the time of my arrest I had hidden 11,000 francs ($250) in my cap, and in prison I assiduously built up the total by little transactions of sale or barter, and by saving as much as possible of my prison allowance of pocket money.

The windows were all barred; I would require a saw. In the prison yard was a workshop; I made it my business to spend a lot of time there, chatting with the other prisoners. One day I spotted a broken old saw lying on the floor; I kicked it under a pile of debris. I waited six weeks for it to be missed, then, when nothing happened, I dug it out and stored the blade in the lining of my jacket.

When food parcels arrived from my family and friends, I ate only the perishable items, stockpiling the rest. I also traded for staples. By the time I was ready for the escape attempt I had enough food for a couple of weeks—chocolate, bread, dried figs, nuts, sugar and some canned sardines. I also had traded—at a very high price—for a ration card which another prisoner had sneaked in at the time of his arrest. In addition, I managed to steal my own ration card from the prison authorities, who were supposed to have one for each of their charges.

From a visitor I begged a railroad timetable on a pretext (I was keeping my plans secret even from my closest friends), and I carefully figured out a train schedule for a night escape to Grenoble, about 150 miles away, and a town I knew well. There I hoped to lie low until the intensity of the hunt died down. The train I wanted to catch was the eleven twenty-five; therefore I would have to engineer my escape to conform to that schedule.

I would need papers; in wartime everyone needed papers. I forged what I could, using a seal I stole from one of the prison offices, which I altered somewhat for my purposes. I also collected a great store of odds and ends for which I could see no immediate use but which I hoped to find valuable later—cord, bottles, boxes and a variety of other objects. I even got a little box of eye shadow from a woman visitor to the prison. The



For weeks, author studied prison wall from window of cell. When time came, he knew every crevice by heart

DRAWING BY WILLIAM SHARP

Everything went like clockwork right up to th

BLACK STAR

Prisoner grew a beard but shaved just before his escape, leaving a mustache for disguise

excuse I gave for wanting it was exceedingly lame; actually, I thought I might use it to paint a false mustache, for a disguise. Instead, the eye shadow proved invaluable in an entirely unexpected way which I'll describe shortly.

Also, in casting about for disguises, I acquired a pipe—not because it would make me look much different, but because it would give me an excuse for keeping my hand in front of my face.

All of this booty I hid in my cell. First I kept the stuff under the cinders in my stove; hiding it there meant that I couldn't light the fire much, and had to suffer from cold, but it also meant that I had an extra supply of coal for bartering purposes. Later, after I got a roommate, I had to find new hiding places—in the mattress, in a crack in the ceiling, and once in an adjoining unoccupied cell. In the spring, the stove was removed and I packed my collection into a cylindrical roll and slipped it into the stovepipe which still projected from the wall.

The Verdict, As Expected, Was "Guilty"

My trial was held on the ninth of May. As I had expected, the court case was brief and the outcome preordained. I was found guilty and sentenced to six years in prison. My attorneys appealed, and I returned to my cell. I would await the appeal result—then act.

On the tenth of May, my lawyers said the appeal hearing would be delayed. Actually, I was pleased. I was in poor health; the delay might give me time to build up my strength. Best of all would be a stay in the hospital; there I would get a real rest—and, perhaps, a far better opportunity to escape than I might find elsewhere. I applied for transfer to the hospital; to my delight, it was granted. The examining doctor found a liver condition which, he said, needed careful treatment.

My new cell was on the second floor of the hospital building, a former convent. Near my cell was the only exit from that floor: a heavy iron door, always kept chained. That door led not to the rest of the building, but directly into a guardroom. From the guardroom, which adjoined my cell, another door led to the stairway. A third door in the guardroom was set into the exterior wall of the building, like a window, and led onto an open-air gangway—a sort of bridge which spanned the prison yard and was fastened at its other end, about 15 feet away, to the prison wall. The gangway was, of course, at the second-floor level; the wall towered some feet above it. The gangway also could be reached from the prison yard, by a steel stairway set against the wall.

Opposite my window the wall was about 25 feet high. Farther down, beyond the gangway, part of it had crumbled away and it was a few feet lower.

If I could get out my window, down to the yard and up the stairs to the gangway I might be able to get to the top of the wall; then I might jump over where it was crumbled.

But could I get out the window? I carefully noted the daily routine of the hospital.

At 7:30 A.M. the nurse brought in coffee. A warder accompanied her and took the roll call. Then they left, locking me in again. Between nine and ten o'clock the warder admitted the doctor and the nurse. Breakfast, at eleven o'clock, provided the warder with an opportunity for a third check.

The afternoon passed in much the same way. The nurse came with the warder at two o'clock and dinner came at five. At six the guard was changed and the roll was called, first by the captain of the guard going off duty, and again by the captain of the guard coming on. Between nine and ten o'clock the nurse went around with a warder. When they had passed, lights out. There were no visits to the cells during the night, only patrols and inspections outside, but there were more sentinels. A prisoner who wanted to visit the toilet knocked on his cell door, which was opened by a warder.

Besides checking on the hospital routine, I had to know what was going on outside my cell—in the street, in the yard and in the guardroom—particularly at night. To find out, I used my ears. Outside the prison wall, I discovered, was a quiet street. After ten o'clock there were few passers-by, except for a little while each night between eleven and half past: there was probably a moving-picture theater nearby. To catch the eleven-twenty-five train I should have to scale the wall before eleven o'clock.

But how would that be possible, with the guardroom so near my cell? Every evening I lay awake listening to the vague murmur of the gendarmes and warders, chatting together and joking. After lights out, between ten and a quarter past, the talk died away: some of the men were doubtless asleep. Perhaps I could make my escape between ten fifteen and eleven o'clock.

I observed the comings and goings in the yard. There were the regular patrols; but there were also rounds of inspection at unexpected hours. Moreover, I might run into cleaners or kitchen employees, or perhaps the night engineer in charge of the boilers, which were just under my cell.

In the prison wall directly opposite my window there was a door—useless for escape because it was kept locked, but valuable for observation because every day it was opened for a few minutes to permit the removal of rubbish. For several days I watched that process—and discovered by gazing through the door that the level of the street was five or six feet higher than that of the prison yard.

I was able now to estimate more exactly the effort facing me. Although the wall I should have to climb was about 25 feet high inside the prison, it was only about 20 feet high outside. At the point where it had crumbled it was even lower; when I hung by my hands from the top of the wall I should have only 10 to 12 feet to jump.

The inside of the wall was a tougher proposition. I studied it carefully. There were a few stones projecting; but I doubted that, even with their aid, I could climb up 25 feet. Of course, I could climb the gangway stairs for part of that height. During the day the gangway could be clearly seen from the guardroom, through the door—but at night? Under the blackout regulations (which, by request of the Nazis, continued in unoccupied France even after the armistice) the windows were covered at night with heavy shutters, which stopped the light from showing—and also stopped the guard from seeing out. The guard would not see me if I crossed the gangway at night.

Using the gangway, I should have to climb only the upper part of the wall. Then, once on top, I could crawl along to the crumbled part, and jump from there. That part of the prison should be quiet enough at night, because beyond the gangway there was only the kitchen on the ground floor and the chapel above it. There would be no one in either of these places after seven or eight o'clock.

Selecting Stones That He Could Grip

I spent long hours at the window studying every stone of the wall. A pair of field glasses would have helped me then! Gradually I worked out a practicable route. A little to the right of the gangway were several stones I could get a grip on. I examined them at different times of the day, when the changing shadows revealed them in varying relief, until I knew which ones would be of use to me in my climb.

The other obstacles did not seem very formidable—though one of them stumped me for a while. I would saw through the bar, knot my sheets to the window, then slide down them to the yard. But the sheets could not be left tied to the window; they would be noticed almost immediately. How could I pull them down after me?

I was told later by mountaineering friends that I had been confronted by an old problem of mountain climbers—how to get a rope back after using it. It took me a couple of days to figure out the answer. At last I got it. I would tie a string to the knotted sheet—at the part of the knot that slipped into the loop. Then I would drop the cord toward the ground. Once down, I would use the string to yank the knot loose. I tried it. It worked fine.

The time had come to start sawing the bar.

The first evening was almost disastrous. When I sawed the steel bar, it twanged like the string of a violin in the stillness of the night. Back in the prison proper I had tried out the saw on one of my bars, and it had worked all right. Obviously the metal here was different. I tried to reduce the noise by using soapy water. It didn't work. Something else would have to be found.

My guards, if they had only known it, solved my problem. In the room next door, some of them snored audibly. I began to synchronize the noise of the saw with the snoring. When the snore went up I made a stroke with the saw; during the silence that followed, I waited motionless. That method forced me to saw slowly, but I got good results. Not only did the snorer hear nothing; he also prevented his companions from hearing.

Once there was a big storm—thunder and lightning alternating with periods of calm throughout the night. That night I had no fear of being heard, and sawed away happily for several hours.

As the cuts in the bar became deeper, top and bottom, I had a new problem. How could I mask the sawed places from the sight of my jailers? With some stone dust, scraped off the edge of the window, I mixed a paste and filled up the cuts. But my paste was no good. It was much lighter than the gray-black surface of the bar. Somehow, I had to darken it. I tried everything I could find, but nothing worked. Then I remembered: I still had that eye shadow. I mixed some of it with the paste. The result was excellent.

After that, every day at dawn I mixed up a new batch of eye-shadow paste and rubbed it into the deepening cuts.

In two weeks, the bar was ready. At its base I had left just a tiny bit uncut. The top was cut through halfway—enough so I could bend it when the moment came.

Then, one day while I was on my way to the toilet, I noticed a warder walking along with a workman—examining all the windows on the sec-

ig moment. Then suddenly the careful plans of months began falling apart

ond floor, one after another! I was terrified. I quickly decided that if I could get to the workman without the warder seeing, as they entered my cell, I would try to buy him off. It would be risky, but it seemed to be my only chance.

I took a thousand-franc note from the cache in my cap and waited. A quarter of an hour passed . . . one hour. No one came. I knocked on my door to go to the toilet again, in order to discover what was happening outside. To my astonishment, the workman and the warder had gone away. I never learned why my cell was by-passed.

But it seemed that I had been saved only to be destroyed. On the fourth of June something happened that threw all my plans awry: the civil authorities requested that I be sent back to the military prison—where, presumably, they would feel more sure of me. The doctor told me about it during his daily visit. I was thunderstruck.

"But, Doctor," I protested, "you told me yesterday that your treatment was doing me good, and ought to be continued. You said, too, that I should have a blood count."

"Yes, but I'm not in charge of the prison."

"But suppose I'm ill?"

"The civil authorities asked me about your condition. I replied that you needed medical attention. They asked me then if it was absolutely necessary to keep you here, and if there would be any danger in sending you back to the military prison. I had to say that there would be no immediate danger."

The authorities moved fast. That same day I was taken back to the prison. Now I would have to start my preparations all over again—but probably with an additional handicap: at any moment the hospital authorities might discover my little job on the bar. In that case all would be lost—at least, for a long time to come.

Had I been right, I asked myself again, to wait until the appeal judges felt like hearing my case? Was it not simply stupidity on my part, the ridiculous scruple of a lawyer, to want to see the legal procedure carried out to the end—and perhaps, because of that, to lose the freedom I might have regained?

I was greatly depressed—but I hadn't been back in the prison long before my hopes rose again. When I underwent the regulation medical inspection, the prison doctor, surprised to see me back so soon, said I should be in the hospital, and told me to visit him again in a week or two.

I passed the following days on tenterhooks. On the fifteenth of June, I returned for a second medical inspection. My heart dropped. The doctor whom I had seen before was absent. In his place was a young and rather distant intern. Perhaps he would take a different view of my condition. At last, after an interminable examination, he said: "Your liver is bad. Before you're sent out of this prison to spend six years in a tougher one you should be in much better shape than at present. You'll have to go back to the hospital!"

The next day I left the prison—for the last time, I hoped. It was then that I managed to pick up my ration card. It had to be transferred to the hospital, and I offered to turn it in there. I never did. As I had expected, I was put back in the same cell, next to the guardroom. The cell had been occupied during my absence, but the bar was just as I had left it.

I now put into operation a little scheme to avoid the first inspection of the day, which took place at about half past seven, when coffee was brought in. I complained that the coffee was undrinkable and gave me a stomach-ache; and that I would prefer to sleep on undisturbed. My wish was granted; thus I stopped the early-morning visits of the nurse and, at the same time, of the warder, who would no longer come in to check on me. He opened the door the first day, true enough; but the second day I was not disturbed until about nine o'clock, when the doctor came around. Under these circumstances I hoped that after my escape my absence would not be reported throughout the country before 11:00 A.M., which would allow me a wider margin of safety.

AL TARTER

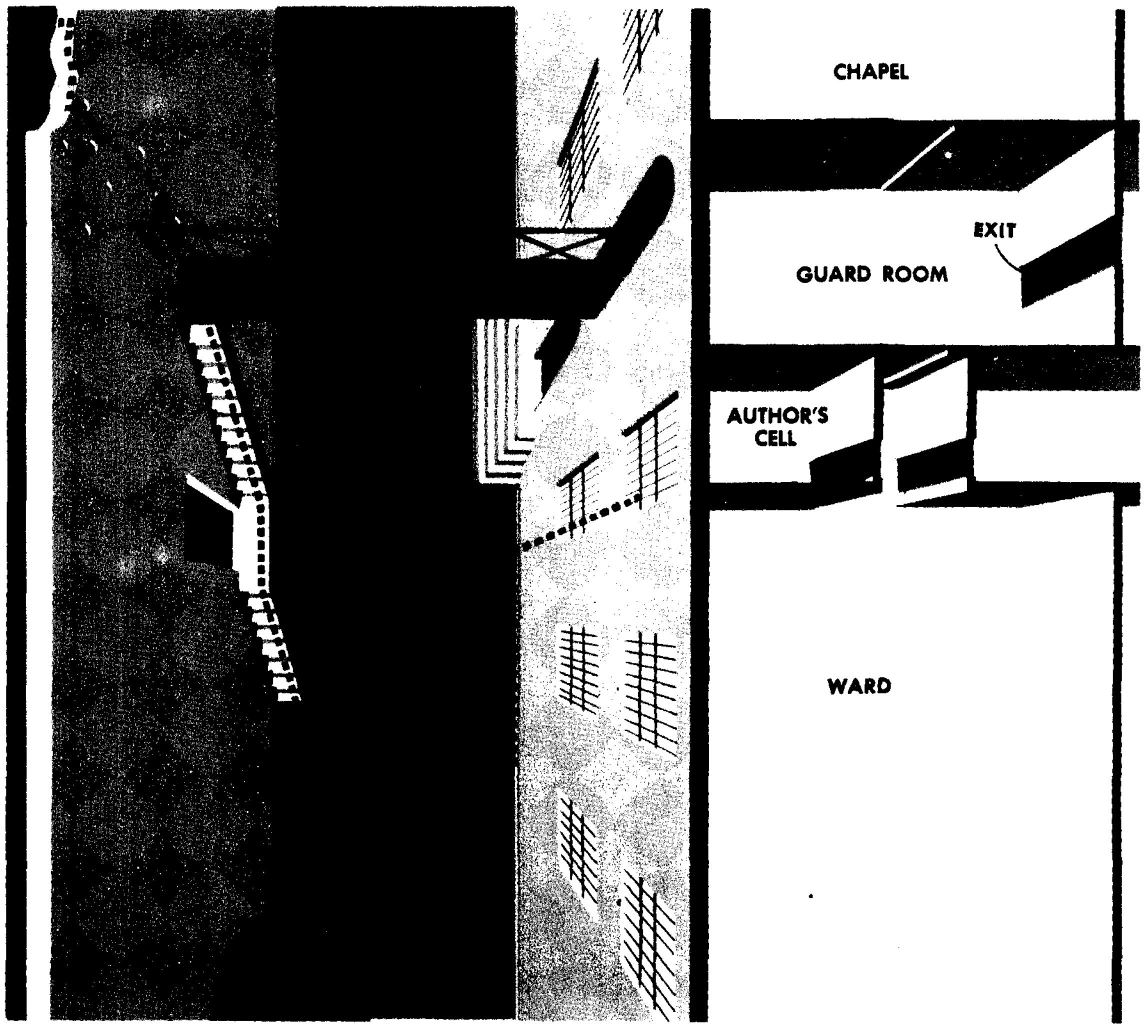


Diagram of Mendès-France's escape from prison hospital. As officer, he was given separate cell. He sawed through bar, let himself down by sheet rope which he then hid in coal pile

I began to prepare my little package, which would include some provisions in a suitcase, wrapped in my overcoat. There would be nothing to reveal my identity. I removed all initials on my clothes. There was an inscription on the inside of my ring: I spent a few hours rubbing it off with a stone. I put my identity papers, tightly rolled, into a jar of powdered sugar.

My photograph would be distributed, after my escape, to every police station in France, but that would take two days. My description, on the other hand, could be circulated by telegraph in less than two hours. But I had long before started to lay the groundwork for what I hoped would be an effective disguise. Normally I am clean-shaven. But after my sentence, I pretended to be overcome with discouragement, and uninterested in my appearance. I took only an occasional shave. Soon no one seemed surprised to see me with eight or ten days' growth of beard. For the twentieth of June, the date on which my appeal was to be decided, I planned to have a ten-day beard. At the last moment before escaping, I would shave, leaving only a mustache—certainly sufficient, I thought, to make my appearance different from the description that would be spread everywhere.

At last came the twentieth of June.

I spent a tense morning. At midday one of my lawyers arrived, very downhearted, to tell me my appeal had been turned down. I wasn't surprised. He left, and I prepared for the escape attempt, confident and expectant. Suppertime came and went. Some time after ten fifteen I would make the break. I delayed shaving off my beard until the last possible moment, to avoid being seen clean-shaven.

Suddenly everything started to go wrong.

The Nurse Who Talked Too Much

First the nurse came late on her rounds—not until twenty past ten. Then she started an endless conversation with the guards next door. Consumed with impatience, I listened with my ear against the wall. The crowning blow came when she suggested that if they wanted fresh air they should open the door leading to the gangway, turning off the lights to comply with blackout regulations. They took her advice. The door was opened, and the soldiers came out on the gangway now and then. With that door open, I couldn't jump.

I spent hours watching for a chance. Toward midnight, I even sawed through the last few millimeters of my window bar. All was ready.

But the chance I waited for did not come. Dawn broke. Despair came over me. So near to success, all my plans seemed to have collapsed in complete and irredeemable failure. . . .

The next day came the crusher. Another patient, a man named Douhet who had been captured during the unsuccessful Free French assault on Dakar some months before, was moved into my cell. He was very ill, and could not be left in the ward with the others. Obviously, I couldn't object.

Nevertheless, I determined to try to escape that night, somehow. Once again, I assembled my few possessions, as Douhet watched curiously. Suddenly I seemed to be in a kind of idle vacuum, as on the eve of a long journey, when one has packed one's luggage, completed all arrangements, and said one's good-bys. Douhet was watching, apparently unable to understand why I had been so busy during the day and was now so listless. Dinnertime came. I forced myself to eat. Who knew when and where I would get my next meal? I slipped a knife from the dinner tray into my pocket.

The minutes dragged by interminably. Douhet, who had been dozing, awoke and we chatted a while. He asked me for three aspirins, to make him sleep. Good. I gave him four, and he soon slumbered soundly.

Nine thirty. I heard the guards shuttering themselves in. At a quarter to ten the nurse came around. Douhet was sleeping quietly and I was preparing for bed. When she left I turned out the light. As on the previous evening, I listened to what was happening in the guardroom. Fortunately the guards had been changed; the new ones did not think of putting out the light and opening the door.

Another fifteen minutes to wait. I tore down my bed and knotted a sheet and two blankets, which I would hang from the window. I padded the soles of my shoes with strips of cloth—reading mysteries is not a complete waste of time!—and then sat on my bed, suddenly discouraged by the obstacles confronting me.

How the last gleams of daylight persisted! It was the twenty-first of June, the shortest night in the year. Furthermore, our clocks had been put back one hour, in accordance with Paris time. Thus at ten forty-five it was still quite light.

I might be heading into a trap, for certain circumstances seemed too favorable. The nurse had made her visit unusually early. The guards were strangely quiet, even the street. . . . Perhaps I should put the whole thing off.

Somewhere a clock struck half past ten. Ten minutes passed. Now or never. If there was a risk of a trap this evening, it would certainly be no less tomorrow.

I took a last look over my shoulder toward the slumbering Douhet. Everything was at hand: the little suitcase wrapped in my overcoat, the knotted sheets, the cords. I gripped the bar—and wrenched. It held a moment, then gave way.

In the middle of the window gaped a hole toward freedom.

I attached my suitcase to a cord and lowered it softly to the ground. Then I tied the sheets to the window sill, and tied the cord to the knot. I wriggled through the opening and, hanging against the outside wall, closed the window so the broken bar wouldn't show from outside. I got a good grip on the sheets—and started down. I shot past the boiler-room window, just below mine. The sheet rope was too short, but the drop wasn't far. I let go . . . and fell squarely on my suitcase with a great noise (or so it seemed). Heart thumping, I clung to the wall. No one had heard.

I yanked at the cord running up to the knot in the sheet. It worked perfectly; down came the sheet. Quickly I gathered it up and hid it under a pile of coal, which I had spotted long before from my window. I picked up the suitcase, with the cord still on it, and mounted the ladder to the gangway. Still no sound. I set down the bag there, knotted the other end of the suitcase cord around my wrist, and started to climb the wall. My movements seemed habitual, so long had I studied the wall. My feet and hands found familiar niches.

I was on top.

Swiftly, I hauled up the suitcase. Then I crawled toward the low part of the wall, from which I would jump. Stop. Someone coming up the street. He's gone. Now another . . . pausing just beneath me to light a cigarette. Gone.

I crawled to the place where the wall had crumbled—and froze.

From beneath a tree just a few yards away came the soft murmur of voices. I strained my eyes. Two people. I listened. They were a young man and his girl, debating how to spend the evening. He had definite ideas; she hesitated. The conversation went on and on, while I swore silently, sitting on top of the wall—where, I was sure, I could be clearly seen from the prison yard. The minutes dragged. I pulled one foot under me, so the white rag around it couldn't be seen from the street. It soon became cramped. Below, the young man urged softly, the girl resisted. At last she said yes. I blessed her—and bless her still, for certainly I desired to hear her acquiescence no less ardently than did her young lover.

They left. The street was deserted—or was it? On the other side loomed a shadow, absolutely still. A detective? I waited, while long seconds ticked by. The shadow was still. I started down. If it was a policeman it was too late to turn back anyhow.

I gripped the top of the wall, flexed my knees to cushion the fall—and dropped. All right. I tugged the cord, and yanked the suitcase down. Across the street, the shadow was still there. I braced my shoulders and marched straight toward it. If I was being watched, I'd better make an end to it. It was a shrub.

I was free.

* * *

After that, all my problems were small ones. I had some time before my train, so I carefully headed away from the station and planted a few clues—like the knife I had filched at supper—to throw pursuers off. At a modest café I found a bartender who agreed to mail some letters for me the next day (I was out of stamps, I explained). Later I learned that police who tracked down the letters decided I was hiding in the town—since the letters were mailed some hours after my escape.

At the station, a detail of gendarmes was conducting a routine check of passengers at the turnstile. I recognized one of the policemen, and I knew he would recognize me. A little old lady bought my ticket for me; I couldn't leave the square outside the station, I told her—I had promised to meet a friend there. Ticket in hand, I pulled my cap down over my face, raised a pipe to my mouth, and marched right past the cops.

I got off the train at Grenoble—safe on the first lap of a journey which was to take me ultimately to London and the forces of De Gaulle. ▲▲▲

WORLD'S

By JAMES J. HAGGERTY, Jr.

At PALMDALE airport, a flight test center for new military airplanes in California's Mojave Desert, a large group of observers waited expectantly for the first public demonstration of the Air Force's newest and hottest fighter, the North American F-100 Super Sabre.

In the distance, the Super Sabre's wing glinted in the desert sunlight as pilot George Welch turned to make his run over the field. Then, its mighty engine roaring, the jet streaked low over the gathering at tremendous speed, faster than its own sound. Suddenly there was a loud explosion, and dust billowed up from the desert floor, just as if the plane had dropped a bomb. The concussion, said one of the group, felt "like getting hit in the rear with a half-ton pillow."

The F-100 roared over the airport administration building on its second pass. Again the boom; this time half the windows in the building shattered and sent glass fragments flying. On the third pass the boom finished off all but four of the remaining windows, which were half-inch plate glass, and split a number of solid four-by-four window frames and doorposts.

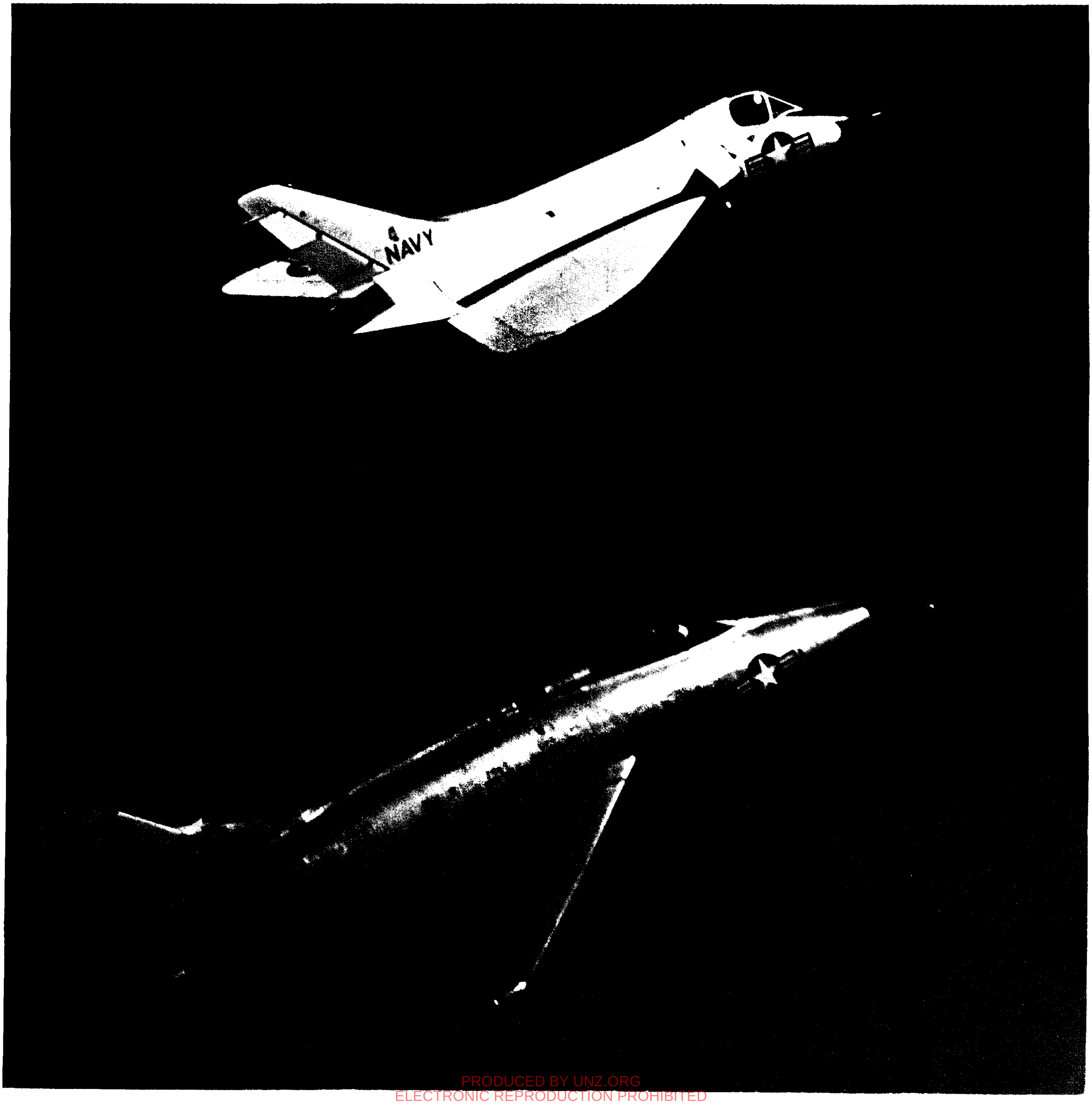
No bomb had been dropped, of course. The thunderclap and the resulting damage had been caused by the phenomenon of supersonic flight known as the sonic boom. A plane moving at the speed of sound or faster sets up shock waves in the atmosphere, like the ripples caused by a boat moving through water. The impact of these shock waves striking the ground creates the explosion. Under certain atmospheric conditions it can be heard on the ground even when the airplane is more than eight miles up.

The sonic boom was first noticed in 1950, but until recently it was confined to flight test centers where supersonic dives were being conducted. Soon, however, people all over the country may be hearing the booms, for the United States now has two great new airplanes capable of supersonic flight, not only in a dive, but in ordinary straight and level flight. The planes are the Air Force's Super Sabre and a new Navy carrier-based interceptor, the Douglas F4D Skyray. They are not research planes, but standard operational craft now being introduced in service units. They mark an

Winners J. H. (Dutch) Kindelberger of North American (l.) and Ed Heinemann of Douglas

Fastest Fighters

The Collier Trophy for aviation progress goes this year to the men who developed the Douglas Skyray and the North American Super Sabre—two planes which can smash through the sound barrier in level flight



Once, years ago, trophy winner Kindelberger hired trophy winner Heinemann

important advance in America's battle for world aerial supremacy.

On October 12th, a committee of 22 top representatives of all phases of aviation voted to award this year's Collier Trophy jointly to the men who directed the development of the two planes: J. H. (Dutch) Kindelberger, chairman of the board and chief executive officer of North American Aviation, Inc., and Edward H. Heinemann, chief engineer of Douglas Aircraft Company's El Segundo Division.

The trophy was donated in 1911 by the late Robert J. Collier, editor and son of the founder of Collier's magazine. It is awarded annually for "the greatest achievement in aviation in America, the value of which has been demonstrated by actual use during the preceding year." (The F-100 exceeded the speed of sound in level flight on its first test flight in May, 1953; the F4D successfully completed its carrier qualification tests the following October. Both planes set new world's speed records during the year.) The trophy itself, the work of sculptor Ernest Wise Keyser, remains in the custody of the National Aeronautic Association. Kindelberger and Heinemann receive miniature copies. This is the 39th year the award has been made (during some years it was omitted). Shortly after the latest awards were decided on, it was arranged to have President Eisenhower make the presentations on December 17th, the fifty-first anniversary of man's first powered flight, by Orville and Wilbur Wright at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.

Dutch Kindelberger is boss of a sprawling $78,000,000 aircraft manufacturing empire which embraces 21 plants and 55,000 employees in Los Angeles and Columbus, Ohio. Now fifty-nine, he served in the Army Air Service during World War I and got his start in aircraft manufacturing with The Glenn L. Martin Company of Baltimore shortly after the armistice, working as a draftsman under chief engineer Donald Douglas.

When Douglas left Martin in 1920 to form Douglas Aircraft Company, he invited Kindelberger to go along to California as chief engineer. Dutch agreed, but the move was delayed a few years because "neither Don nor I had the money for my fare."

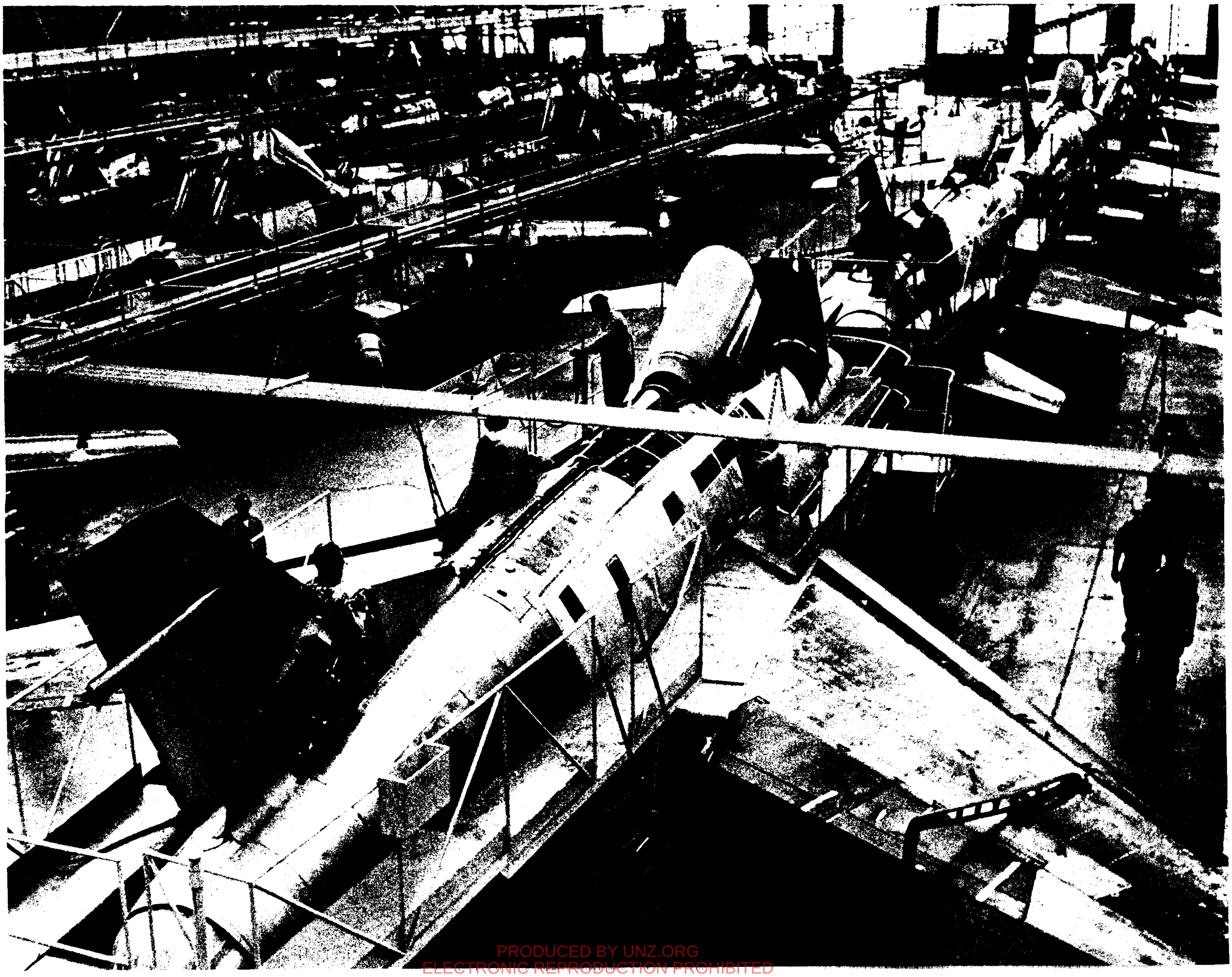
Kindelberger served as Douglas' chief engineer and vice-president for engineering until 1934, when he accepted the presidency of General Aviation Manufacturing Corporation of Baltimore, which the following year became North American Aviation, Inc.

In his first year as president and managing director of North American, Kindelberger landed an Air Corps contract for production of a new trainer and moved the company to Los Angeles, where it has since grown into one of the largest aircraft companies in the nation. North American proudly boasts that it has built more planes than any other company in the world, among them the P-51 Mustang of World War II fame, and the F-86 Sabre, the star performer of the Korean war, which handed the Russian-designed MIG-15 a shellacking at the rate of 14 kills for every loss.

Kindelberger, a white-maned six-footer with piercing blue eyes, says he is proud and happy about his Collier Trophy award, but regards it as an award to the whole North American team, many of whose members have been with him since the early Baltimore days.

"No one dreams of a great new airplane at night and runs out to build it in the morning," he says. "It takes everything you know, a few things you guess at and a few more you just hope for."

North American F-100 assembly line in Los Angeles. Super Sabre holds world's speed record of 755.149 miles per hour, set in October, 1953



While he was chief engineer at Douglas, Kindelberger hired a gangling young draftsman named Ed Heinemann. "Paid him $18 a week," Dutch recalls. "That was pretty good in those days. Our average worker got about $11."

Heinemann, now regarded as one of the most brilliant aircraft engineers in the country, is an oddity in the business. Although he bosses 1,500 well-educated engineers at Douglas El Segundo, Heinemann's own formal education ended with high school. He came to Douglas armed with only a high-school mechanical drawing course and two years of experience designing truck and fire-engine bodies for a Los Angeles firm. His lack of an impressive array of degrees has never been a handicap, as military users of his planes will testify.

Assembling the Douglas F4D Skyray at Torrance, Cal. Plane, which has triangular (delta) wing, held world's speed record for about three weeks (at 752.943 mph) before Super Sabre broke it

Two Outstanding Combat Attack Planes

Now forty-six, Heinemann has been chief engineer of Douglas El Segundo for 18 years. His engineering staff has turned out designs which resulted in production of more than 18,000 combat attack planes. Among them were the Navy SBD Dauntless, a World War II scout bomber which the late James V. Forrestal, then Secretary of the Navy, termed "probably the most destructive single weapon in the Navy's arsenal," and the AD Skyraider, which blasted the Reds in Korea and is considered one of the most versatile planes ever built.

Curiously, the nation's first two supersonic airplanes are built virtually side by side, for the North American and Douglas El Segundo plants adjoin at Los Angeles International Airport. They have something else in common—they are both powered by the mighty Pratt & Whitney J-57 engine, which won for its designer, Leonard S. Hobbs, last year's Collier Trophy. In addition to the 10,000 pounds of thrust which the basic engine supplies, both the F4D and the F-100 are equipped with an afterburner, a tail-end device which reburns the exhaust gases from the engines to increase the thrust.

The committee which voted this year's Collier Trophy award was appointed by Thomas G. Lanphier, Jr., president of the National Aeronautic Association. Committee chairman was Frederick C. Crawford, chairman of the board, Thompson Products, Inc. Other members, in addition to Lanphier, included: John R. Alison, president, Air Force Association; Rear Adm. Richard E. Byrd, USN (Ret.); Jacqueline Cochran, vice-president, Fédération Aéronautique Internationale; Lt. Gen. James H. Doolittle, vice-president, Shell Oil Co.; William R. Enyart, president, Simmonds Aerocessories, Inc.; Charles H. Gartrell, past president, National Association of State Aviation Officials; Hon. Carl Hinshaw, member, House of Representatives; Dr. Jerome Hunsaker, chairman, National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics; Earl D. Johnson, president, Air Transport Association of America; S. Paul Johnston, director, Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences; Frederick B. Lee, administrator, Civil Aeronautics Administration; Brig. Gen. Charles A. Lindbergh, USAFR; Vice-Adm. Ralph A. Ofstie, Deputy Chief of Naval Operations, Air; Adm. DeWitt C. Ramsey, USN (Ret.), president, Aircraft Industries Association; Robert Ramspeck, president, Aero Club of Washington; C. R. Smith, president, American Airlines; Brig. Gen. Carl A. Spaatz, USAF (Ret.), chairman of the board, Civil Air Patrol; Lt. Gen. Nathan F. Twining, Chief of Staff, U.S. Air Force; Dr. John F. Victory, executive secretary, National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics; and LeRoy Whitman, president, Aviation Writers Association. Committee secretary was Charles S. Logsdon of the staff of the National Aeronautic Association.

The F4D is the older of the two airplanes. Its history goes back to 1947 when the Navy asked Douglas to investigate the possibilities of a plane with a delta (triangular) wing. Heinemann's staff conducted a long series of studies to determine the best possible wing for a plane which must have very high combat speed yet be slow enough to land on an aircraft carrier. They arrived at the current design, which is roughly triangular with the edges rounded off. Its resemblance to the fish called the ray gave it its name—Skyray.

Although the Skyray design had supersonic potential from the start, early models of the plane were not capable of such speed, since they were powered by lower-thrust engines. In March, 1953, it was decided to switch to the Pratt & Whitney J-57 with afterburner. In June of this year, a production model of the Skyray was flown faster than sound in level flight—the first time the plane had been flown with the J-57 engine.

The F-100 design came into being just before the outbreak of war in Korea in 1950. It was designed from the start to exceed the speed of sound in level flight—no easy task, as is evidenced by the fact that the World War II Mustang required fewer than 42,000 engineering man-hours while the F-100 needed almost 1,500,000. The new plane first took to the air in May, 1953; it made two flights that day and on both of them pilot George Welch topped the speed of sound without diving. (Ironically, Welch was killed when an F-100 exploded on October 12th of this year—the day the Collier Trophy committee met.)

In October, 1953, the Skyray and the Super Sabre engaged in a spirited competition for the world's speed record, previously held by Great Britain. The Fédération Aéronautique Internationale, international custodian of aircraft records, recognizes two different courses for the world speed record: a plane may make four timed passes over a three-kilometer course or two passes over a 15-kilometer course. There was also a requirement that a new record exceed the previous one by at least one per cent.

The Skyray, on October 3d, brought the record back to the United States with an average of 752.943 miles per hour over the three-kilometer course. On October 30th, the F-100 ran over the 15-kilometer course at an average of 755.149 miles per hour. Since the F-100 set its record over a different course, the one per cent requirement was waived and its speed recognized as the world record. But you can still get into an argument about that record around Douglas El Segundo.

Friendly Rivalry Benefits the Industry

"Don't get the idea that we're bitter about it, though," said Ed Heinemann. "It's a friendly rivalry. These speed records have a very stimulating effect on the industry. Our engineers will knock their brains out to build a faster airplane, and that's how better planes are born."

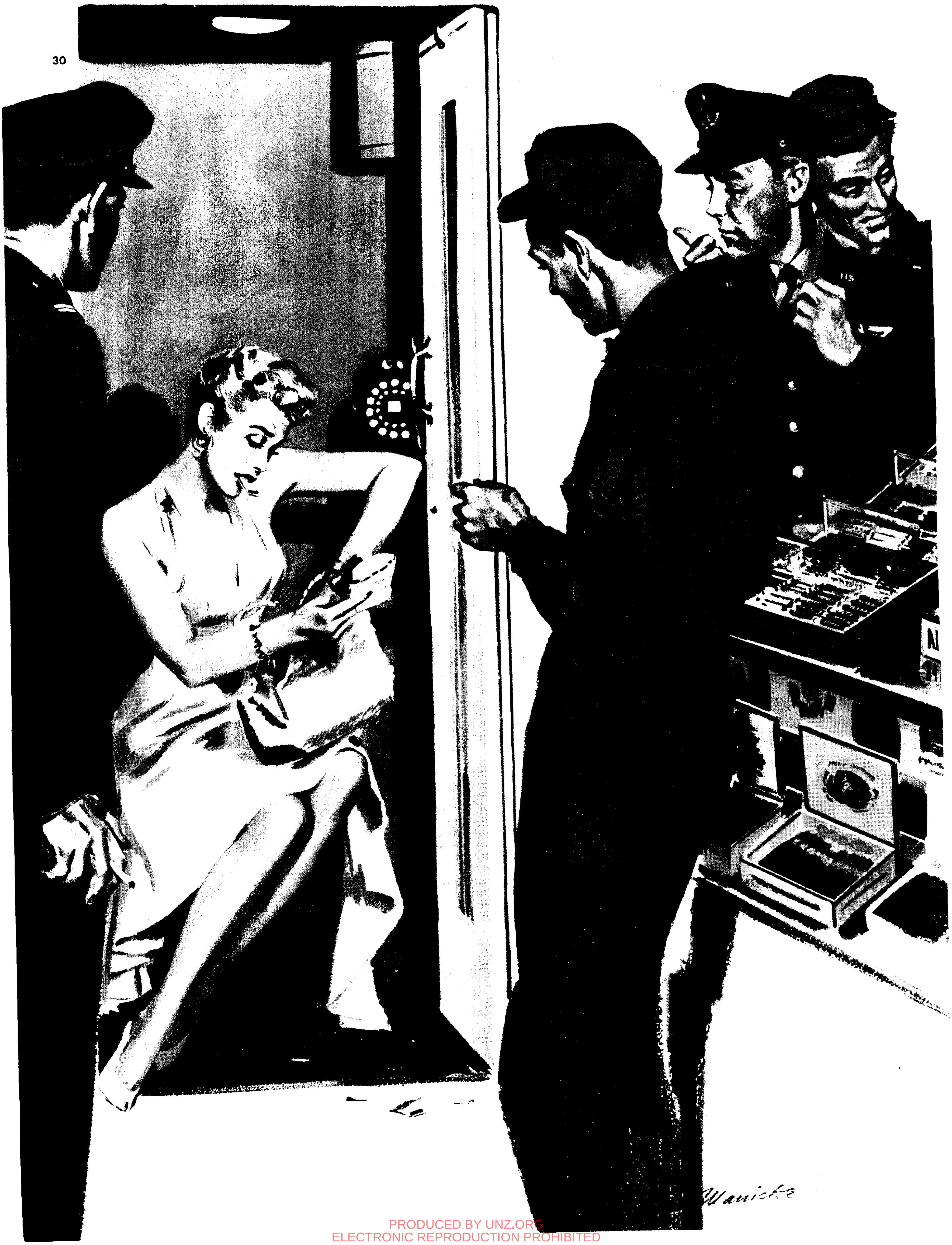
The record speeds are deceptive. The Skyray made its run with an earlier engine, and presumably could do better now with its J-57. And both planes set their records at sea level; at high altitude, where the thin air offers less resistance, both can do considerably better (just how much better is a Russian worry; the Air Force and the Navy are keeping the figures quiet).

Although the two planes are probably the hottest craft in the sky today, both companies are already hard at work developing a new generation of fighters with even greater performance. They are not trying to outstrip each other; they are teammates in a more important competition with Russia.

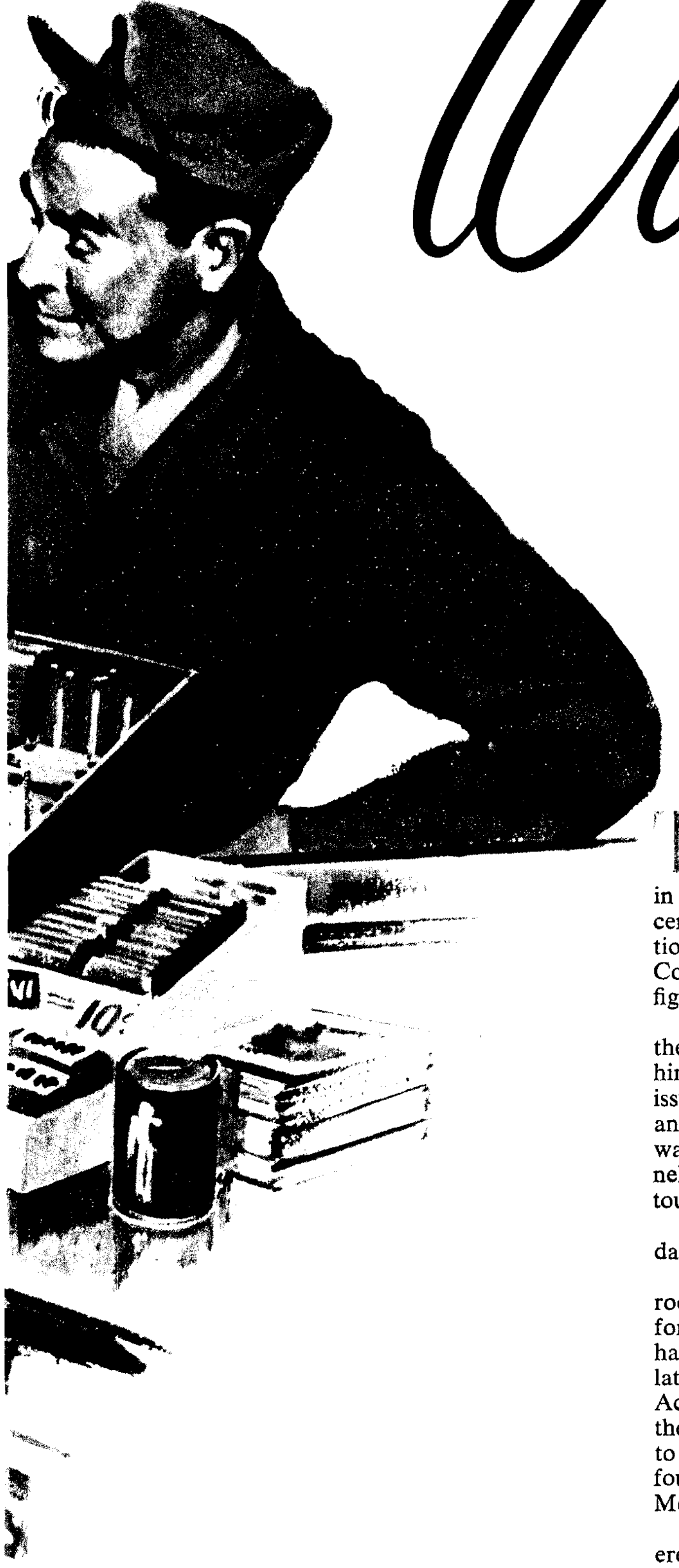
As for the sonic booms, don't worry about them. You probably will be hearing them, but they won't tear your home apart. The military pilots who fly the new planes have strict instructions to exceed the speed of sound only at high altitude, so the shock waves will lose their wallop before they reach the ground.

Says Dutch Kindelberger: "These planes are being built to protect you, not to annoy you. Anyhow, I'd rather listen to a million homemade booms than one big Russian boom."

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM A. GARNETT AND JOHN FLOREA


N
Wanicke

Walking Out



The girl's skirt was above her knees—because it was a warm day, I guess. Then she quit hunting in her handbag and said, "Any change? All I've got is this old twenty"

Even before the kid and the colonel met, I knew we were going to have trouble. You know what trouble looks like? It's blonde and female and beautiful!

By WALT GROVE

A New Two-Part Serial

THE day Colonel Blakely arrived to take command of the squadron, I happened to be down on the line. It was August and we were based in Utah then. Everyone in the squadron had recently returned from overseas, we had never functioned as a unit before, and it was going to be Colonel Blakely's job to fashion us into an effective fighting unit.

Willie Southerland, our squadron adjutant, met the colonel as he stepped from the C-47 and saluted him. Colonel Blakely was wearing government-issue suntans, his cap was set squarely on his head, and he carried himself as if he were in a brace. It was a hot day, around a hundred or so, but the colonel was not perspiring. "First I will make a brief tour of the installation," he said.

"Yes, *sir!*" Willie said, and for the rest of that day that was all the English Willie needed.

At noon the pilots were assembled in a briefing room. The colonel marched in and Willie shouted for attention. The colonel stood facing us, his hands clasped behind his back. Willie told me later that as the colonel spoke he kept twisting the Academy ring on his little finger. I was sitting in the first row where I could see the ribbons pinned to the colonel's chest. Among his decorations were four Distinguished Flying Crosses and twenty Air Medals.

"This squadron is hardly in what can be considered a state of combat readiness," he said. "Discipline is lax and military courtesy nonexistent. I find that in the past there have been failures to comply with orders from higher headquarters. In the future any such failure will be dealt with severely. Also, wing headquarters has received numerous complaints from residents of nearby towns concerning low-flying aircraft. Any such flying violation will, in the future, receive a summary court-martial. That is all for the present. Good afternoon."

Willie yelled for attention again and the colonel marched out and Willie ran after him. They went straight to headquarters and began working the mimeograph machine overtime. That afternoon new orders were posted on all bulletin boards. We read that, along with everything else, all officers would henceforth be required to wear government-issue suntans while on duty; and that it was the commanding officer's desire to encourage athletic competition among the members of the squadron, and rosters of teams for softball were being prepared by the squadron adjutant. We also read that unauthorized photographs and/or rotogravure prints of the nude or seminude human female body were to be removed from the walls of the barracks and attached to the inside of the lid of the foot locker with glue or similar adhesive.

At the end of two days the guardhouse was full and one officer had been confined to his quarters. One of the enlisted men sentenced to hard labor was the squadron's sergeant major. He had taken a jeep one night without authorization and wrecked it. The colonel reduced him to private, gave him three months at hard labor and fined him all pay and allowances for the same period. The ex-sergeant major had to pay for the damage done to the jeep, too, and he was pretty bitter. He said that you just don't treat a man like that who's been in for twelve years.

"I do, soldier," Colonel Blakely said. "If the man wantonly destroys government property."

The officer under arrest was a man who hated softball. The idea of his having to play on a softball team had upset him, and he had begun to brood about it. When Colonel Blakely walked into the Officers Club, this officer had grabbed the colonel by the arm—not to harm him, only to attract his attention. He said, "Hey, I'm not going to play on any damn' softball team. I *can't.*"

The colonel removed the offending hand.

"The use of the word 'damn' as you have used it is profane," he said. "An officer does not use profanity when addressing his superior. Preface your remarks to me with the word 'sir,' or address me in the third person as colonel or as the commanding officer. Moreover, the laying of your hand upon my arm in the fashion that you have, with the intent to halt my further progress into this room, constitutes assault upon the person of the commanding officer."

Colonel Blakely stepped back one pace.

"You will place yourself under arrest and confine yourself to your quarters. While awaiting court-martial you will be escorted to and from mess by the Air Force police. You will eat at a table by yourself, and you will speak to no one. If it is necessary for you to make purchases at the post exchange you will be allowed to do so only after receiving written permission from me."

They stood staring at each other and then the officer turned away, shaking his head. "You aren't real," he said.

"Yes, I am real," Colonel Blakely said.

I was on the colonel's *(Continued on page 74)*

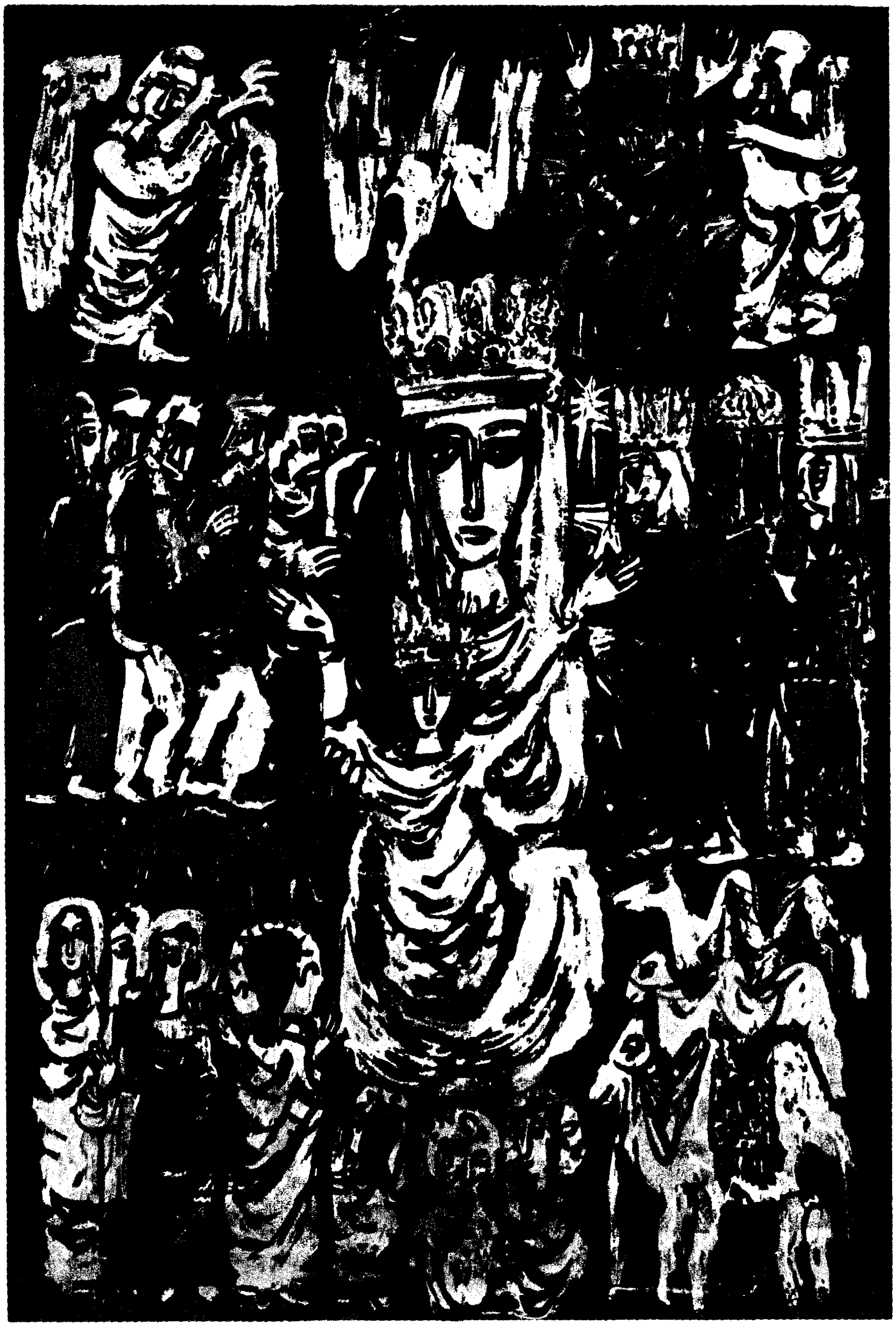
ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

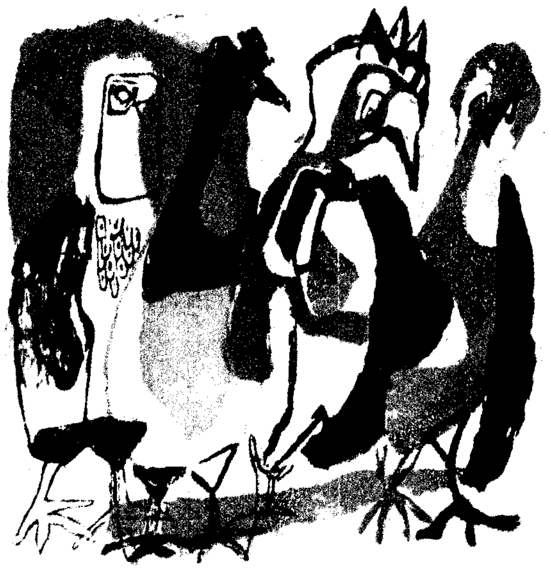
FRED SWARTZ

Adult students and teachers, with Dr. Schardt, center, at work in Immaculate Heart art room

Nuns Turn tc

In California some sisters and their pupils offer graphic proof of an ancient truth: that the basic values in art and religion are constantly fresh and new





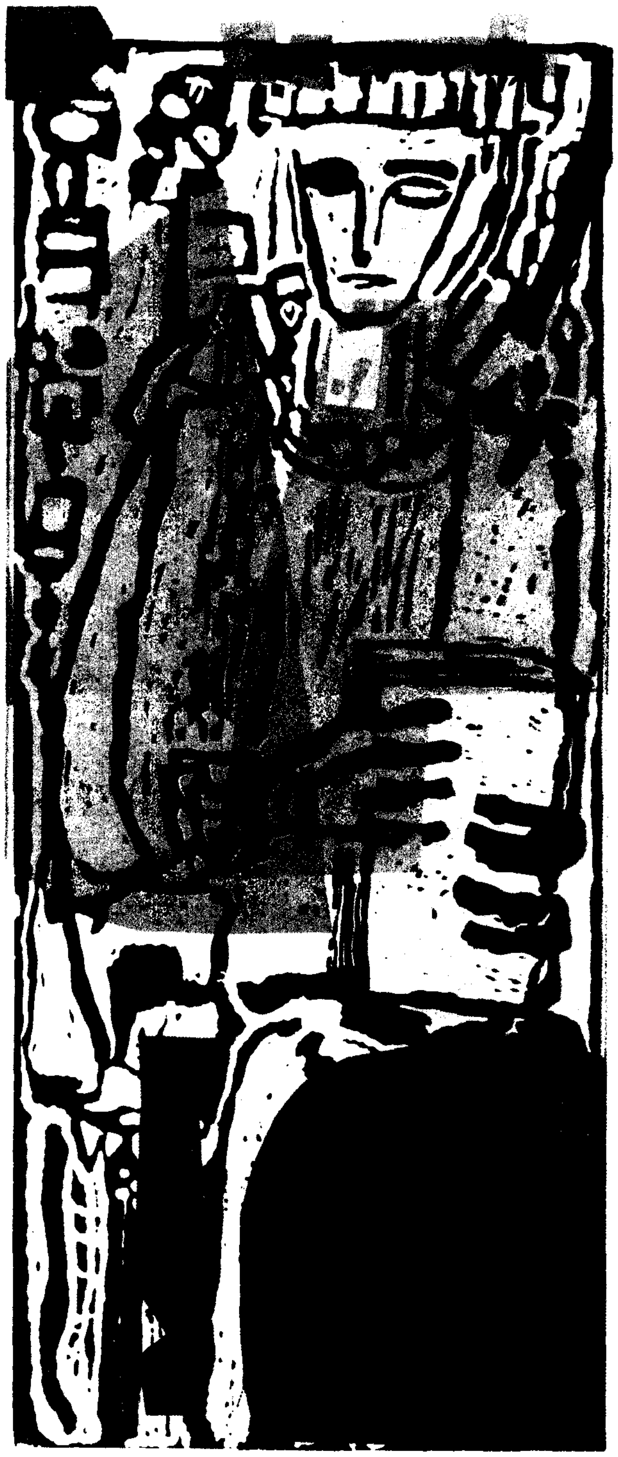
Four Birds, a serigraph or silk-screen print by Patricia Friel, was created in art class of Sister Magdalen Mary

The Lord Is with Thee, a serigraph by Sister Mary Corita, an associate professor of art, was selected for the 1952 Water Color and Prints show at Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum. All prints shown here are part of a current Christmas exhibit at New York's The Contemporaries gallery

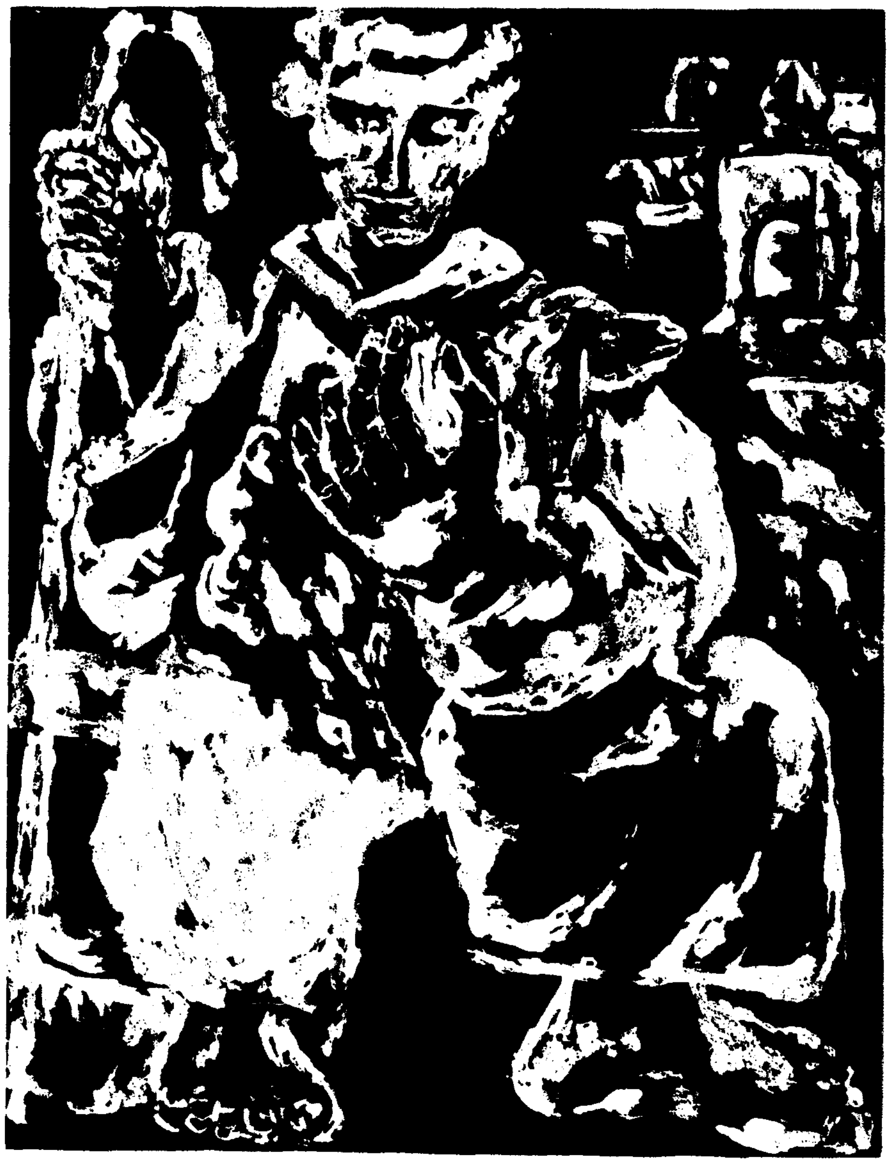
Modern Art

ART and religion have always been boon companions. Since the Middle Ages, frescoes, stone saints and stained-glass windows have given visual substance to the written and spoken word. Because so much art has been created within the Church, it's not surprising that nuns may also be painters. But when their work combines faith and the flavor of feudal times with a twentieth-century flair, it's news.

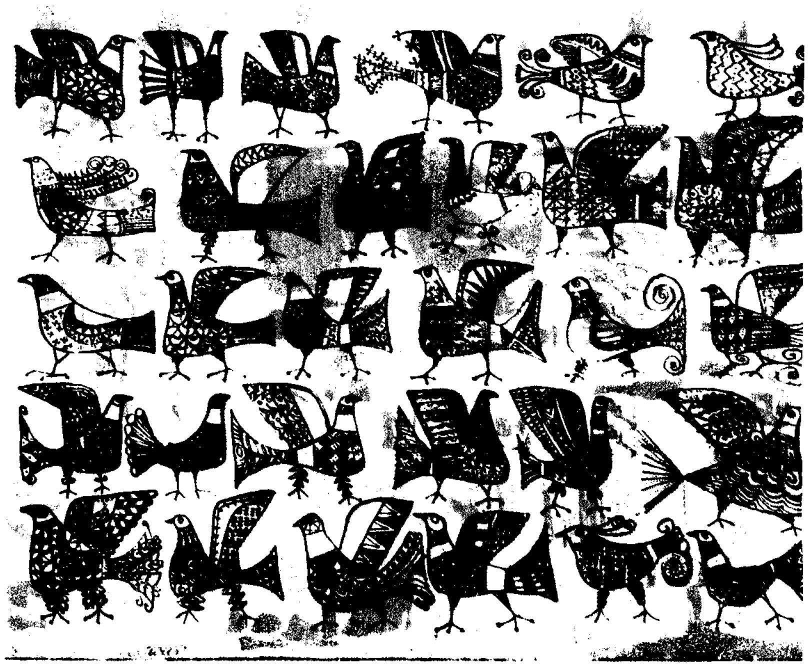
That's what has happened at Immaculate Heart College in Los Angeles, where an experimental program of instruction for art majors and adult night classes is producing highly original concepts and advanced techniques. The work is guided by Sister Magdalen Mary, Sister Mary Corita and Dr. Alois J. Schardt, former director of Berlin's National Gallery, and includes serigraphs and woodcuts, collages, ceramics, and wire and thread drawings. Prints conceived by the nuns and their students have been traveling the country for three years, gathering praise, prizes and a label—The Immaculate Heart Style. The philosophy behind the style? "A sense of the past," says department head Sister Magdalen Mary, "is valuable cultural equipment. A sense of the present is the only thing which can ever build a past worth remembering." —EVELYN HARVEY



Seat of Wisdom, a lino-block on collage by Sue Mulick, pupil of Sister Magdalen Mary



Good Shepherd, serigraph by Sister Margaret Elizabeth studying with Sister Mary Corita, typifies group style



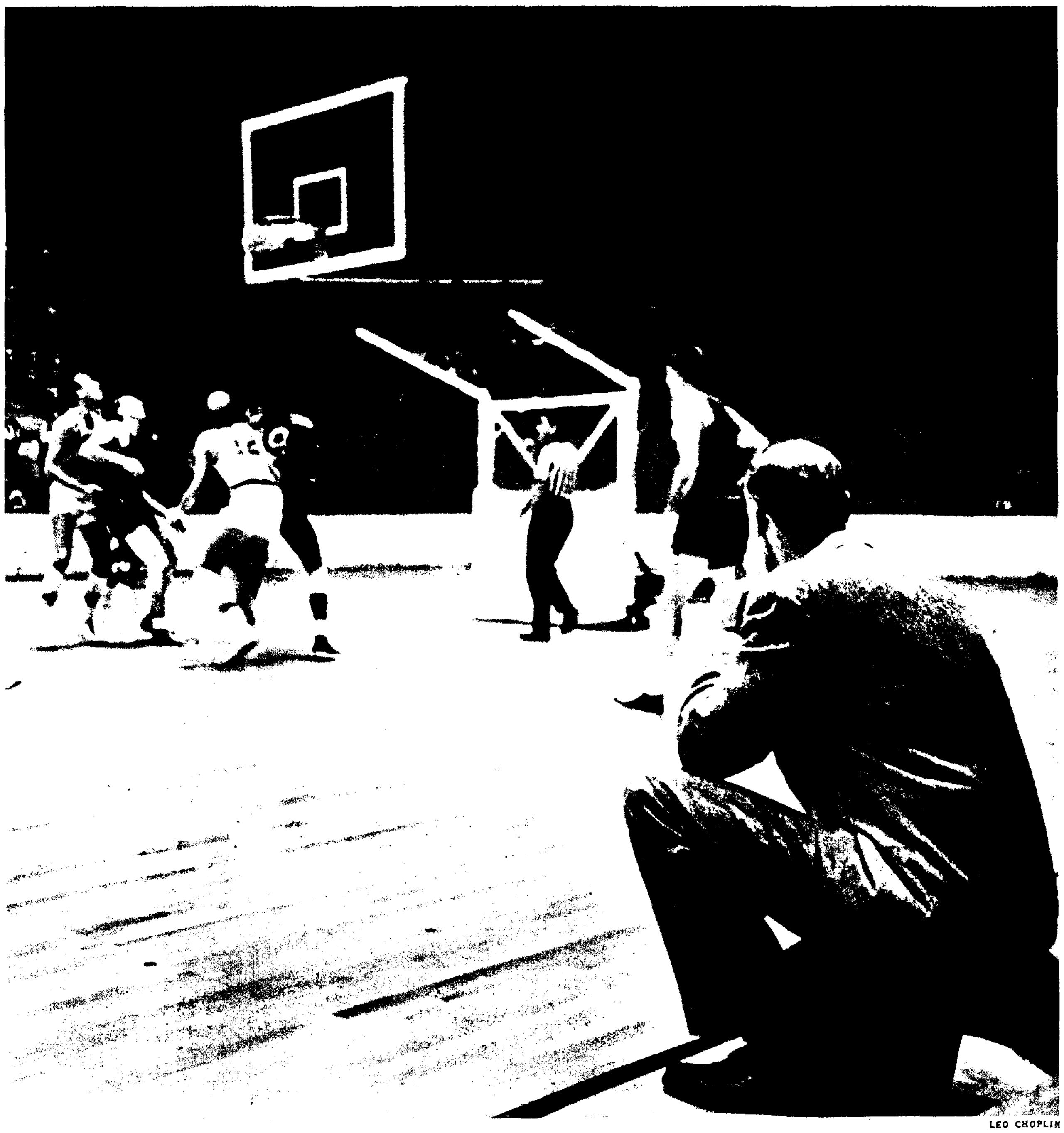
Fabric design by Ada Korsakaite is lithograph on serigraph. Her instructor was Sister Mary Corita

Nobody knows the agonies a coach suffers while his team is fighting to stave off disaster—except maybe another coach. Here one of the best in the business, a top-notch basketball mentor for 18 years, tells the inside story of his own nerve-racking career

Each Game I DIE

CHICK SOLOMON

By COACH JOE LAPCHICK with W. C. HEINZ



LEO CHOPLIN

Lapchick frets on side lines as his New York Knicks play Pistons at Fort Wayne. Joe was star center on famed *Original Celtics* from 1922 to 1927, later coached at St. John's U.

I AM a basketball coach. For 11 years I coached college ball and I am now in my eighth season with the New York Knickerbockers of the National Basketball Association. I suppose I could have chosen a more hazardous profession. I might have been a stunt pilot or a trapeze artist, and yet I am not certain that, even if I had selected those callings, they would have shortened my life as has this game I started to play 42 years ago just for fun.

This conclusion may sound like an exaggeration, but I am convinced that I will go to my grave a younger man because of basketball. Once, while coaching St. John's University in the finals of a National Invitation Tournament in Madison Square Garden, I fainted on the bench and was out for eight minutes. Five years ago I spent a week in the hospital after having to tell one of my players that the Knicks were trading him, and two years ago I collapsed in the dressing room after a tough loss and was hospitalized again.

There is nothing organically wrong with me. I am fifty-four years old, played professional basketball for 17 of those years and, except for coaching, I live a calm existence. I have been examined extensively by a number of doctors; they all assure me that I am physically sound and that all that I am suffering from is an occupational disease—supreme nervous tension.

As they explain it, what happens to me when I pass out or am seized by terrible stomach and abdominal pains that double me over may happen to anyone when some severe experience suddenly enters his or her life. A person may be involved in an auto accident or there may be a death in the family, and what then occurs in him is approximately what goes on inside of me game after game.

As a result, within the first month of the basketball season my weight, never great for a man who stands 6 feet 5 inches, drops from 195 to 178 pounds. I can no longer eat a normal meal and, unable to get a full night's sleep, I have to rely on sedatives. My cigarette consumption goes up from one pack a day to two, and during a game I may have two or more cigarettes burning on the bench at the same time. One night, in fact, Bud Palmer, the former Princeton star who played with the Knicks and is now a television sports commentator in New York, sat on one of those hot butts.

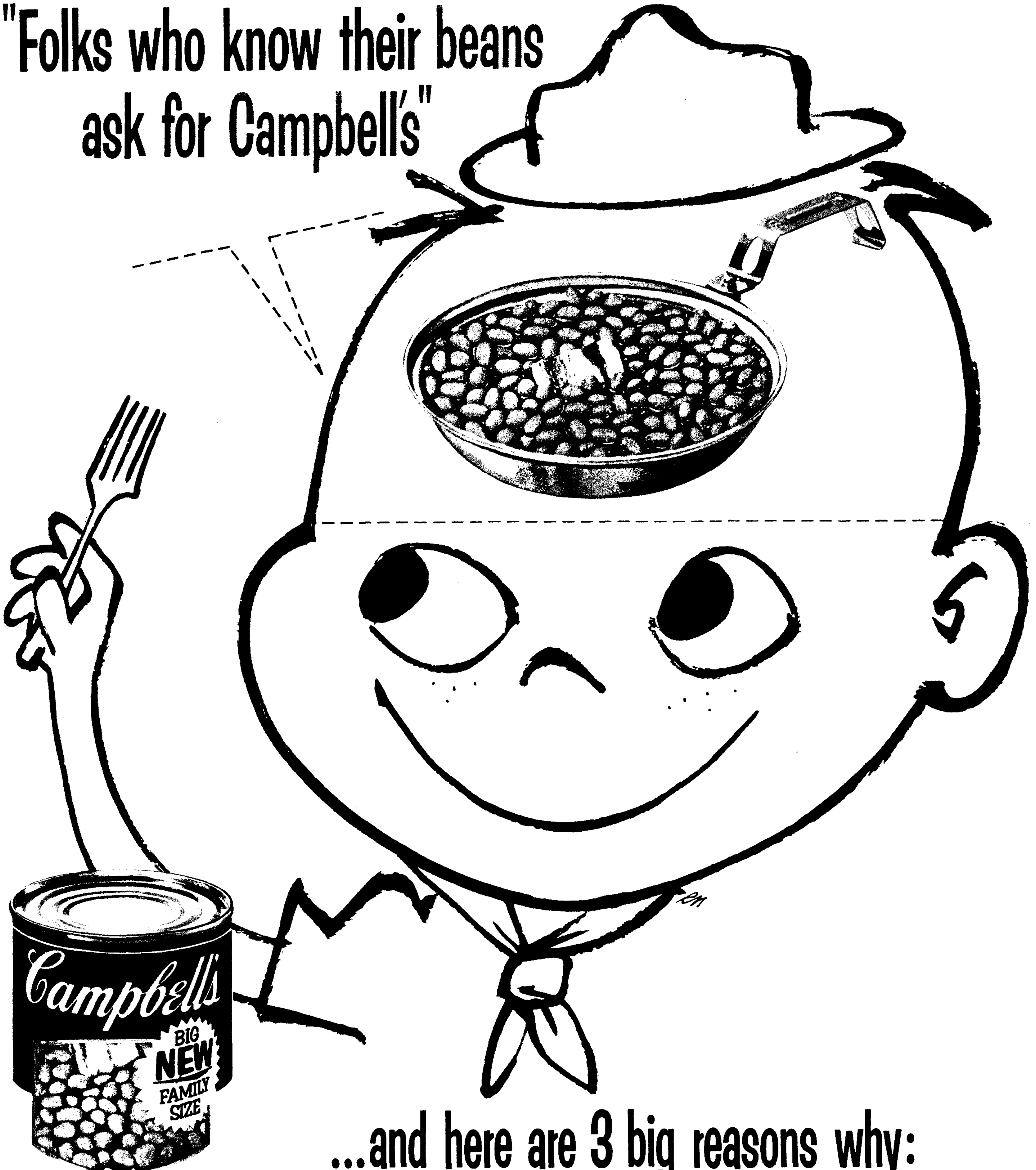
I have walked off the court unable to keep from crying. When I coached in college I maintained an outward calm as an example for the boys, but since I have been with the pros I have ripped off my coat and thrown it to the floor, sleeves inside out. In Boston, the season before last, I threw our water tray up in the air and it came down and drenched me. In Chicago five years ago officials had to send a cop down to the dressing room because I was smashing a chair against the wall.

Almost immediately after performances like these I am contrite and ashamed. I say to myself: "Look, are you a big-leaguer or a busher? Well, you're acting like a busher." That's what basketball coaching can do to a normally quiet, shy guy who doesn't bark at his players or snap at his family, and who has enjoyed a pleasant relationship with almost everyone with whom he has come in contact.

"The trouble with you," the doctors say, "is that day after day you're suffering what the average person suffers once or twice in a lifetime."

I know what they mean. I don't suppose, however, that others can know unless they have, at some time, coached an athletic team. When I read in the newspapers last year that Frank Leahy had collapsed during a Notre Dame football game, no one had to tell me what he had been going through. Years before that, when I read that Joe McCarthy's health was breaking from managing the great New York Yankees, I understood, even as I understood last year when John Kundla, coach of the cham-

"Folks who know their beans ask for Campbell's"


Campbell's
BIG NEW FAMILY SIZE
PORK & BEANS
WITH TOMATO SAUCE
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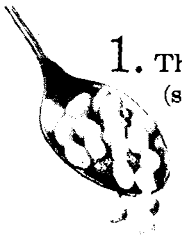
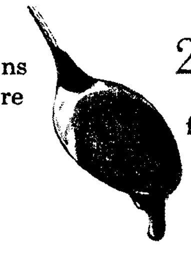
3 SIZES TO CHOOSE FROM: REGULAR, LARGE, AND THE BIG *NEW* FAMILY SIZE.

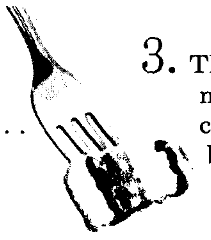
...and here are 3 big reasons why:



1. The very best of beans (soaked before they're cooked, just like homemade beans)



2. Campbell's own tomato sauce (made from the famous Campbell Tomato . . . seasoned to perfection)



3. The leanest bacon pork money can buy (slow-cooked along with the beans and the sauce)

pion Minneapolis Lakers, wound up in a hospital with stomach trouble. And he had those good big guys like George Mikan and Clyde Lovellette on his team!

Is this man, you may wonder, serious? Is he trying to tell us that you have to die at every game in order to coach a team? I am not saying that every coach knows the agonies I know, but almost all know them at least in part, and if I take you back through the progress of my troubles I think you will know what it's like to have your life wrapped up in what most people consider, and rightly, as just a game.

TAKE that National Invitation Tournament game of 1944, when my difficulties rose to the surface for the first time. We at St. John's had won the N.I.T. championship in 1943. No team had ever won it twice in a row, and no one was picking us to do it.

We'd had a modest season record of 18 wins and five losses, were correctly seeded last in the tournament, and to win had only to beat Bowling Green with big Don Otten, Kentucky with its ball-handling and shooting, and De Paul with Mikan, who still holds the N.I.T. record of 53 points in a game.

We beat Bowling Green by four points by forcing Otten to come out from under the goal. We beat Kentucky by three points when we found that their pivot man didn't switch, and now all that we—a flat-footed club—had to do to become the Cinderella team was to run with De Paul's great fast break. And that's what we elected to do, rather than to try to slow them down. Although I apparently convinced the boys in the dressing room that it was possible, I certainly didn't convince myself.

By now I was under a doctor's care and taking medicine designed to quiet me. Someone had also recommended that I have a small bottle of brandy on the bench, but with five minutes to go in the first half—and, to everyone's surprise, with St. John's in the lead—the bottle was empty.

Mikan, fortunately for us, had four personal fouls against him and, after five minutes of the second half with St. John's still ahead, he fouled out. When he did, I suddenly realized that we were going to win. It was just too much. The next thing I knew a doctor was holding me up on the bench, we had a 12-point lead with only about seven minutes to go, and little Hy Gotkin, my floor leader and pepper pot, was dribbling the ball in circles near the bench and looking at me with fear in his eyes. "Are you all right, Coach?" he was hollering. "Are you all right?"

We won that one, 47 to 39. It was impossible, but we had done it while I, dealing basketball strategy as great a blow as any to which it had ever been publicly submitted, had been out cold for eight minutes.

So, you may say, all's well that ends well, but games never end for me with that final buzzer. I had the shakes for months afterward. I was afraid to go anywhere for fear that I would collapse before I got there—and, although I finally conquered that fear, I have never conquered my nerves.

Take a game with the Pistons in Fort Wayne two seasons ago. I felt fine. We'd lost a close one and I'd been through the wringer, but we'd lost games before and would lose others. Starting for the dressing room, I took three steps—and all of a sudden I was ill and had no legs. Don Friederichs, our trainer, grabbed me. Leaning on him, I made the dressing room, where he stretched me out, face down, on the rubbing table.

Eventually Don got me to our hotel and up to my room. He left me there, but about three o'clock in the morning he decided to look in. He found me hanging onto the top edge of the bathroom door with my hands, writhing in pain. He helped me over to the bed, and I was doubled up on my hands and knees there when the house doctor arrived and gave me an antispasmodic.

Nothing else that I have done in my life has ever had this effect on me. While I was playing basketball myself—particularly during the 11 years I was with the Original Celtics and we had probably the greatest tradition in the history of basketball to uphold—I was often under pressure. But when you're out on the floor and playing you can do something about it. When you're a coach, there is, often, nothing that you can do except eat it.

It is this element, the coach's inability to do anything to stop the flood when suddenly those baskets start pouring in against him, that can turn this game into such an instrument of torture. Three years ago, suffering from injuries, we'd lost four straight and were meeting the Boston Celtics in Madison Square Garden. With three of my key men—Max Zaslofsky, Connie Simmons and Dick McGuire—out with injuries, I was pacing the dressing room trying to pair up player against player when a thought struck me.

"Suppose," I said to myself, "we don't score a point? This could end basketball in Madison Square Garden."

I had a quick, cold sweat. It disappeared almost as quickly as it came because the idea was ridiculous. As it turned out, we won the game because Boston didn't have a good night. But you never allow for that; all you can see are Bob Cousy, Bill Sharman, Ed Macauley and company shooting and shooting and dropping them in.

Now, I never would have had that sweat or entertained that idea, foolish as it was, if there hadn't been in my experience something to give it a foundation in fact. There have been a number of times in my past when the panic was on and there wasn't anything I could do to stop it. Those are nightmares I never forget.

AT ST. JOHN'S one of my good teams had a 16-point lead over New York University one night in the Garden with about six minutes left to play. At that time we had the option of taking a foul shot outside, and one of my kids elected to do that. There was no reason for it—no need to play cautious ball while we were winning by driving—but he did.

That one little error in thinking led to disaster. On the throw-in, NYU's Frank Mangiapane intercepted and the Violets went down and scored. So, you say, a bad play—but then we threw in carelessly. Again Mangiapane intercepted and once more the Violets stuck it in. Now, instead of us having added a point to our lead, NYU had cut it by four points. Hysteria took hold. No matter who I put in, he fell into the same pattern, and NYU nosed us out.

A defeat like that is just stunning. You can't say anything to the kids. You just look at their faces, and you see they're all in a state of shock and wouldn't absorb anything anyway.

Next day you sit them down at practice and you say: "Well, what happened?" One of them says: "Well, I thought . . ." That's it.

Well, you say, that can happen with immature young men and, after all, they're not going to college just to win basketball games. I agree, but will you believe me when I tell you that the same pattern of disaster can also afflict mature, experience-hardened professionals who earn their living by the game?

Two years ago in the Baltimore Coliseum we were playing the Fort Wayne Pistons in the first half of a doubleheader and working on a winning streak of seven straight. We were hot—18 points ahead going into the last period—when one of those chain reactions set in. Everything started to go wrong, and every move I tried made not the slightest difference.

THE next thing I knew our lead had been cut to 12 points. There were less than three minutes to play, however, and I kept telling myself not to worry, that these were the pros. Then we had two traveling violations called in a row and one of our scores was nullified, and in each case the Pistons got possession and scored.

Now the 12 points had been cut to six but, with three seconds to go, we were still ahead, 91-90, and one of my players had the ball. All he had to do was hold it. If he put it on the floor and stood over it, it was our game—but he saw a teammate breaking for the basket and decided to pass. Instead of a high lead pass he elected a line drive, and Fort Wayne's Andy Phillip intercepted and called time out.

With two seconds to go Fred Schaus took the ball out, and as my men faded to cover Charley Share, Phillip took two steps at the free-throw line, grabbed the pass and dropped it in to give the Pistons a 92-91 victory. Al Busse, of our front office, has said since that I was crying when I walked off the floor that night.

Once a deluge like that starts, you're not exactly alone with your own thoughts. The cry goes up from the crowd banked right down to your bench: "Why don't you put in So-and-so? We want So-and-so!"

I want him, too, or he wouldn't be on my squad, but I don't want him at this point in the game. No fan, no matter how astute, can know the men on my squad as well as I do, because I'm with them every day. I know, as well as does the crowd, what they can do—but I also know their limitations.

So much depends on what stage of the game you're in, the score and the trend. In the closing minutes, for example, you must have your sure ball handlers in there. You want your good shooters out there, too, but you can't have both. While, say, our Dick McGuire is a respectable foul shooter, he's no Bill Sharman, but I don't have a better ball handler on my club so I've got to have Dick on that floor.

On the bench, however, is a man who had a hot night last week and piled up a lot of points. The newspapers played him big, and many of these fans saw his performance, so the cry starts: "Put in So-and-so!" He might win for me, but he's not my best bet.

Sometimes this riding from the fans can get pretty mean, and what hurts is that you have no chance to explain. One night there was one particularly vicious guy right near the older of my two sons, Joe, Jr., who is now twenty-two and in pilot training after graduating from West Point last June, and my daughter, Barbara, twenty, who is a Barnard College senior and a professional model. They're nice kids, and I felt terrible, because they think their pappy is a good guy.

It is your knowledge of your players and your closeness to them that add so much to your terrors before a game and to your relapse after one. The 10 players on my squad are men we selected out of college or acquired in trades because of their specific basketball talents, but in the time we have been together we have experienced much together and grown together in ways that have nothing to do with those skills.

The first thing I look for in a college kid while trying to judge his potential as a pro is his ability to shoot from the outside. In the professional game you must have that talent to keep the other team from dropping off your man with the ball and clogging up the middle. Then I look for speed, good hands and competitive fire. Almost all college players are weak on defense, but you can give a player that. You don't make shooters right away.

When I get these boys I don't teach in terms of plays or definite patterns as many coaches do. Ours is optional basketball, freewheeling, where good ball handlers can make more good plays by accident than any coach can make by design. As a result, I see shots and plays that make my hair stand up because of their beauty.

Say the defense commits the slightest error. My boys make two or three crisp passes and a heck of a shot at the end, and I'm electrified. I've been in the game since 1912 and I still can't believe everything I see. I must feel something for my men or I'd be nothing myself, and when, after a game, I hurt, it's not just for myself but for them, too.

I COULD pick almost anyone on my squad as an example, but take Harry Gallatin, now in his seventh season with the Knicks. Harry came to us from a small college, Northeast Missouri State, as a rebounder. I liked him in training and kept him on the squad, but I said to him: "You're not going to play for several games. I want you to watch your opposition to see what you have to beat in this league, and to learn."

In one game we were behind at the half and he came over to me and said: "We're not getting that ball off the boards, Coach, and I can get it for you." I said: "In time, Harry."

A few games later the time came and I put him in. He's only 6 feet 6 inches, which isn't big for a rebounder in our league, but he got that ball. Beyond that, he learned to make the play. That's a phrase—to make the play—which may sound like nothing more than jargon to many who hear or read it. It means simply the ability to pass perfectly to the man cutting for the basket in a close situation.

A lot of basketball players play with their heads down and see nothing. They pass to the open man. Your grandmother could do that, but in order for the play to score, the pass must go to the key man with perfect timing. Harry learned how to do it. He's what we call a made player. He made himself, with his belief and determination. He doesn't drink or smoke. He's always in place at bed check. He's first at the station or airport. He's a class guy.

When players like Gallatin—and, as I said, there are others I might have cited on our squad—lose a close one, it's bound to rip my insides apart. My insides are certain to take a beating,

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Win or lose, it makes no difference. Lapchick can't sleep

"I keep telling him he should delegate more of the work to people under him, but I keep forgetting—there *aren't* any people under him"

COLLIER'S STAN HUNT

too, when I have to tell a boy he can't make the squad, or that we've had to trade him.

When a kid fails you can't dismiss it by saying: "Well, he just went home." He didn't just go home. In many cases he's a hero in his home town. Before he left they had a dinner for him and gave him a watch. There were write-ups in the paper. How is he going to feel when he goes back? How am I going to feel?

One Trade Put Him in Hospital

Five years ago I had to let Tommy Byrnes, who came to us from Seton Hall, go in a trade. I talked with him in my office in the Garden and I felt terrible. I remember going across the street to the Hotel Belvedere to lie down because I felt weak. I was standing in front of the elevator when suddenly I started to get sick. I didn't want to be alone, so I managed to get back across the street, and I collapsed in the office of Lester Scott, our promotion man. By the time a doctor came I was shuddering all over, certain I was going to die. They called an ambulance, and I was in St. Clare's Hospital for a week.

In 1947 we had a rookie from Montana named Ray Kuka at our training camp at Bear Mountain, New York. When we moved into the city, I told him in my office that he just hadn't survived the final cut, and that we couldn't use him.

At that the boy broke down. When he did, I broke down with him. Finally he said: "I know if I just had one more chance I could make it." I said: "All right. I'll give you another chance."

Two months later we were playing the Philadelphia Warriors in the Garden. Their star was Joe Fulks, who still holds the league record of 63 points in one game (scored against Indianapolis). Fulks was averaging 22 points a game, and no one we had put on him had been able to hold him.

"Coach," Kuka said to me, going into that game, "you did me one favor, and now I'd like to ask for another. Let me play Fulks."

I had nothing to lose, so I agreed. Kuka held Fulks to five field goals out of 28 shots and a total of 16 points, while he got eight points himself. After that Kuka always played Fulks, until a severe injury made Ray give up his career.

Boys like Kuka are a part of me when I crawl into bed at my home in Yonkers, New York, or in a hotel room out of town at 1:00 A.M. after a game. Now I'm no longer driving my car out from New York, no longer rehashing the game with the sports writers. There are no distractions. I'm alone and, with my eyes closed, I really start to think about the game for the first time.

Let's say we lost it. I think of a substitution I made, and that it might have been better if I'd put in someone else. I remember a decision that backfired, a fast break in which we went down three on one—usually an automatic score—only to have a player mishandle the ball. In my mind is our statistic on foul shooting—16 for 28—and that's high-school foul shooting. Finally the wheels are turning and I'm creating a monster. I'm no longer pinpointing; I'm playing the whole game.

"You darn' fool," I'm saying to myself, "you can't change the score. Go to sleep."

But sleep doesn't come. It's three thirty. I have to get up at eight or nine o'clock to catch the plane. I've got to get my rest, but I don't want to take a barbiturate, so I often pay the price of a complete night of no sleep.

Now let's say we won. In bed I see all the beautiful plays our team made, and a warm glow is running all through me. I'm alive—and I'm not the least bit sleepy. I warm over a jump shot Carl Braun made from 20 feet out to beat Rochester in the closing seconds. This is basketball better than it ever has been.

If you love basketball as I do, it isn't only the fine plays of your own men that excite you and chase sleep. I remember a simple thing that George Mikan of the Minneapolis Lakers did while playing for the West last season against the East team I was coaching in the annual All-Star game.

In my opinion Mikan, who announced his retirement from active play just before this season opened, is the greatest single force that the game has ever produced. He was the first big guy who, with his hook shot and his pivot, could co-ordinate himself offensively as nobody before or since. He was a fine team man, could make the play and always had a great desire to win and pride in his ability. When most players were exhausted, he found the little more that wins, and that's what makes greatness. When you can't walk, crawl or creep you still stand up and do it better than anybody else.

In this last All-Star game we were leading by two points with three seconds to go when Bob Davies fed the ball to Mikan. As Big George wheeled, Ray Felix, then of the Baltimore Bullets, fouled him, and the game was over. It was over except that Big George had two shots and we were ahead only by 84-82.

Sports experts make a big case in baseball about the sometimes poor background for the hitters. That background is 350 to 450 feet away from home plate. In basketball the bad background is 15 feet away, and on this night the Garden was full of noise and waving hands.

Big George just took the ball and walked up to the line. He planted his feet like a hitter plants his feet in the batter's box when he intends to knock the ball out of the park. Then he threw the first one in. He grinned, waved, and made the second.

You may call it no great feat. A grammar-school kid can throw in two foul shots in a row, but not under conditions like Mikan faced. There aren't many pros who could do it, but there was no doubt in George's mind when he was awarded those two shots that the game was tied. The East went on to win in overtime, 98-93, but I remember Mikan, who almost beat us.

The excitement and the thrills, I suppose, are why, win or lose, I am still in this game in spite of the way it breaks me up. There's no other business, no matter what it would pay me, from which I'd take the beating I take from basketball, but I have loved the game since I was a kid trying to throw a blue-serge cap, the lining stuffed with paper, up onto the small sloping roof over the entrance to the tenement on Orchard Street in Yonkers where we lived.

"What's that?" my father asked me one night when he saw the uniform I wore with the Hollywood Inn Five drying on the open door of the potbellied coal stove that heated our flat.

"That's my basketball suit," I said proudly.

"What?" demanded my father. He was a hard-working man who had come to this country from Prague to toil in the coal mines and then in hat factories while he supported his wife and seven kids. "Do you mean you're crazy enough to go out in front of people wearing something like that?"

I was crazy enough. I was crazy enough, a big goon, to run in the dark of night along the old Saw Mill River Road practicing leg cross-overs behind the Alexander Smith carpet factory to improve my court work.

I was crazy enough to take the St. John's University coaching job although I'd never coached in my life. I left grammar school at fifteen to work as a machinist apprentice, and I was scared stiff at the thought of even speaking to college boys, no less trying to coach them.

Learning How to Be a Coach

That first year I didn't coach at all. I just had the boys shoot baskets every day until they complained, and then I remembered that somewhere I had heard the word scrimmage. So I had them scrimmage while I walked back and forth at the top of the bleachers in the De Gray gym because I'd read somewhere that a coach should get up high and look down at his team. I couldn't sleep then, either, because I felt I was taking money under false pretenses.

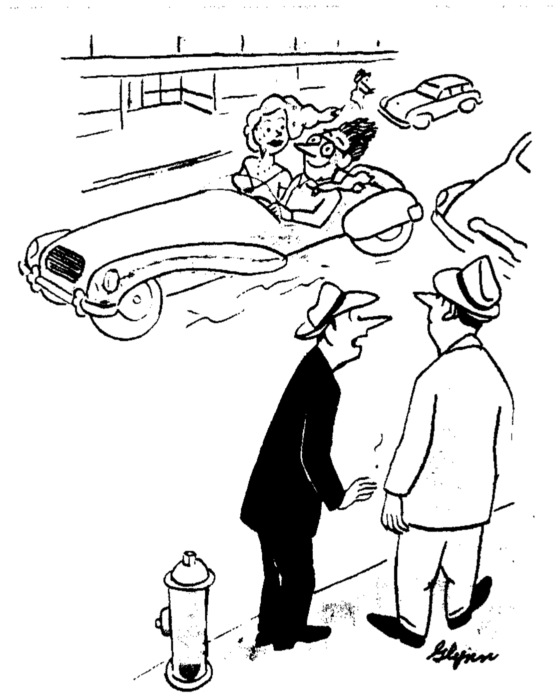
"But don't let them call you Joe," Clair Bee, then the coach of Long Island University, said to me just before the start of the second season. "My players call me either Mr. Bee or Coach."

"But Bee is easy to pronounce," I said, "and Lapchick isn't. Besides, you're a coach, and I'm not. I'm just pretending."

I took Clair's advice, though, and the kids started calling me Coach, so I guess I became one. I know what I go through game after game and year after year is shortening my life span. There's no question about it in my mind.

I know a man can always do something else to make a living, but will he be doing the thing he loves to do?

Maybe I'm the punch-drunk fighter who just has to keep going back. ▲▲▲



"That's Adrian Zinzer. Every time he's jilted, he writes a song hit"

COLLIER'S MIKE L. GLYNN

If Santa Claus shaved—
this is what he'd use

Norelco's whirlaway action outshaves them all

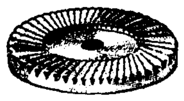
Men who are good hinters are hoping for a Norelco in their Christmas stockings. Wise fellows! They've heard about wonderful rotary Whirlaway Action—electric shaving's first basic improvement in 20 years, and found only on Norelco. Here's how it works:

Your whiskers rarely grow in orderly rows like this.

They grow every which way—in whorls, clumps, patches, curves.

That's where ordinary, straight-headed shavers run into trouble. They often have to keep going over and over the same spot. This, like a scraping blade, can be hard on your skin.

It's a different story with Norelco. First, the patented skin-stretcher (no other shaver has one) flattens your skin, upending each whisker. Then the slots in Norelco's stationary skin-guard discs catch these whiskers *no matter which way they grow*—generally the first time over.



Finally, Norelco's rotary-action blades deftly whisk your whiskers away, shaving 'em off *skin-close*, at 4000 r.p.m.—quietly, without vibration, without heating up.

In other words, Norelco *alone* is designed to deal with your beard's *natural growth pattern*. The superiority of Norelco's method has been proved by two decades of research in one of the world's greatest laboratories.

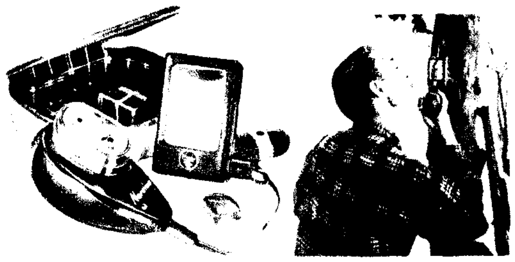
Norelco is also the easiest of all shavers to live with. It's designed to fit the hand. It's self-sharpening. Its fine brush motor is lubricated for life. No fumbling with parts while cleaning. The head lifts off easily in one piece . . . a puff of breath . . . snap on again. You can do it with your eyes closed.

One last thing. Weekend stubble is no problem with Norelco, because Norelco cuts longer hairs, which other shavers can't handle. You can even trim the back of your neck between haircuts.

For years of shaving at its modern best, give a Norelco this Christmas!

15 day FREE home trial. Ask your Norelco dealer about no-obligation home trial of the smoothest shave ever, wet or dry. For Christmas gifts, free trial period starts Dec. 25, not the date of purchase.

First Choice in 70 Countries—
Largest-Selling Electric Shaver in the World!



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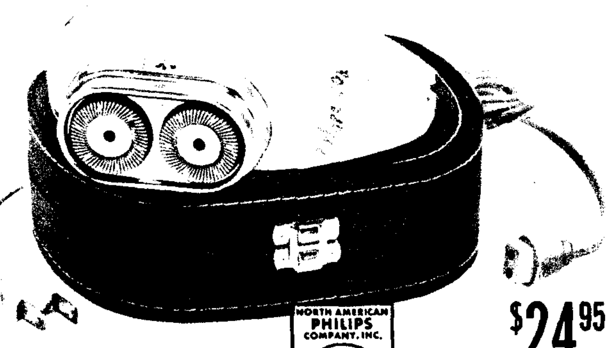
Norelco

Rotary Electric Shavers



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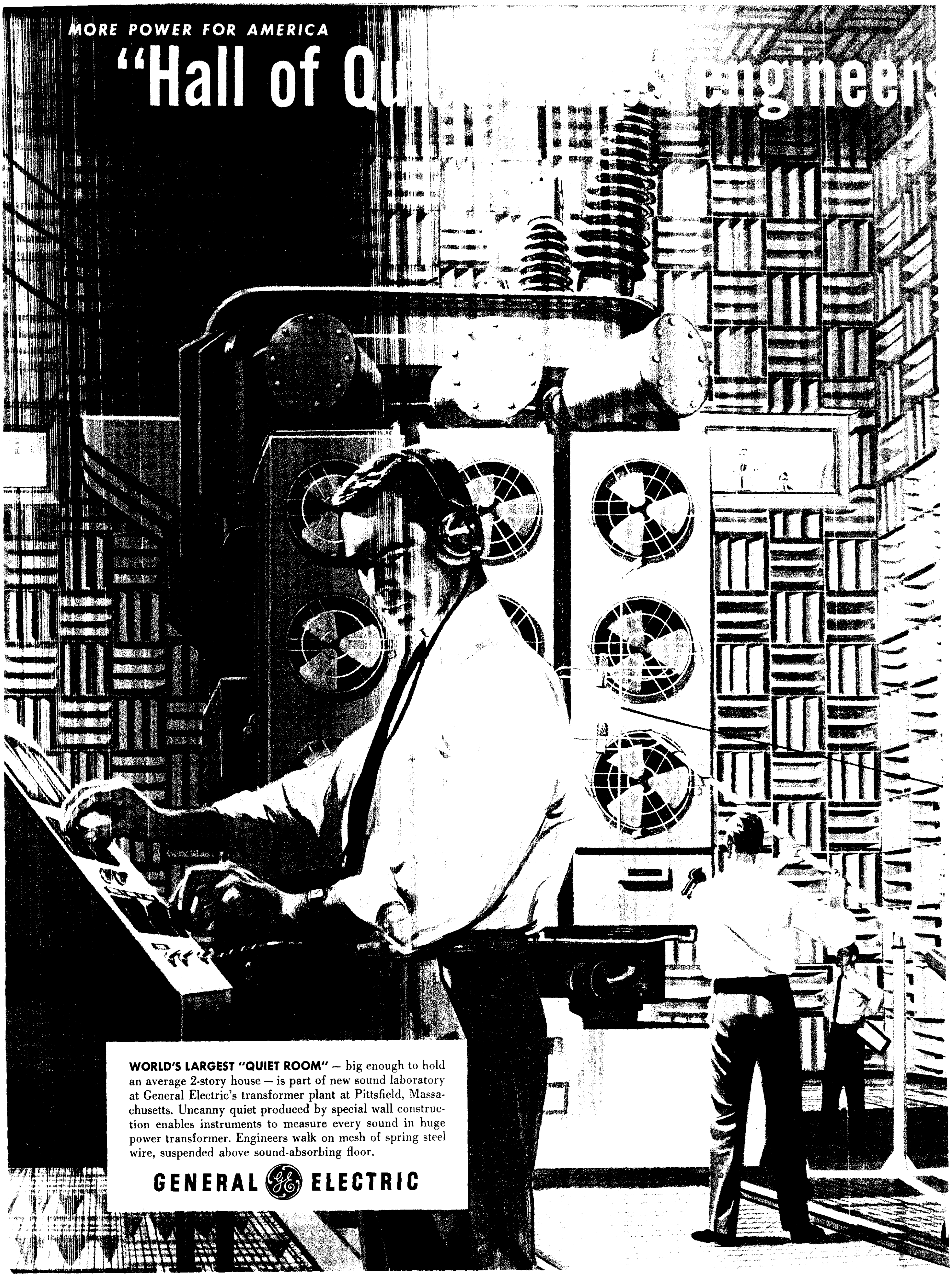

WORLD'S LARGEST "QUIET ROOM" — big enough to hold an average 2-story house — is part of new sound laboratory at General Electric's transformer plant at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Uncanny quiet produced by special wall construction enables instruments to measure every sound in huge power transformer. Engineers walk on mesh of spring steel wire, suspended above sound-absorbing floor.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

keep electricity today's greatest bargain

General Electric builds spectacular new sound laboratory to help develop better equipment to keep electricity costs low

Close the 30-ton doors of the strange room you see opposite and you're in a world without sound. Walls nearly five feet thick, with a crazy-quilt pattern of fiber-glass wedges, shut out virtually all outside noise, stifle every echo. The room is so quiet you can hear your clothes rustle as you breathe. You might even hear your heart beat.

General Electric engineers use this laboratory to find new ways to reduce the noise made by big electric power transformers. In the awesome silence, sensitive instruments literally take sounds apart, pin-point and measure the barest whisper.

Finding the answers to quieter transformers is one way to help electricity serve you better. Used in local substations, transformers convert the high-voltage electricity from distant power stations to lower voltages suitable for distribution in residential areas. The quieter transformers are, the closer these substations can be located to homes and stores, and the easier it is for electric utilities to meet your growing needs for more and more low-cost electric power.

The new Sound Laboratory is only one of the extensive development facilities which enable General Electric to make continuous improvements in all kinds of apparatus for the generation, control and distribution of electricity—resulting in greater efficiency and reduced cost of operation.

America's progressive electric utilities have consistently passed the benefits of this progress on to you. While everything else has doubled or tripled in price over the past few years, electricity now costs you half as much as it did twenty years ago—truly today's greatest bargain! General Electric Co., Schenectady 5, N. Y. 954-6

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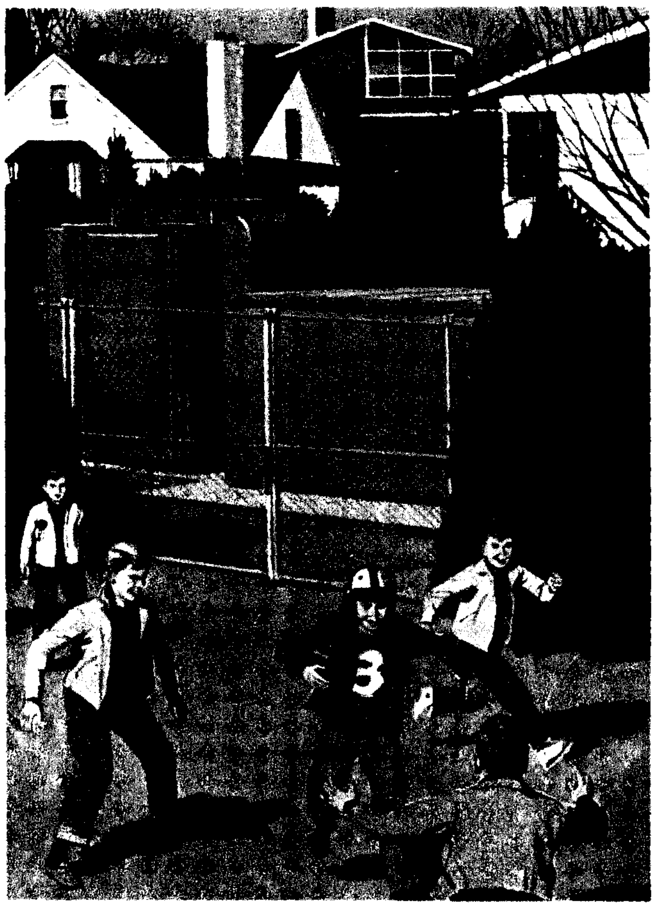
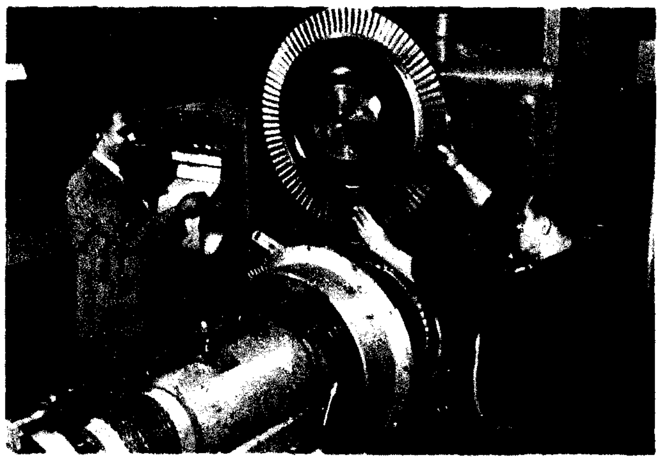
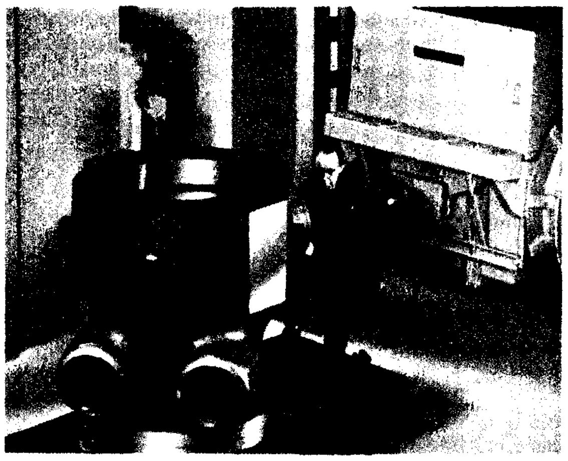


ANSWER TO YOUR DEMANDS for more electricity for better living is the modern metal-clad electric substation, shown above. Compact, unobtrusive design enables such substations to be located close to homes for most efficient electric service. And quiet operation made possible by continuing General Electric research makes substations good neighbors!

How advanced laboratory methods help develop improved equipment



MAN-MADE CYCLONE produced in this machine tests new designs for steam turbine wheels. Improved steam turbines help to make possible today's low-cost electricity.



BETATRON, 15,000,000-volt tool used to evaluate metal casting developments, can show flaws inside more than a foot of steel. This helps engineers design turbine-generators that keep electricity dependable.

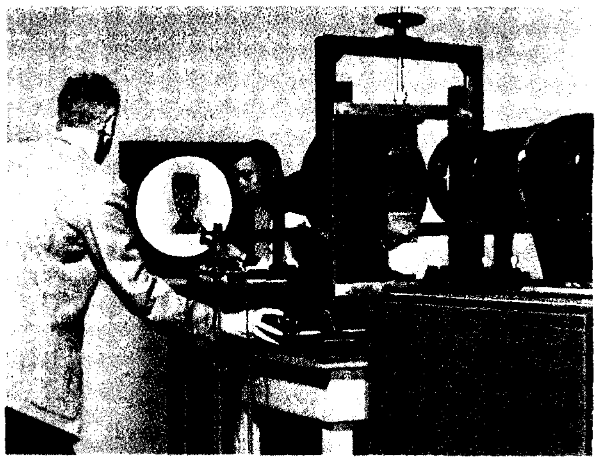
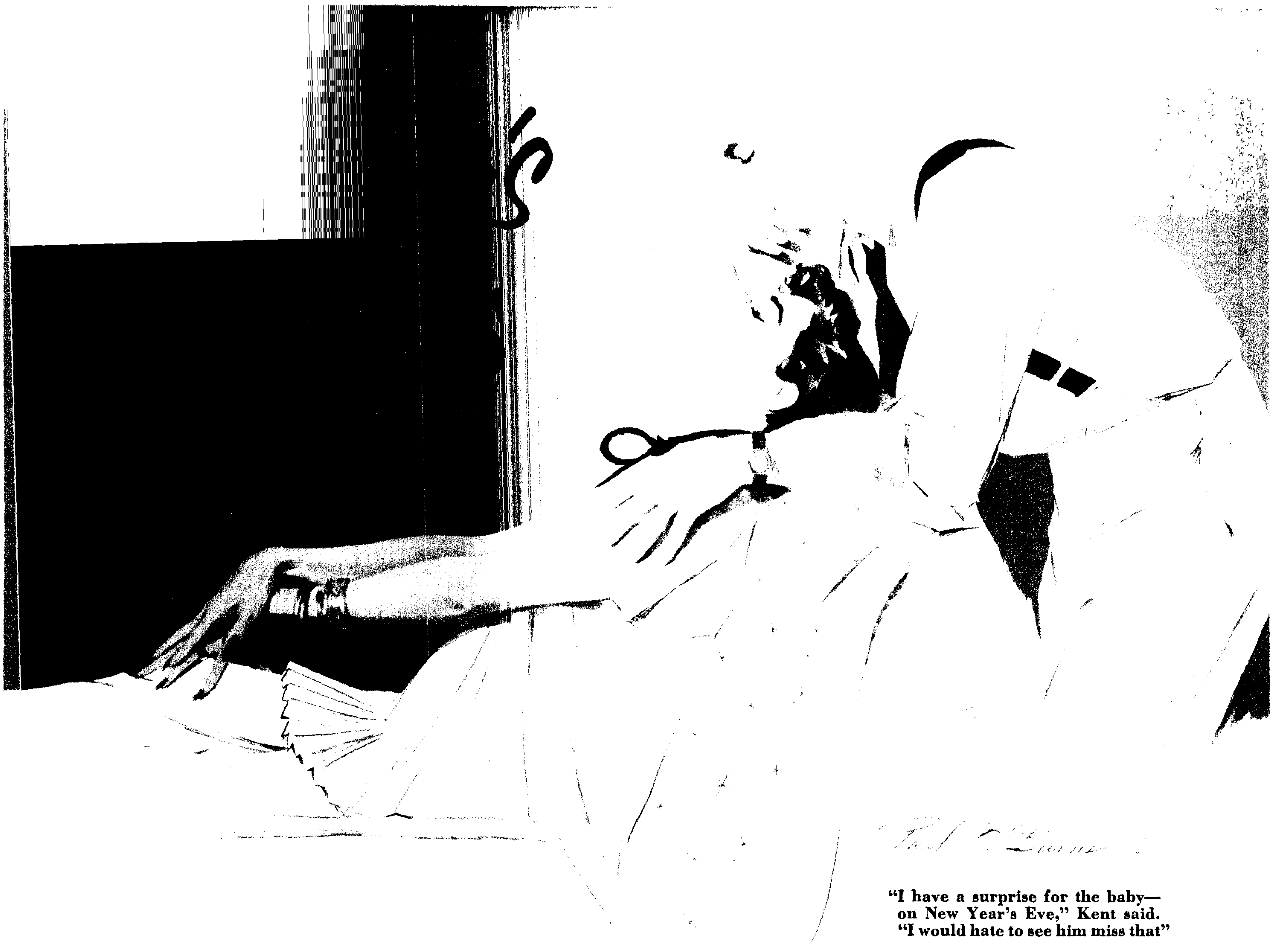


PHOTO-ELASTIC TEST uses polarized light to show stress patterns in turbine buckets. G-E laboratory facilities like this provide fundamental data on which new designs are based.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



"I have a surprise for the baby—on New Year's Eve," Kent said. "I would hate to see him miss that"

They just had to have this baby within nine months and six days—after that: too late!

A CLEAN tablecloth, candlelight and a good French wine—these, to Collette, were the trappings of celebration. Anything at all was the occasion: the successful assault upon a new recipe, a letter from France, even, when hard-pressed, the discovery of a new brand of wine with which to celebrate. Therefore, Larry and Joanne Stevenson—the good friends and neighbors of Collette and her American husband, Kent Atkins—were hardly prepared for Collette's truly momentous announcement.

"My husband and I," she said, "are *enceinte*. We are the happiest of people."

Her husband, resting his chin mournfully upon his open palm, hardly seemed to justify such enthusiasm. Not that her pregnancy came as any surprise to him—there had not been a scene of boyish confusion: "Where? When?" such as movie people demand from young husbands—because Kent knew only too well when and where. He had, as a matter of fact, spent several weeks nursing the dismal hope that the *enceinte* was all a terrible mistake. But only that evening the doctor had delivered the inescapable confirmation.

"We are going," Collette continued ecstatically, "to have a Christmas baby."

"How wonderful!" Joanne screamed, rushing around the table to embrace her. While they were exclaiming back and forth in the way of women, their husbands discussed the situation in somewhat grimmer, somewhat more practical tones.

It was not that Kent disliked babies or lacked a normal parental urge. He wanted a family, a large one. The prerequisite he lacked at the moment was not feelings, but funds. What pained him, perhaps more than anything else, was that he had been caught without even the thin cushion of hospitalization insurance. There seemed to be an indecency about being caught without that—an unseemly haste or, at best, a woeful lack of the most elementary knowledge of sound budgetary principles.

"A Christmas baby," Larry said, counting on his fingers. "That means Collette is three months along already. I must offer my felicitations to the maternal side of the family." He bussed Collette on each cheek, stepped back to survey her thoughtfully, then he flung wide his arms and kissed her some more.

"There is a point," Kent observed darkly, "at which felicitation gives way to dissipation. My wife and I acknowledge your good wishes."

"Ah, yes," Collette said, as Larry released her abruptly. "I have so much to be happy for. A husband, a home and"—holding her hands out to Larry and Joanne—"good, dear friends. And now, best of all, my Sebastian will be born an American citizen, and I shall become a true citizen myself."

"Now what kind of nonsense is that?" Kent demanded. "You're a citizen already. You got your final papers last March."

"A citizen of the paper, yes," Collette agreed in a deprecatory way. "But a citizen of the blood, no. To be truly a part of a country one must not always take, take, take. One must give of oneself. And what better can a woman give to her country than children? Many, many children."

Kent turned to Larry Stevenson with one of those tight-lipped see-what-I'm-up-against looks. Larry scratched the back of his head in some slight embarrassment.

Joanne spoke quickly to fill the tightening silence. "I understand exactly what you mean, honey," she said, giving Collette an affectionate little squeeze. "But this is a form of patriotic zeal that goes well beyond any known rules of citizenship. You are as good an American as anybody."

"You bet you are!" Kent said. "Sebastian may be coming in December, but he carries no special Christmas seal from the Immigration and Naturalization Service."

"Ah, my poor little Sebastian," Collette said. "It is not right that a child be born so near to Christmas. We shall have to give him much presents, my husband, so that he will not feel cheated out of a birthday."

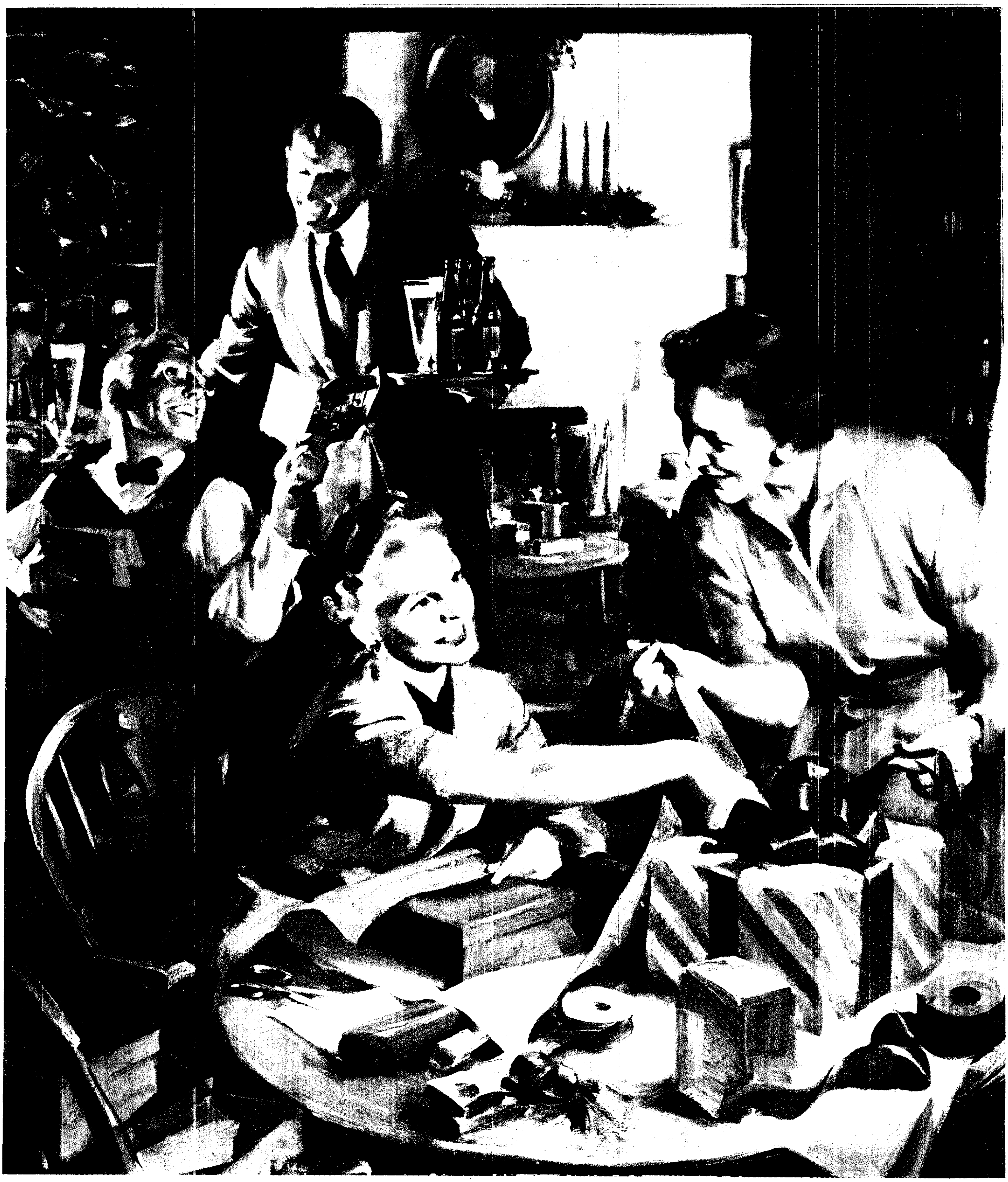
"Sebastian," Kent said with feeling, "will have to take his chances along with the rest of us. If there's anything I can't stand it's a sniveling kid."

Joanne, glaring up over Collette's head, snapped, "What a father this one's going to make! The baby will be born on Christmas and loaded down with complexes by New Year's Eve. To hear you talk," she said, "you'd think the child *asked* to be born on Christmas."

"I'm about to make a very profound prediction," Larry said, looking rather surprised with himself. "In not too many years the entire baby crop will be reaped in December. Look at the beauty of it. You feed the kid for a week or two and you get the full year's six-hundred-dollar exemption."

There followed a moment of heavy silence while

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS



"Getting Ready for Christmas," by Haddon Sundblom. *Number 102 in the series, "Home Life in America"*

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Kent gazed at Larry with something akin to newborn hope.

“Even the pauses in this household seem to be pregnant,” Joanne said. “I'm going to get out of here while the getting's good.”

But Collette had turned to her husband with an expression of unconcealed pleasure. “The President is going to give six hundred dollars to my Sebastian!” she exclaimed. “The American political is so friendly.”

“Remember though,” Larry said, “that the American political lays his plans carefully and well. He does not always love you in the springtime as he seemed to at Christmastide.”

But Collette had let a smug, secret smile come to her face. “Pooh. Now I will tell you my little secret,” she said. “Oh, we have much cause for celebration. In the family of my mother, since the years of Napoleon, the first-born have always been twins.”

Kent poured himself a drink of wine and downed it quickly. Larry Stevenson stole a quick, worried look at him. “A word of caution,” Larry said to Collette. “Long, long ago, the pioneers hewed down the wilderness and populated the plains. Natural increase is no longer one of the more pressing problems in the councils of Washington.”

“But you do not understand,” Collette said. “We shall not only give the country two new citizens in the brave Sebastian and the handsome little Pierre, we shall also get back from *cher* President twelve hundred dollars.”

“Now you're beginning to sound more like a full-blooded American citizen,” Joanne said, nodding in approval. “Anybody looking to beat the government on her income tax is well on her way toward absorbing the indomitable spirit of the native stock.”

Kent poured himself another glass of wine. “In view of your present condition,” he said shakily, “I hesitate to burden you further, but just try to keep two facts in mind. First, we won't get twelve hundred dollars; what we'll get is a twelve-hundred-dollar exemption. Second, in tax exemptions, as in all things, there comes a point of diminishing return. Let us not try to turn this event into a financial coup.”

Larry, who had sat down to do some quick figuring, looked up from his pencil and paper. “I would place the odds against having twins,” he said, “at no less than one hundred to one. I should, therefore, advise extreme caution before overextending your financial structure on any such purely speculative items as swaddling clothes for Pierre.”

IN THE ensuing two months, Collette could not be shaken of her conviction that she would have twins. Larry Stevenson continued to scoff, but Joanne eventually came around to supporting her, on the not completely scientific grounds of, “Who's carrying them, knucklehead, you or her?”

The Stevenson household was thus rent with such discord that they were anticipating the fifth month of Collette's *enceinte* condition—and its accompanying determination of the heartbeat—with as much eagerness as the prospective parents. When Collette and Kent returned from that fateful examination, speculation ended.

“My big, brave Sebastian,” Collette said delightedly.

Kent merely nodded his head.

“And my handsome Pierre.”

Kent held up a trembling hand to ward off premature comment.

“And,” Collette finished, “my pretty little Simone.”

Kent dropped his hand dramatically upon his breast. “Let us all stand,” he said, “and sing The Star-Spangled Banner.”

“The woman,” Larry said, “is a fanatic.” He turned to Kent. “I must advise you,” he went on, “to take every possible measure to facilitate the prompt arrival of your brood. At this point, one can't stress the virtues of promptness too strongly.”

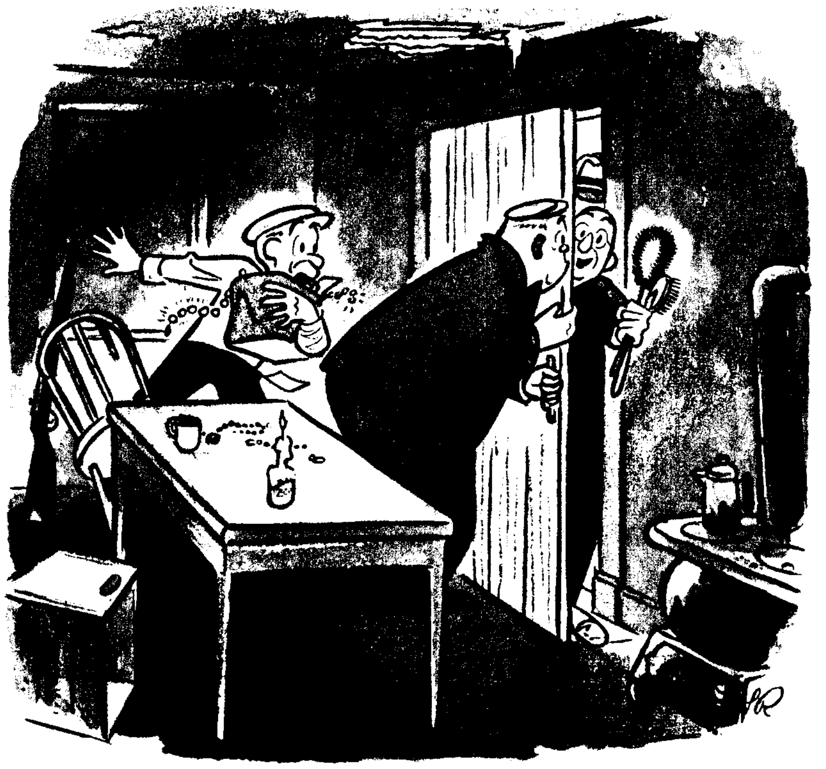
“That,” Kent said, “is the one thing I *don't* have to worry about. The doctor has assured me that triplets always come at least two weeks early.”

Joanne looked at him with loathing and disgust.

“It does my heart good,” she said, “to see how bravely you're bearing up under the prospect of your wife undergoing a triple birth.”

“But this is nothing,” Collette said. “The doctor, he tells me that I have the insides to give birth to a truck.”

BUTCH



“Good afternoon. . . . Is the lady of the house in?”

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

“Delicacy,” Joanne said, “is not your doctor's strong point.”

“Collette has the right attitude,” Larry said. “With the drugs they have these days, they just put you into a nice little sleep and when you wake up they tell you whether you've had a boy or a girl. Of course with you,” he told Collette, “they'll have to announce the batting order.”

“Oh, but I shall not let them put me to sleep,” Collette said. “I shall be there to welcome my little ones into their strange, new surroundings. I have often thought it must be an unfriendly world into which the little baby enters, to be whacked upon the back, daubed with medicinals, and passed about by unknown hands. Oh, no, I shall be there to say, ‘Welcome, my brave little Sebastian. *Bonjour,* my handsome Pierre. Ah, and here is your little sister, the pretty little Simone. Protect her always, my strong, handsome sons.’ ”

“Okay,” Kent said. “If you want to wait up to welcome them in, I suppose that's your department. Just see to it that you welcome them this year, huh? Might as well let them *enter* the world fully solvent.” He gave a nervous little laugh, as if he'd said something extremely funny.

“Oh, but you must love them for themselves,” Collette cried, “not for what they bring with them. A baby is born with nothing but the sensitivity toward love. Even,” she said, patting her stomach, “the ones not yet finished. I tell you, our Sebastian, he is a most sensitive one.”

Larry guffawed. “That Collette! She gets the screwiest ideas.”

“You mean,” Joanne asked evenly, “like having twins?”

BY THE first of November, Collette had grown so big that she no longer dared to leave the house alone. By December, when the waiting began in earnest, she could not lift herself out of a chair without help. By the middle of the month, with her time expected momentarily, she could hardly get around the kitchen for the most routine tasks.

On Christmas, the Atkinses and the Stevensons formed a tense little circle around the tree. Optimistically, Kent had presented Collette with the most spectacularly inappropriate gift possible: with his year's hard-scrounged savings he had bought her a new party dress.

When Collette opened the box, Larry and Joanne managed weak smiles, but Kent slammed the sides of his chair, jumped to his feet and began to pace anxiously around the Christmas tree. “You know what I'm going to do?” he shouted. “I'm going to report that quack doctor to the medical association! Calls himself an obstetrician, does he?”

Collette shook her head sadly. “It is not the fault of the doctor. Our Sebastian, he is being most stubborn. All night I lie awake and try to soothe him. Oh, he is the unhappy one; otherwise he would not keep his mama waiting so.” Deliberately avoiding Kent's eyes, she added, “There is one here who, Sebastian thinks, has a hard heart against him.”

“And I know who he means,” Kent shouted. “Well, if you want to know the truth,” he said, turning to the Stevensons in righteous indignation, “I think *he's* holding up the works just to spite *me.*” He gave a short, bitter laugh. “And you want to know why? Just because I claim he hasn't anything to do with making Collette a citizen.” He pointed accusingly at Collette. “It's your fault. If you hadn't opened your big mouth he wouldn't have known anything about it.”

“Now really,” Joanne said, “I've sat through some pretty weird dialogues in my time, but if this isn't the most ridiculous—”

“Please, dear,” Larry said. “Let them continue. I find this fascinating, a chance for clinical study in the strains and stresses of incipient parenthood.”

“I tell you,” Kent said, straining to control himself, “that kid has taken a dislike to me. If you won't take my word for it”—he nodded angrily at Collette—“ask *her.*” Under his breath he said, “Mama's boy!”

“We must be very patient with Sebastian,” Collette said sadly. “He is of a ferocious will, that one. He will be born not one second before he is ready.”

“I hate to admit it,” Joanne said, “but for once in his life my husband is right. The strain is beginning to get you people.”

“To be perfectly honest,” Larry said, “it's beginning to get me too. When I wake up in the morning, I think: Has Sebastian come yet? And all day long, while I'm supposed to be dedicating myself to my work, I'm thinking: When will Sebastian capitulate? And you know, when you come to think about it, I'm a pretty fascinating clinical study myself.”

“You see what I mean?” Kent shouted. “You see? Oh, just wait until I get my hands on that kid.”

COLLETTE gave a start. “Sebastian kicked me,” she cried. “Whenever he hears Kent talk like that, he kicks me.” She started to snuffle. “I don't blame him for kicking. Poor little Sebastian, he knows his father hates him.”

“I do *not* hate him,” Kent said. “As God is my witness, Larry, I love that boy. He will be my first-born, heir to all my riches. I love him with such a fervor that I grow impatient to see him. Sebastian!” he shouted. “Your papa wants to see you, son!”

Collette patted her stomach. “Ah,” she sighed. “Now he is content. It will not be much longer.”

“Just so long,” Kent said, talking more loudly than was necessary for him to be heard by any visible person in the room, “just so long as he comes this year. I have a wonderful surprise for Sebastian on New Year's Eve. I would hate to see him miss it.”

Collette gave another start. When she settled back she gave Kent a look of disdain. “For shame on you,” she said. “Trying to fool a little baby not even born yet.”

On New Year's Eve the sad quartet was gathered once more. Collette, sunk into the big chair, was almost completely immobilized. Joanne was in the kitchen washing the dishes. Kent and Larry were engaged in a desultory game of rummy. Kent finally threw down his hand and wandered into the kitchen, rubbing the back of his neck. Joanne looked up to see what he wanted, but Kent looked at her with an empty stare, groaned and walked back to the table. He drummed his fingers for a while, and then picked up his cards. It was six thirty in the evening.

"I'm trying," Collette said. "I swear to you all, I'm trying."

"Don't worry, honey," Kent said. "Don't worry. When it comes, it will come, that's all."

"I do not," Collette said, "like to criticize a country where I am only a *guest*—"

"A citizen!" Kent said.

"A guest," Collette repeated, "but in France we do it better. In France, nine months." She snapped her fingers. "*Nine months*, that's all. In France I have never once heard of ten months. Eight months sometimes, yes. Sometimes," she said, "even seven."

It was at the end of the incautious admission that Collette gave forth a moan. Kent raced to her side; Larry got up; Joanne appeared at the kitchen doorway. They all stared at Collette. Collette stared back at them.

Then she moaned again.

"Darling," Kent cried, grabbing her hands. "What is it?"

"The pains," she said. "The beautiful, agonizing pains. I am the happiest of womans, for I am being racked with sweet pain."

"We've got to time the pains," Kent shouted. "Isn't that what the doctor said? Every ten minutes? A watch, who's got a watch?"

"There is one," Joanne said, "on your wrist. Relax, Daddy. I'm already at the wheel. This is woman's work."

"I have another profound observation to make," Larry declared. "Why do all women become man-haters when another woman's time draws near?"

THE minute hand of the hospital clock was moving slowly toward midnight, but it was Larry, not Kent, whose glance kept darting toward it.

"It is just possible," Larry said, "that you may become the instrument for posing a very fine legal question. Suppose, for instance, that Sebastian is born before midnight but Pierre and Simone after. Now, I'm no lawyer, but I've always had a magnificent legal brain. It seems to me that you'd get all three exemptions on the grounds that the entire transaction can qualify as a package deal . . ." When it became obvious that Kent was paying no attention to him, Larry dribbled off into silence.

After a while Kent said, "You know why, Larry?"

"Do I know why what?"

"Why women hate men when the time draws near."

"An ingathering of some ancient tribal instinct, I suppose."

"It's because we take it so calmly. Sure, there's a baby born every second. But for each woman the ordeal is just as special as if it had never happened to anybody else. We shouldn't forget that, Larry."

"Sure," Larry told him. "I know that. But is it going to do them any good to have us suffer too?"

"I deserve to suffer." Kent's voice was a shaky whisper. "She might die, Larry. I spent seven months worrying about clipping the government out of a few lousy dollars, and all the time she might die."

Larry laid his hand momentarily upon Kent's shoulder. "It will be all right," he said. And then, with forced brightness, he said, "Wouldn't it be something if after all this talk about Sebastian you had three girls? You think it isn't possible? Listen, that wife of yours, she talks so much about Sebastian, Pierre and Simone that pretty soon she's got you convinced that she got the word on it direct."

"She got the word," Kent said. "That wife of mine, she knows."

Out in the street a New Year's horn blared forth and, almost immediately, came a chorus of auto horns, the crash of breaking glass, a peal of laughter, and then the horns again.

"Happy New Year," Larry said.

"Happy New Year."

AT EXACTLY twelve thirty-five a gray-haired, thickset nurse entered through the swinging doors. Kent leaped to his feet.

The nurse flashed an automatic smile. "Mr. Atkins? Two boys and a girl. They're all doing wonderfully. Mrs. Atkins too."

Kent sank back into the chair, a stupid smile spreading over his face.

"Nurse," Larry said, "do you happen to know what time they were born?"

The nurse looked at the small white pad in her hand and said, "A boy at twelve oh one, six pounds eight ounces; another boy at twelve fourteen, five pounds six ounces; and a girl at twelve twenty-seven, five pounds even."

"That Sebastian," Kent whispered, shaking his head. "Oh, that little son of a gun."

Larry cleared his throat. "Nurse, you did say—uh—twelve oh one?"

"That's right," the nurse said. "Isn't it wonderful? The first baby of the year! Mr. Atkins, it *will* be all right for us to take a picture for the papers, won't it? They always like a picture of the first baby born every year. We have to co-operate with the press, you know."

"Sure," Kent said. "Why not?"

"With triplets," she said, "I'll bet the papers make a big story out of it. I wonder if you'll get everything for all three? Oh, but of course you will."

"Get *what* for all three?" Larry asked quickly.

"The first baby of the year," the nurse explained. "Almost every firm catering to babies' needs makes a present of its product to the first baby born every year. Diaper service, milk, baby food, bassinet, crib, clothes. Oh, just everything."

Larry took Kent aside. "It is just conceivable," he said, "that our boy Sebastian is not quite the malingerer we took him to be. He would seem to combine a native American ingenuity with the shrewdness of a French peasant." He shuddered a little, as if at the thought of that formidable combination. "In other words," he said, "you missed out on the income-tax exemptions, but stand by for the jack pot."

"I have already hit the jack pot," Kent said, studying the delivery-room door. "Four brand-new citizens: Sebastian, Pierre, Simone and—Collette."

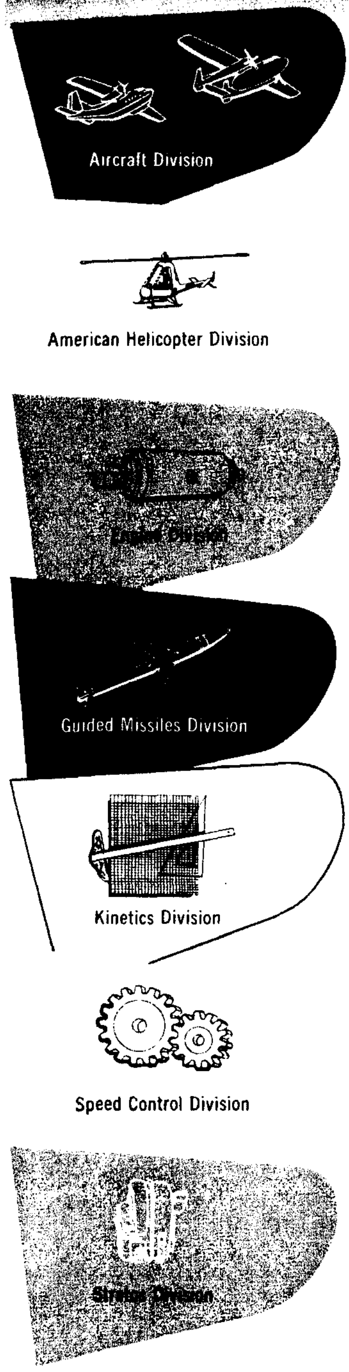
"Collette?" Larry said, surprised.

"Collette," Kent repeated, the sadness of generations of male surrenders echoing in his voice. "As first father of the year," he added, by way of explanation, "I deem it my duty to establish a healthy, harmonious relationship with my wife and family. Such a relationship," he went on, "as will set a beautiful example for all those who follow."

Larry nodded. "A most conscientious attitude," he said, almost to himself. "A most enlightened attitude. And most of all," he concluded, raising his voice in firm agreement, "a most prudent attitude indeed."

From the delivery room there came the sound of soft, contented cooing.

—EDWARD LINN



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Mother and daughter Halliday work out together at the practice rail of ballet school in Norwalk, Connecticut, where family spends weekends in country home

Little

Sharing her mother's spotlig

IT'S routine practice for the offspring of celebrities to be billed as healthy, happy and normal as the winter night is long—which is to say, just like the boys and girls next door. Often such rumors are no more than kind. But in the case of one Heller Halliday, they are refreshingly true.

Heller is the young daughter of Mary Martin and producer Richard Halliday. She has worked intermittently on the stage since she was five, and now appears with her illustrious mother in her father's Broadway presentation of Peter Pan. But basically, life for Heller is the same series of alternating ecstasies and catastrophes that it is for most adolescents, and her response to each day is fully as wide-eyed, as despairing and as triumphant.

On a recent such day, Heller became thirteen. At 9:30 A.M. she set out cheerily for the Professional Children's School on Broadway, where she soon was plunged into depression by the conviction that she had flunked a mathematics test, and therefore was dumb. At 2:15 P.M., she was off to meet the Peter Pan cast for a recording session of the play's musical score. There, with her mother, she delivered a duet called I've Got to Crow; listened

At school on thirteenth birthday, Heller crams for math test, later said: "I know I flunked it. I just can't do fractions"

After classes she joins mother and entire Peter Pan cast to record show's score, above gustily delivers her part of duet with Mary called I've Got to Crow

Leaving studio, she begs father, Peter Pan producer Richard Halliday: "Tell me about my birthday surprise." He didn't

Girl, Big Show

n Broadway, Mary Martin's Heller is still just what a thirteen-year-old should be

to the playbacks of other numbers; and occasionally jumped up to pirouette about the studio, practicing the ballet which she intends to make her career.

At six thirty Heller put on her first pair of high-heeled shoes and ventured forth—shakily—to her birthday surprise: her grandmother, Mrs. Hope Hammond, was giving a hamburger-and-spinach party for her at Sardi's, dining center of the theater district. All the youngsters playing in Peter Pan greeted her with a variety of gifts, including a gauzy pair of pearl-studded panties which made her inarticulate with delight ("How *wonderful,*" she finally gasped, "I really *need* these!").

At eight o'clock Heller was at the theater, dressing and applying her stage make-up. Before a packed house she sang the Crow song with her mother and did a dance called the Neverland Waltz. It was, surely, a situation in which few so young ever find themselves. But though she bowed with adult composure to the final curtain applause, Heller Halliday was, as she had been throughout the day of hectic events, just barely thirteen. "Gee," she muttered as she came off stage, "I'll just *die* if I flunk that math test." ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

On stage, Heller is Liza, maid to the three children who run off to Neverland with Peter Pan. She follows them, does Neverland Waltz (above) upon arriving

At dinner, she gets the surprise: party in Sardi's restaurant given by grandmother Hope Hammond (left). Youngsters in Peter Pan cast brought gifts ranging from wool cap to filmy panties

Backstage, in one of few shared breaks in hectic schedule, the stage-happy Hallidays pause for a private mother-daughter huddle

Birthday festivities over, Heller Halliday, actress, prepares for the big show

Slim Dow

with Your Favorite Foods

Do you like rich desserts, potatoes and gravy, an occasional cocktail? You needn't give them up—and you can lose weight anyhow. There are no fattening foods, says the author, just fattening habits. By painlessly changing his habits, he lost 80 pounds

By MARTIN LEDERMAN

I HAVE been interested in food all my life, and I have practiced the sweet art of eating under many skies. I know the taste of oysters in Massachusetts and snails in Burgundy, of steak in Chicago and trout broiled an hour after it was caught in a Swiss mountain brook.

For many years I enjoyed my food with no thought for the scales. But finally I saw that I must take reducing seriously—and I turned to the nutritional sciences that teach us how to eat for health. I learned to my surprise that the world of food consists of two armed camps battling for our souls. The gourmets make our mouths water and our waistlines grow. The nutritionists take the joy out of eating.

To which camp should I belong? I was at a loss. Meanwhile, I faithfully followed the Hollywood diet, the sweet-before-each-meal diet, the steak-three-times-a-day, straight-way-to-bankruptcy diet, and others it would pain both you and me to recall. In all, seventeen diets failed me.

With the eighteenth—which was really no diet at all—I lost 80 pounds. I have since remained, without pain or sacrifice, at the 168 pounds my doctor and I like. I had made a remarkable discovery. I was in the habit of eating 100 or 200 calories a day too much. That surplus was great enough to add 10 to 20 pounds to my weight in a year. Yet—and more important—it was small enough, in daily doses, to be dispensed with easily.

So I dispensed with those extra calories. Furthermore, I did it while eating all my favorite foods—and while discovering a few delightful new ones. I dieted and enjoyed eating, at the same time. In short, I substituted excellent quality for great quantity, giving so much attention to *what* I ate that the amount of food I put away dropped off appreciably.

I have since studied the eating habits of thousands of men and women. Rarely have I found one who eats more than 10 per cent in excess of what his daily calories should be. Are we really gluttons, as the diet experts imply?

Most of us take years to assemble our overweight, yet we want to get rid of it as fast as possible. In that frame of mind, we become easy prey to diet fads. We accept the most rigorous regime, deny ourselves our favorite foods, go to bed without a snack and to work without breakfast.

It is heroic, this way of dieting, but how long can a normal human being be a hero? Man does not live for calories alone!

Most of the so-called wonder diets can be followed comfortably enough under hospital conditions. The trouble comes when we apply them to our day-to-day living. Mealtime is a time for relaxation, for communication with our fellow beings, for enjoyment of food itself. Most diets make of eating a grim, dour self-punishment. If we submit, we become miserable. If we rebel—and most of us do, being basically healthy—we are condemned to overweight forever. They offer us no alternative.

Yet, long after we have forgotten the diet, we continue to be ruled by its narrow food vocabulary. Countless innocent foods—bread, potatoes, butter, cheese, soups, chocolate, cake, ice cream, as well as beer and liquor—have had their reputations blasted by the libel, "fattening!"

The philosophy I have found denies the existence of fattening foods. There are only fattening habits. This philosophy of the Slim Gourmet, as I call it, holds that:

- The way to become slender is not to deny yourself the pleasures of food, but to take still greater joy in eating. When you enjoy your food, you are able to eat less. When you pay no attention to it you may eat too much.
- The three handmaidens of food enjoyment are taste, variety and naturalness. If you eat a frankfurter for its taste, slowly and with pleasure, you are satisfied; if you do not consciously enjoy the frankfurter, you may take a second and third, until you are stuffed. If you eat hamburger every day, it becomes too familiar; you no longer enjoy it as food, only as quantity. If you drown natural food in sauce, you destroy the special enjoyment that particular food can give you.
- No single diet can be prescribed for all. Each of us is born with a clear and unchangeable food personality. We love some foods, abhor others. Some of us eat heartily in the morning, others at lunch, others not until dinner; some can and some cannot eat between meals or before bed. The diets brush aside all this individuality as unimportant self-indulgence. But any attempt to force yourself into eating behavior contrary to your food character has in it the seed of failure.
- Will power is not necessarily the key to reducing. The so-called lack of it is often only the refusal of our wiser self to obey demands that are simply impossible to fulfill. Follow your habits—don't fight them.
- No food is fattening in itself. The only two

Why Are You Overweight?

Your eating habits are probably responsible. Do you know what they are? You can take a partial inventory of your food habits by answering these questions—and you can learn what your answers mean by turning to the box on page 55.

1. Do you often buy what you don't need because of high-pressure salesmanship?
2. Can you recall what you had yesterday for lunch?
3. Do you prefer eating in restaurants to eating at home?
4. Did your parents have to encourage you to eat when you were a child?
5. Do you know how many calories there are in a slice of white bread?
6. Is your Sunday breakfast more elaborate and leisurely than your Monday breakfast?
7. Do you ever eat more than three meals a day?
8. Write down the names of all the varieties of fish you eat regularly.
9. Do you ever eat foods you dislike just because they are "good for reducing"?
10. Do you always eat food as served, no matter what the size of the portion?

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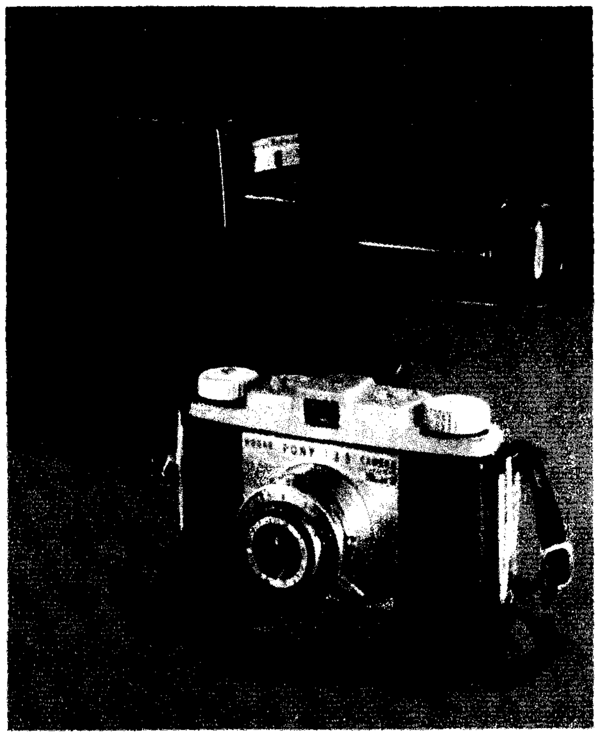

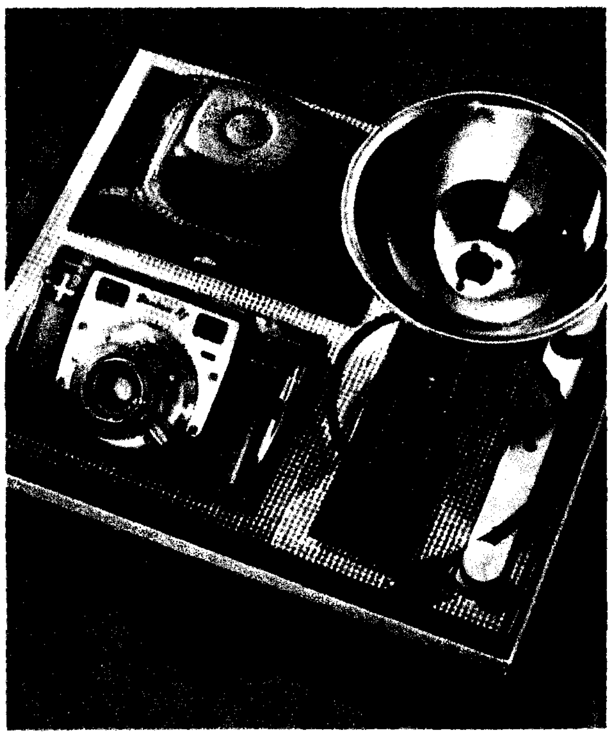

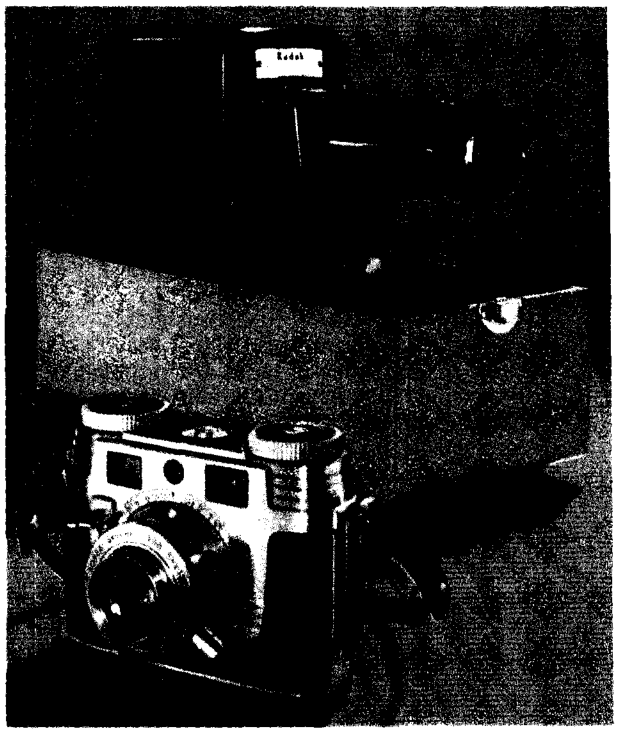

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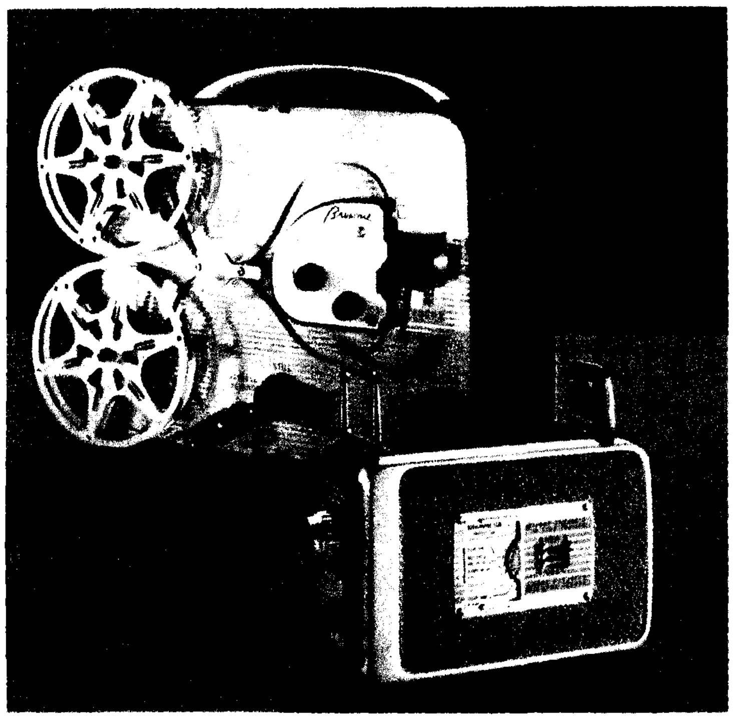

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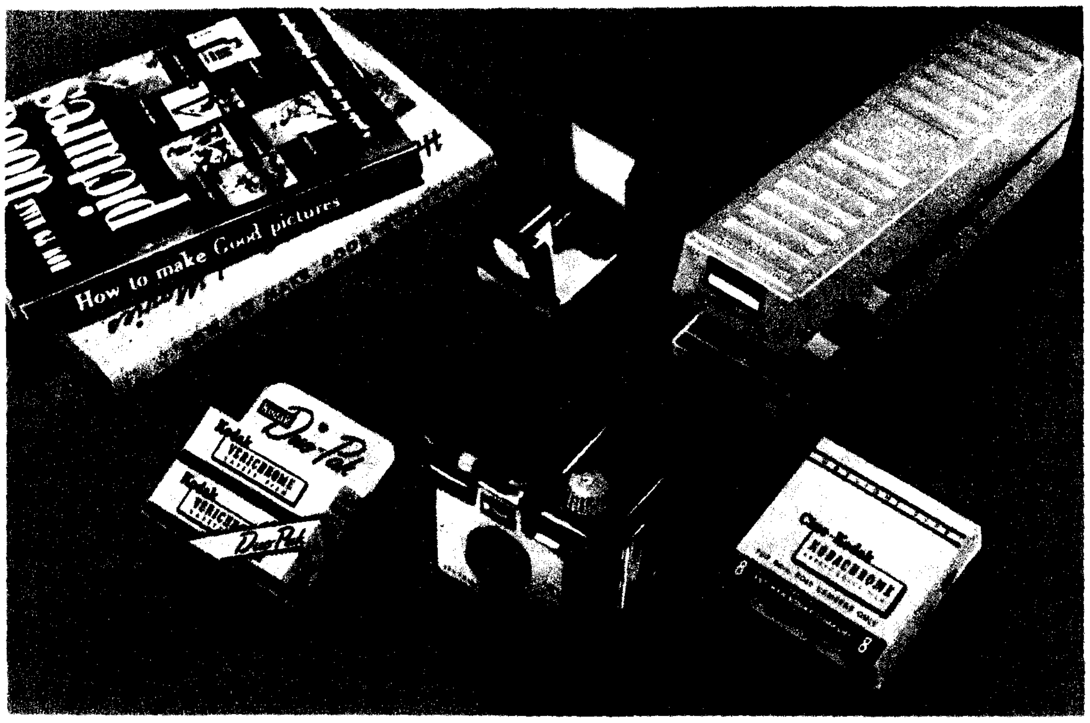

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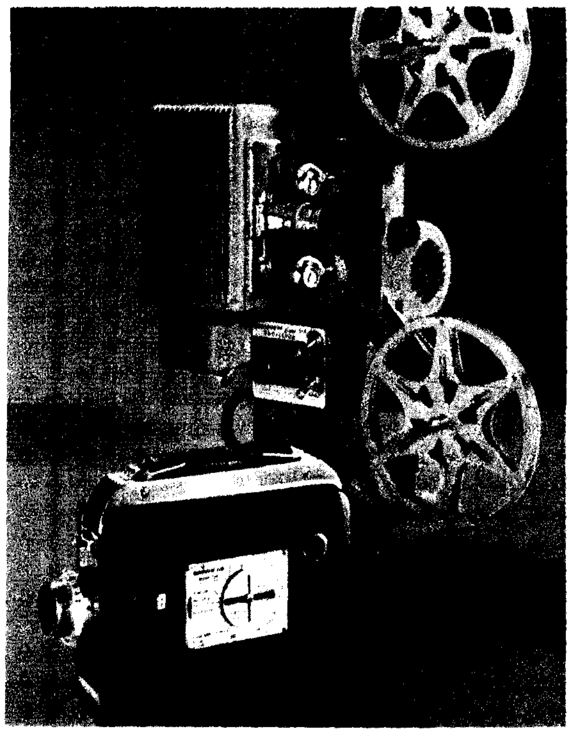

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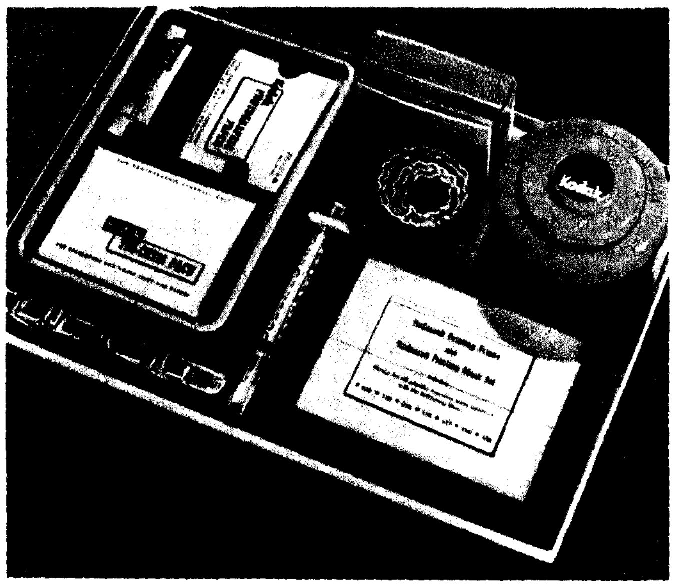

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BERTRAND MILES

Management consultant Martin Lederman is a long-time student of eating habits here and abroad. The article on these pages is from his forthcoming book, The Slim Gourmet (Simon & Schuster)

You can eat better than ever before and still reduc

restrictions—and you will hardly find them a sacrifice if they are accompanied by new pleasures at the table—are: fix your calorie allotment, and tailor the size of your portions accordingly.

Your main weapon in the fight against quantity-eating is quality-eating—cultivating the pleasure of taste, making use of variety, and bringing to the fore what I believe is a basic American instinct for simple, natural dishes.

Once you begin to discover the tastiness of natural foods, it is no sacrifice to decline the sauces and concoctions so overrich in calories. The French have a dish called *homard à l' Américaine*—lobster cut into pieces and cooked in a fine sauce. But it is far from "in the American manner." Up and down the New England coast one eats a lobster either broiled or boiled—in both cases in its own shell, as it came from the sea. *That* is American, and lobster at its best.

Yet we have an inferiority feeling about such simple preferences. We are ashamed because we do not rave over a ragout or cook with sauces. The great chefs of bygone ages, lacking our means of transportation and refrigeration, devised these sauces to make enjoyable a tough or old piece of meat or fish or vegetable—just as an orchestra may play fortissimo to cover up for a poor singer.

We should begin to appreciate nature's flavors and varieties, easily available the year round. Who among us has a palate that is trained to distinguish between a McIntosh apple and a Cortland; a Bouquet and a Pontchartrain shrimp; a Bartlett pear and the Comice, the Winter Nelis and the *Poire d'Anjou?*

Why do American women give their own families the delight of boiled beef with boiled onions and turnips and boiled potatoes, but then, when guests come, make at least a *boeuf Stroganoff* with sour cream and rich mashed potatoes! Why does the bowl of cherries that would be a perfect dessert become a cheese-and-cherry pie? Unknowingly we sacrifice our superior taste on the altar of food etiquette set up by some cookbook authoress who was genteel—but no gourmet.

A similar paradox surrounds the second cardinal rule of quality-eating. How many of the thousands of items your grocer carries have you ever taken home to try out? If you are like most shoppers, you buy the same 20 or 25 items year in and year out. When you go to France or Italy, you conscientiously tour the art galleries. Why not, just for once, go like a tourist to your supermarket? Look at the shelves and bins and refrigerator cases, as rich in color and composition and suggested harmony as a gallery of paintings.

Supermarkets Offer Amazing Variety

Never in history has variety been so easy to achieve. In a suburban supermarket I once counted 47 different cheeses; instead of the half pound of your usual cheese, try a quarter pound of two or three. Do the same at the vegetable bins, the meat cases. Do you think only of orange juice for breakfast? Explore the others—tangerine, apricot, prune, apple, pineapple, lemon, grape, tomato, vegetable.

Enlargement of your food vocabulary means less monotony in your diet, less need for the quantity that puts on weight. It also means more enjoyment of taste, the most important of the three keys to quality-eating.

Some social critics (those, I would guess, who never enjoyed a good dinner) point to the cultivation of taste as a sign of decaying civilization. They warn that Rome fell under the weight of the costly luxuries—the Colchester oysters and peacocks' tongues—which burdened Roman tables from the time of Lucullus on. But refined taste is not limited to the palaces of the decadent. It can be found today in Turkey, where even the poor discuss the flavor and purity of ordinary drinking water bottled in one town and compare it with water brought from another town. If you can distinguish between a lemon and a slice of Virginia ham, you have taste.

If you cannot tell the difference between Roquefort cheese and Gorgonzola, you have taste but not experience. Experiment. Buy one of those semicircular boxes containing three wedges of American Camembert. Put two in the refrigerator. Unwrap the third and leave it on a dish under an inverted drinking glass. Wait for three hours. Then taste one of the refrigerator wedges. Clean your palate with a crust of bread. Now taste a morsel from the nonrefrigerated wedge.

Observe a difference? Of course you do. The refrigerator is one of America's great contributions to the art of eating. It preserves the nutritive values and authentic natural tastes of foods. But when we eat the food, we no longer want the taste sealed in; we want it unlocked to our palates—at its natural temperature.

Foods can be too hot to taste as well as too cold. If you habitually take your coffee scalding hot, try a good, freshly brewed cup a little cooler.

Some tastes, good in themselves, kill other tastes. We can enjoy both the powerful and delicate at the same meal if we remember betweentimes to clean the palate as professional wine and tea tasters do. The best taste cleaners I know are bread and green olives; they neutralize your appetite for the next taste pleasure.

Once in a Midwestern city I was the guest of a lady who collects French impressionist painting—and hams. We were served tiny slices of Kentucky ham, sweet-pickle-cured country ham; Tennessee mountain ham and manly Westphalian; Jambon de Parme and juicy ham from Prague; ham from the Ardennes, from York in England and from Toulouse; butts from Boston and a four-year-old masterpiece from Smithfield, Virginia. All were different. Between tastes we ate little pieces of pumpernickel to clean the palate.

I trimmed the fat from my portions, and did not use up more than 400 calories. Rarely have I invested my calorie allotment so well. Behind our hostess' chair hung a delicate water color by Cézanne. No one would have thought of saying, "I prefer a Cézanne twice that size." Nor would anyone have thought of asking for twice as much ham. The educated taste never needs to be a slave to gluttony nor to depend like an animal on the mechanical satisfaction of stuffing.

Now we come to the practical application of the Slim Gourmet's philosophy. The goal you seek is to shake off your extra pounds once and for all, and live forever after at your normal weight. How do you go about it?

First, you take inventory of your present food habits. Next you consider the reasons why you are overweight (the inventory will help you find out). Next you test your eating habits; some you will find surprisingly easy to eliminate. Others won't be so easy to give up—but you don't have to. You simply take account of them in your next step—fixing your calorie allotment and personal portion size. Finally, you redesign your menus to suit yourself.

Fill out the test that accompanies this article. It will help you to take inventory of your food habits. Now fill out some of the blanks in the inventory: Do you eat between meals? Do you like sweet desserts, cream in your coffee, an occasional cocktail, potatoes, other tempting calorie traps? Do you eat a great deal more on weekends than during the rest of the week?

If you have given any thought to your weight problem, you know most of the questions. You know that there is a great long list of things which the diet experts tell you not to do, but which you, as an individualist, have gone right on doing. Don't be ashamed of those habits. They are your food ways; they bring you comfort and pleasure. Some of them, of course, contribute to your overweight. It is your purpose to find out how you can keep the ways but not the weight.

Even honest answers to the inventory, however, will not give you sufficient information on the comparative strength of your food habits. As I learned at the dinner party of a Bedouin sheik, when I heard each of the Arab guests in turn thank his host with a forceful belch, there are no bad habits or good ones—only habits that are acceptable for you and habits that are not. You must learn which you can eliminate, which you can moderate and which accommodate.

Experimenting With a Gourmet's Habits

When I was a stout gourmet I worked out a habit-testing system. Choosing one food habit at a time, for a week—a week only—I tried getting along without it. The brief span of a week puts no burden on you. For seven days a Californian can do without oranges and a Kentucky horse trainer without bourbon!

One after another, I tried doing without 26 habits, including having cream in my coffee; eating dessert at lunch; buttering my bread; taking second helpings; raiding the icebox at night; eating fried foods, TV or reading snacks and so on. Make your own list, but start by testing a habit that seems least necessary to you; it is always best to start with a success. By the end of the experiment you should have a clear idea of the depth of your habit roots.

For myself, I learned that I could painlessly give up second helpings (saving 200 calories a day), eat only a one-course luncheon (saving another 200), and eliminate my second egg at breakfast (saving another 70). But I found that not for anything would I give up my before-dinner Scotch (100 calories), my nighttime snack, or bread with dinner. However, I could now afford them, having discovered other habits easy to eliminate.

How many calories should you have a day? Determine the average weight for your height. Multiply it by 16 if your work is sedentary, 18 if it is fairly active, 20 if very active and 25 to 34 if you do heavy work. The result is the number of calories needed to maintain your ideal weight. Cutting that number by only 500 calories a day—3,500 a week—will reduce you a pound a week—a safe rate of reducing for a healthy adult.

Next, determine what I call your Personal Portion Size. For people of normal weight, the PPS should correspond to physical activity and size—large, medium and small. But if you want to reduce, large or even medium portions are a luxury you can't afford—you *must* use the small PPS.

Here's how I work it out. When I want to eat apple pie, I eat it. The average nine-inch pie is usually cut into six wedges; my PPS for pie is half a wedge—150 instead of 300 calories. I don't like skim milk. Why shouldn't I drink rich whole milk—in a four-ounce glass instead of the usual glass twice that size? I can easily fit its 90 calories into my budget for the day. When I feel like eating ice cream, my PPS is half a scoop—all the fun for half the usual 300 calories.

I found it useful at first to weigh or measure the usual portions of food served in my home. From then on, I was able to judge my PPS by look. Vary your PPS according to what you feel like eating as well as by how many calories you can afford. Under the PPS system, no food need be fattening.

In figuring your calorie allowance, make the week rather than the day the unit. One day is not always like another, but we do more or less follow a weekly pattern. With the week as a unit, we can enjoy the midweek evening out and the weekend's relaxations without adding to our weight—or our guilt. Take breakfast, for example. A weekly plan permits you dangerous flirtations with waffles, griddlecakes and other Mount Everests of calories—so long as you do it only one morning a week and make up for it at other times.

You can also divide your calories as you like within each day. Make the allotment depend on how many meals you habitually eat (including snacks and drinks) and on which meals you prefer light, which substantial.

In so doing, also take the final step toward making reducing a pleasure: redesign your menus. Modern industrial designers have changed our offices and houses; they have given us new kitchens and new appliances and utensils to use them in. Surely our eating should be brought into harmony.

The famous Berlin hotelkeeper Louis Adlon used to tell a story about Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish match king. One evening when he was alone in his plush room at the Adlon, Kreuger ordered the following dinner: first course, ice cream; second course, whipped cream mixed with pumpernickel; third course, French fried potatoes. Whatever else we may think of Kreuger's place in history, we must admire his dinner (if not his taste in food) as the gesture of a man of the twentieth century who knew what he wanted and refused to be intimidated by the scowl of tradition.

An important lesson for menu designers may be taken from this story: forget what you are "supposed" to serve, and serve what you like, in whatever order you like. Fight pernicious routine. I attended 31 dinner parties in New York last winter—and had turkey as my main course 18 times, served up in the same recipe, with the same stuffing and the same cranberry sauce. I had chicken six times, roast beef four, duck three. Where were the saddles of lamb, shashliks, beef tongues, tender cuts of veal? Why no lobster or salmon or shad?

The dieter, like the hostess, should stop heeding the rule makers. Give up the idea that you must follow the decrees of those diligent technicians who build diet programs out of the low-calorie foods on the calorie charts where taste, quality and joy are buried in the cold print of actuary lists.

You Can Eat Potatoes and Stay Slim

Potatoes are no more fattening than oranges if you eat them sensibly and don't make a routine of it. Of course you can gain weight on them if you eat them the Belgian way, deep-fried, whatever the variety, all year round. But I knew a man who could tell you whether you were serving a Green Mountain from Vermont or an Irish Cobbler from Massachusetts, a Dakota Red or a Mesaba. He was a potato connoisseur—and trim as a pine tree.

It is also time to save the honor of the soup. A bowl of thick lentil soup with frankfurters and ham may cost you 1,200 calories, but that is not merely a soup. It is what the Germans call a *gedrängte Wochenübersicht,* a condensed survey of the week. On the other hand, a generous bowlful of a tasty split-pea bouillon with onions counts for only 85 calories. It was prepared jointly by two of the world's great soup cooks, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Heinz; the co-ordinator, who also added the onions, was my own cook.

The dictum, "No cheese except cottage cheese," was obviously handed down by a foe seeking to wreck the American economy by discouraging the sale of over 400,000,000 pounds of Cheddar the government holds in stock—or by a specific enemy of Wisconsin, famed for its cheeses.

Four ounces of cottage cheese is only 100 calories; four ounces of American Cheddar or Wisconsin Swiss 400. But only a glutton would eat four ounces of Cheddar or Swiss; the average portion is only one ounce.

The calories in alcohol are a worry to many. They need not be. Whatever size glass you have been using for your own drink, from now on use the next smaller glass. When you buy potables, consider some of the finer varieties. There is a psychological effect about a higher price or more distinguished label. Automatically you will drink respectfully, slowly, for taste. Your calories will go down and your enjoyment up.

Bread is far more than merely another foodstuff. It is the symbol of life itself. A true appreciation of its quality can actually help our slimming. American bread varieties are legion: white or whole wheat or cracked wheat; protein bread, milk bread, potato bread, rye either sweet or sour or salty; Boston brown bread and johnnycake, Irish soda bread, spoon bread, graham bread and many others. If you eat bread inattentively, you eat too much of it. Yet it is one item on the menu that deserves discriminating enjoyment, not absent-minded gobbling.

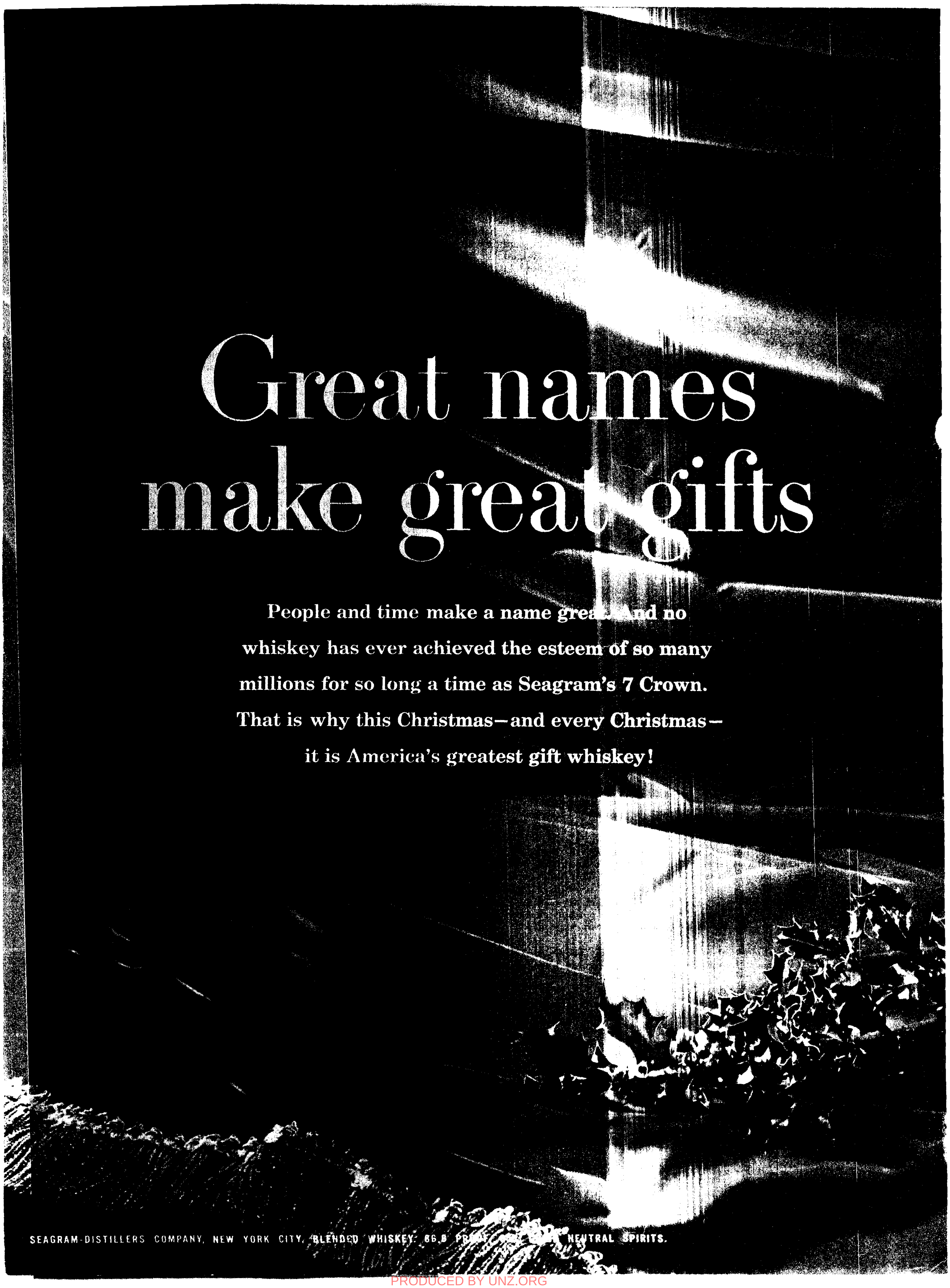
As for sweets, we can live without them, of course. We could also live without the automobile—but who wants to? The sweet tooth can be an aid to reducing. A candy now and then can forestall a binge of overeating. Don't try to pull out your sweet tooth. Deal with it considerately and you will be safe from sneak attacks.

Don't fight against your strong appetites; it is better to tame them with kindness than chain them with force. In reducing, it is the unfulfilled wishes that are dangerous. Once your secret food longing is satisfied, the compulsion to have that and nothing else leaves you for a time. Your eating balance is restored, and with it your peace of mind. When the wish arises again, you are again safely able to satisfy it without guilt or remorse—or extra pounds.

[illegible]

ANSWERS

1. **If you can't say no to a salesman, chances are you can't say it to your hostess or your wife, or whoever offers you fattening second helpings at the table.**
2. **If you can't, you may be an absent-minded eater—and absent-minded eating can be as unhealthy as absent-minded street crossing. Only by paying attention to your food can you avoid overeating.**
3. **Some people prefer restaurant food because the food they get at home is indifferently prepared. Instead of eating meals of high quality, they stuff themselves with a great quantity—a sure way to expand the waistline. The solution: better home cooking.**
4. **"No" may indicate that your overeating stems from childhood. Psychiatrists say that children who feel unloved and neglected may overeat to compensate, thus starting a tendency to put on weight that harasses them all their lives.**
5. **If your answer is no, lack of food knowledge may be making you stout. After all, you can't cut calories unless you know where to find them. (The answer is around 65 calories. Calorie charts may be obtained at most dime- or drugstores.)**
6. **A large Sunday breakfast may be one symptom of weekend-overeating. Another symptom is icebox raiding. Try to halve your portions on Saturday and Sunday—and don't wander aimlessly about the house picking up snacks.**
7. **Perhaps you should eat more often. For many people, three meals a day aren't enough. They get hungry betweentimes and gorge when mealtime comes. Try adding one snack a day—and cutting down on all other meals.**
8. **If you listed fewer than eight fish, you may be suffering from what I call poverty of the food vocabulary. You may need more variety, to stimulate your interest in the *taste* of food, rather than great quantities of it.**
9. **After-diet letdown may be your problem. Few people can go on forever eating foods they don't like. When they quit, they often swing far over in the other direction, stuffing themselves with the goodies they had deprived themselves of earlier.**
10. **Don't let others determine how much food is right for you. They're almost certain to guess too high. Set your own portion limit—and stick to it. It may be better to offend your hostess than your scale.**



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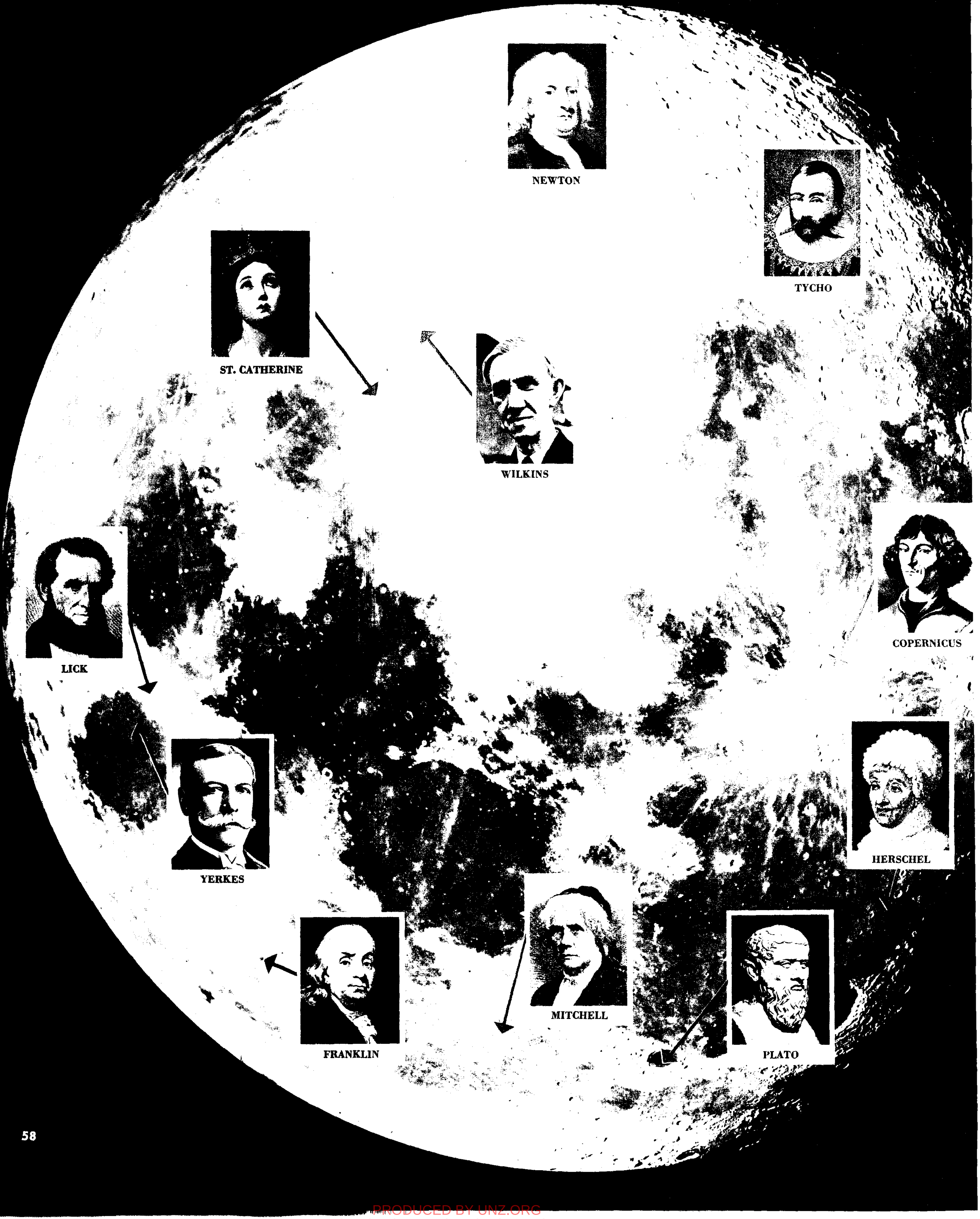
Who's Who on the MOON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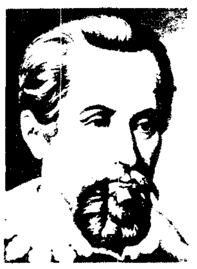
PLATO

There are 609 men on the moon (and women, too). They are the people who have been honored by having craters named for them

NE of the most exclusive of all biographical lists is a slim British volume titled Who's Who on the Moon. In it are the names of 609 people for whom lunar craters have been named.

The moon has been called the Graveyard of Astronomy. Over the years it has been used as a convenient vehicle for both flattery and honor. The custom of personalizing lunar geographical features was started by Michel Langrenus, court astronomer to Philip IV of Spain, in 1645. When Langrenus published the first lunar map, at Philip's expense, he repaid his royal sponsor by naming the largest lunar "ocean" for him. Six years later, a mapper named Riccioli of Bologna erased Langrenus' choices and wrote in his own—including the Greek philosopher Plato. Riccioli admired the Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe, so he awarded him a splendid crater; but Copernicus and Kepler, whom Riccioli considered less important, were (so to speak) cast into the Ocean of Storms.


KEPLER

Since then, hundreds of other people have been rewarded for contributions to astronomy by a place on the lunar map. Two of the men in the moon are American businessmen—James Lick (1796-1876), an eccentric manufacturer who paid for the Lick Observatory in California and who lies buried (in accordance with his will) under its telescope; and Charles Yerkes, a nineteenth-century traction magnate who donated the Yerkes Observatory to the University of Chicago. The best-known American on the list is Benjamin Franklin—honored, presumably, for his work with electricity. British astronomer Hugh P. Wilkins, born in 1896, is one of the few living men with a crater named for him.

Nine women have made the grade. The greatest distaff honor went to St. Catherine of Alexandria, after whom is named the great Catharina crater, 70 miles wide. Caroline Herschel, who discovered eight comets, had her name given to an isolated crater in the Sea of Showers. Another woman in the moon is Maria Mitchell, one of the first U.S. woman astronomers.

Research for the British book turned up some surprises. It had been assumed, for example, that the crater Hell had been named after the infernal regions. Actually, it was named for a Hungarian priest-astronomer who was so obscure there is no known picture of him: Maximilian Hell (also known as Father Hell), who died in 1792.

Since most of the best craters were snapped up early, some famous men have had to settle for relatively inconspicuous craters—like Isaac Newton, whose crater, though large, is barely visible from the earth. It will be years before the moon runs out of craters . . . and at that, only one side of it is visible from the earth. A jack pot awaits eager crater-namers when the first rocket ship discloses to man's gaze the *other* face of the moon, and its thousands of new—and unnamed—geographical features. R. S. RICHARDSON

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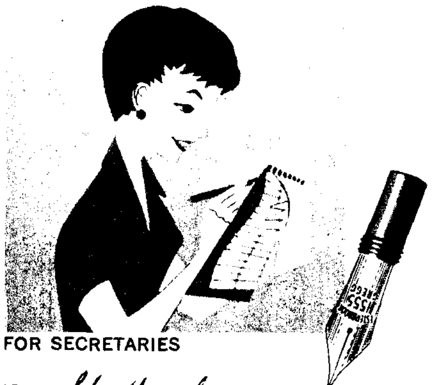

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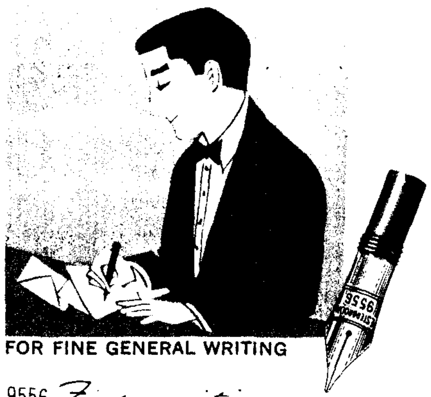

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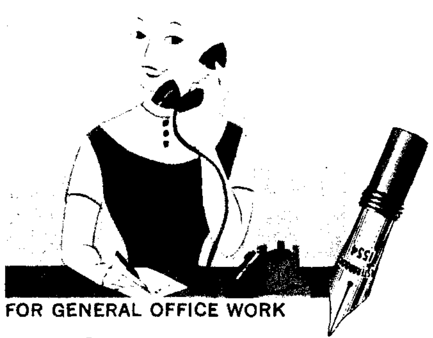

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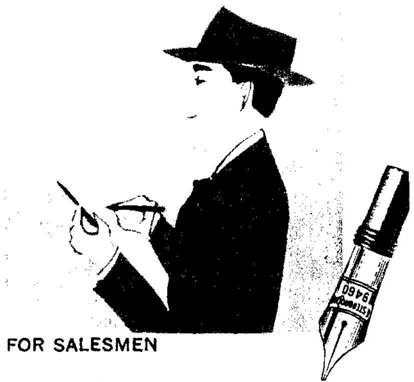

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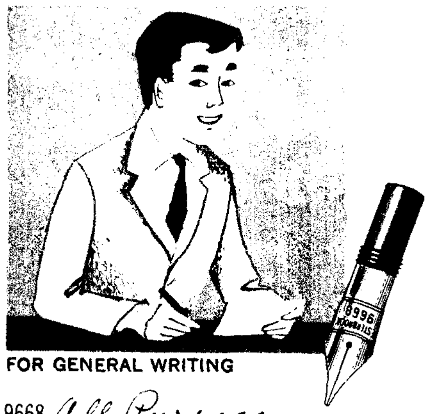

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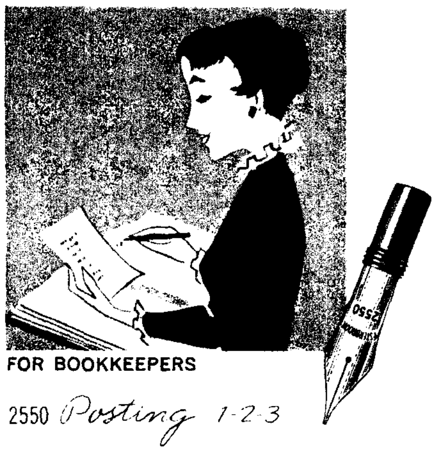

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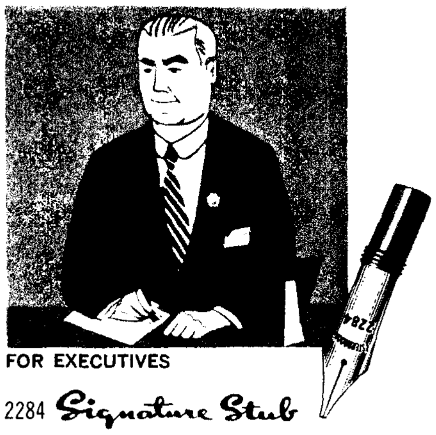

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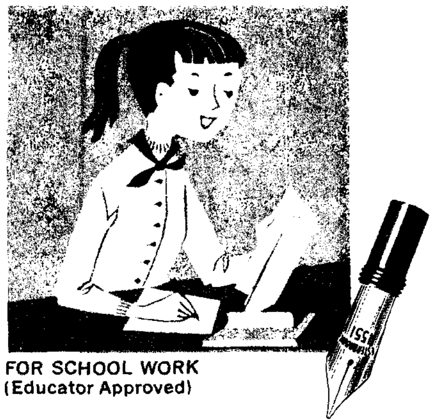

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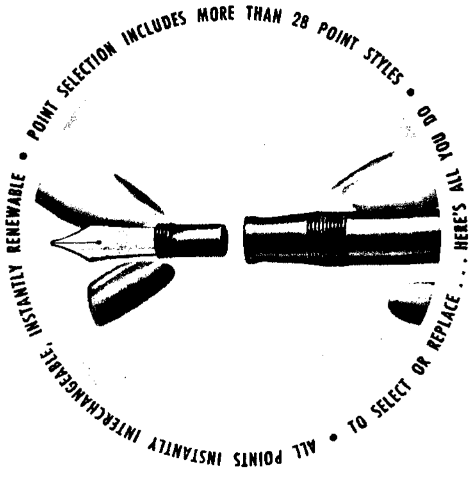
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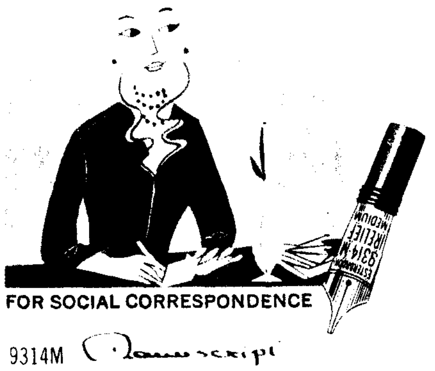
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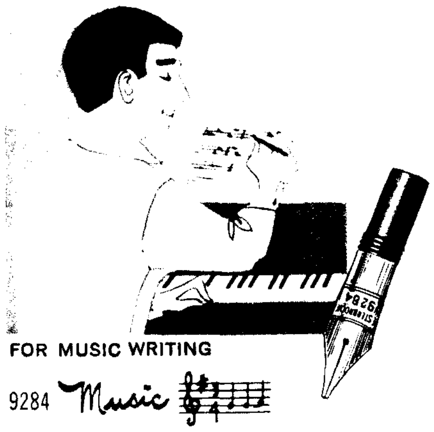
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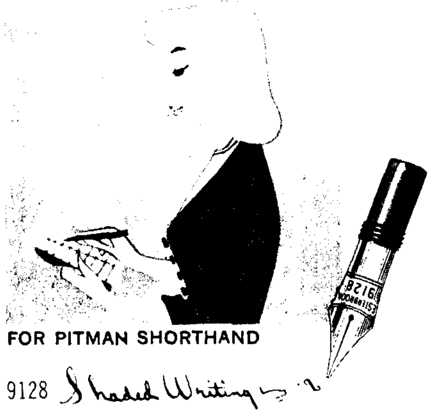
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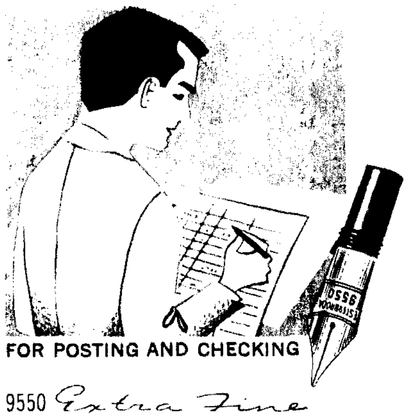
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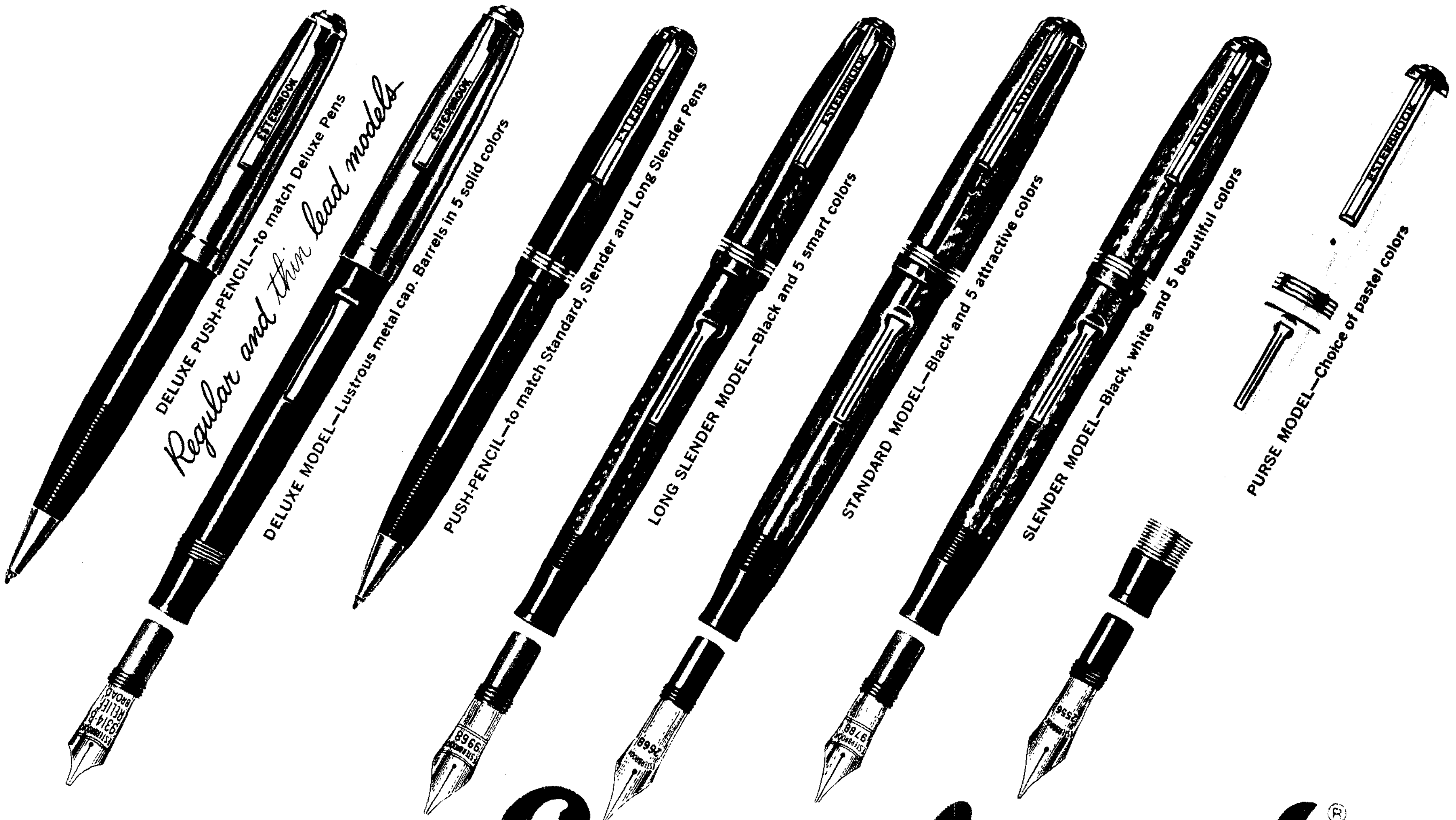
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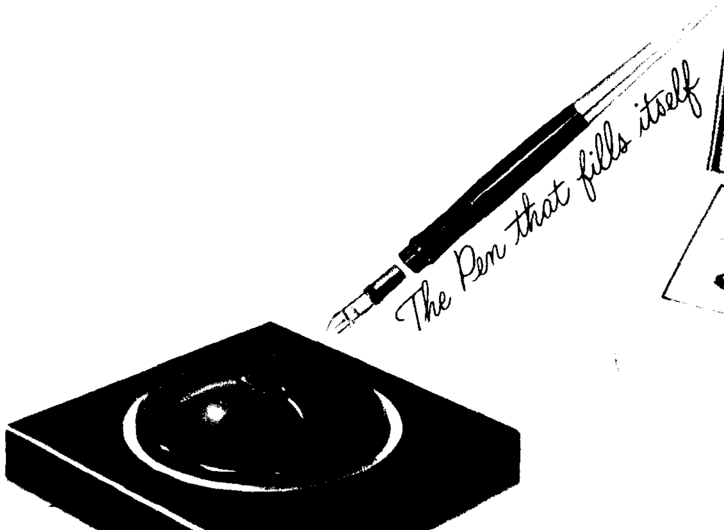
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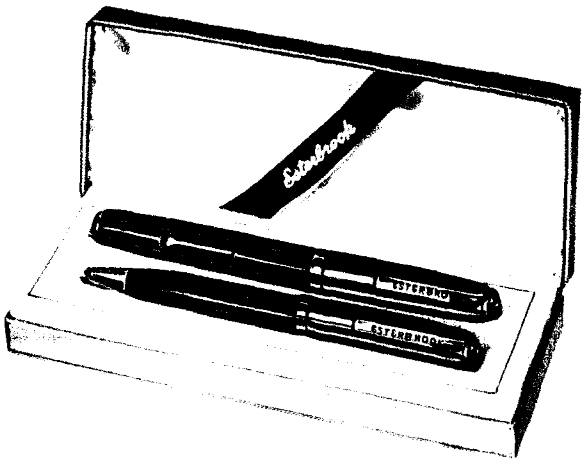
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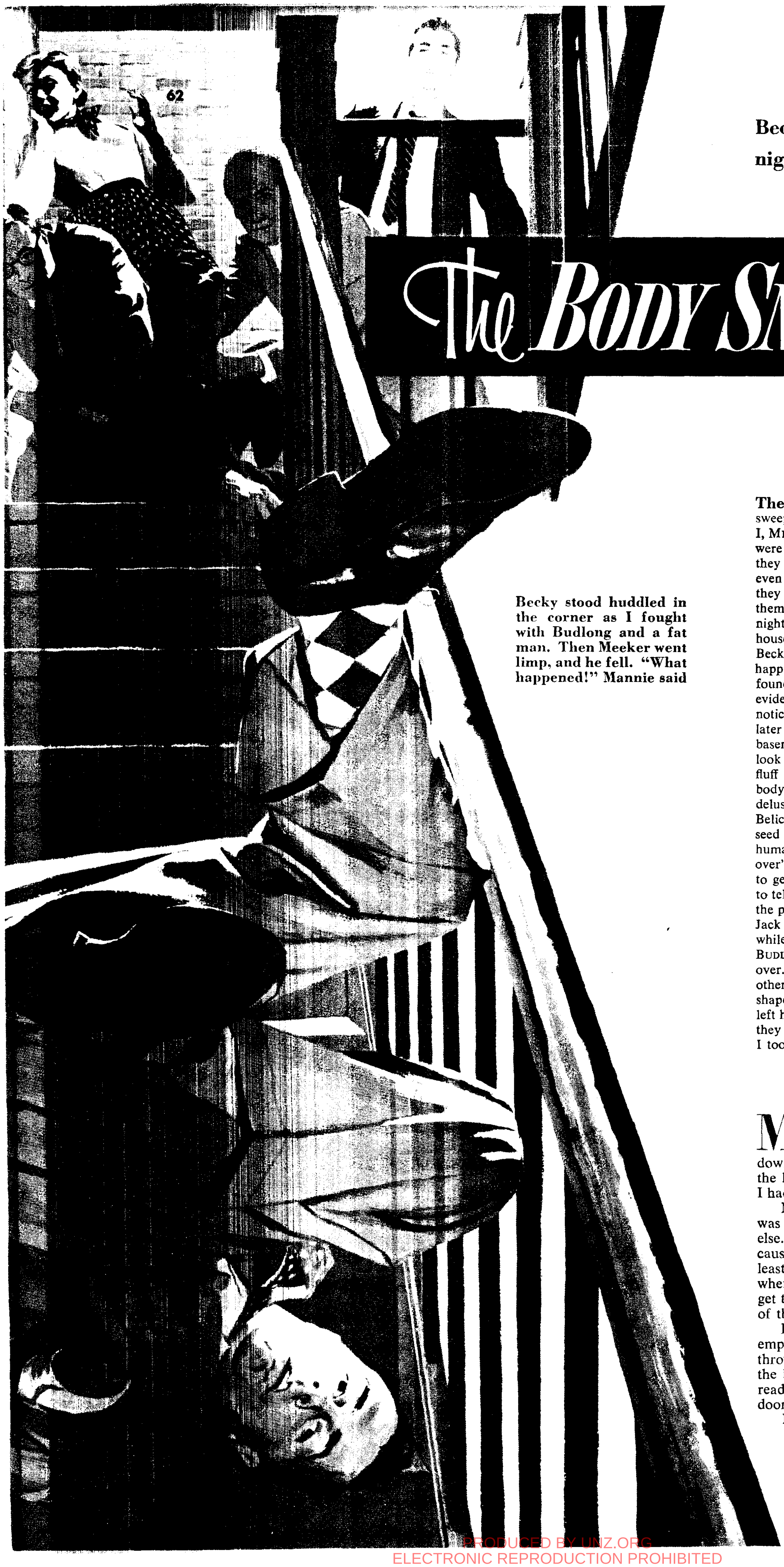
Becky and I were alone, caught in a nightmare that threatened the world

The BODY SNATCHERS



Becky stood huddled in the corner as I fought with Budlong and a fat man. Then Meeker went limp, and he fell. "What happened!" Mannie said

By JACK FINNEY

The Story: A weird and awful epidemic of hysteria was sweeping Santa Mira, the little town near San Francisco where I, MILES BENNELL, practice medicine. More and more persons were coming to me convinced that close relatives weren't who they seemed to be—they looked the same, acted the same, even remembered past events correctly—but my patients *knew* they were impostors. I couldn't help them, and so I referred them to MANNIE KAUFMAN, a psychiatrist friend. Then one night JACK BELICEC, a writer, demanded that I come to his house. (I took BECKY DRISCOLL with me—I was in love with Becky, but we had both been divorced and I felt the odds for happiness were against us.) Jack and his wife, THEODORA, had found the body of a man in their basement, a body that had evidently never lived; it was unmarked, unused, a blank. I noticed that the body was exactly the same size as Jack; and later that night, I found a "blank" duplicate of Becky in the basement of her house. With Mannie Kaufman, we went to look at the two "blanks"; both were gone—only piles of gray fluff remained. Mannie agreed we had probably found one body, but he said the second was imagination, and the town's delusion was contagious hysteria. But that night, when the Belicecs and Becky were at my house, Jack found four huge seed pods in the basement—and they were slowly assuming human shape. We knew then that these pods were "taking over" the people of Santa Mira. Our first plan was to escape, to get out of town as quickly as possible, but after our efforts to telephone the FBI in San Francisco were thwarted, we knew the pods had already taken over most of the town. We decided Jack and Theodora should try to get away to bring back help, while Becky and I went to learn what we could from BERNARD BUDLONG, a biologist. We discovered he too had been taken over. He willingly confessed that the pods were from some other planet, seeking survival. They could now assume the shape of human beings, but without the soul. As Becky and I left his house, we saw the Belicecs being pursued in their car—they had led the chase near us to warn us. And then Becky and I took to the hills behind the town.

The Last of Three Parts

MAIN STREET in Santa Mira curves around the foot of a range of small hills, as do most of the town's streets. Becky and I were following a path down the side of one of the hills, a path that would end at the little alley in back of the Medical Building, in which I had my office.

My office was the only place I could think of to go. I was afraid to go even there, but more afraid of anyplace else. I thought we might be safe there for a little time because it wasn't a place we would be expected to go to—at least not until time had passed and we weren't found anywhere else. And right now we simply had to get some rest, get to a place where we'd be free from the constant threat of the pods.

It was Saturday; the Medical Building would be nearly empty. We darted across the deserted little alley and in through the open sheet-steel back door. Then we climbed the back stairs to the sixth floor. I had my key out and ready, and a moment later we were inside my office, the door clicking shut behind us.

I dragged the waiting-room davenport to the windows

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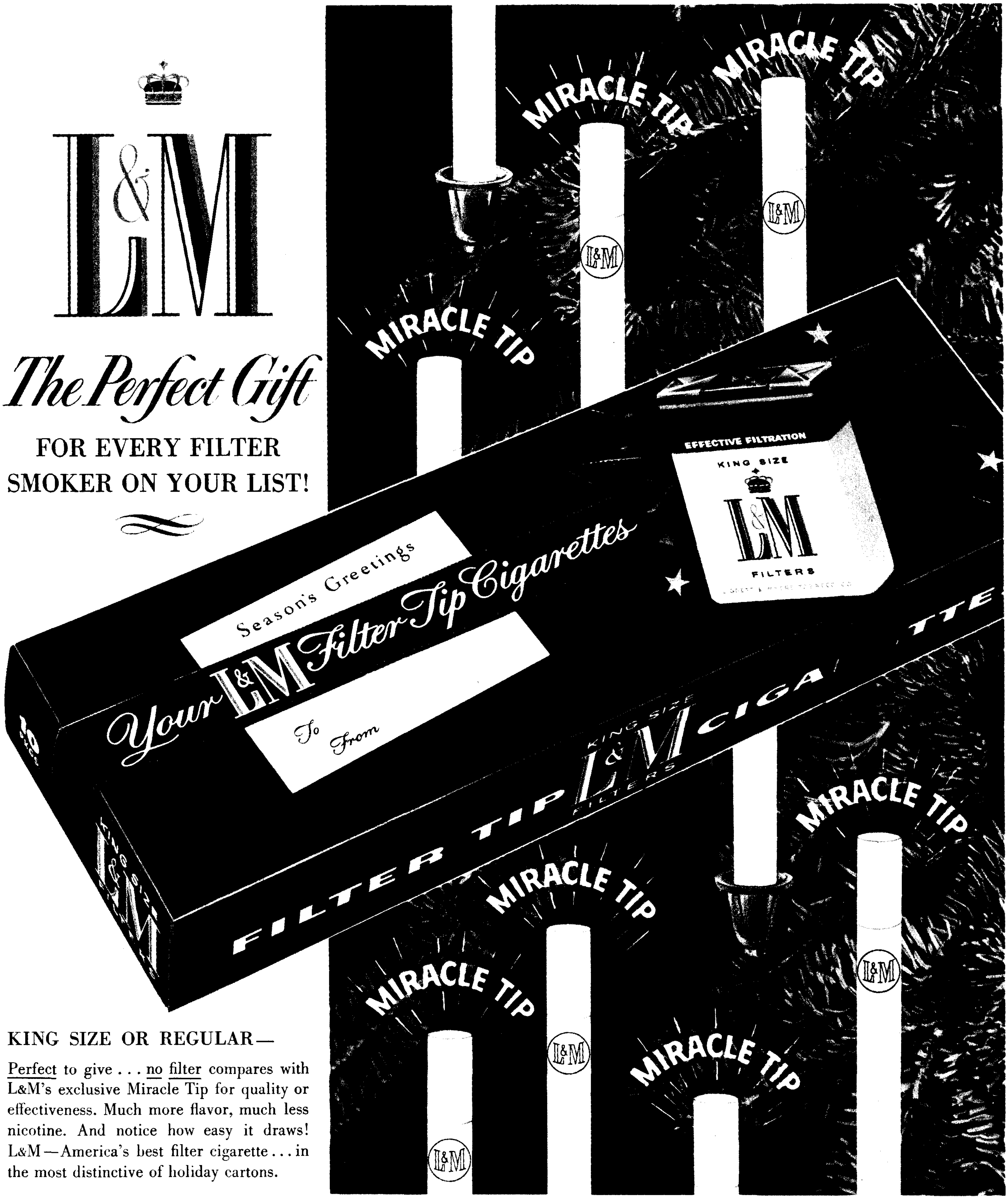
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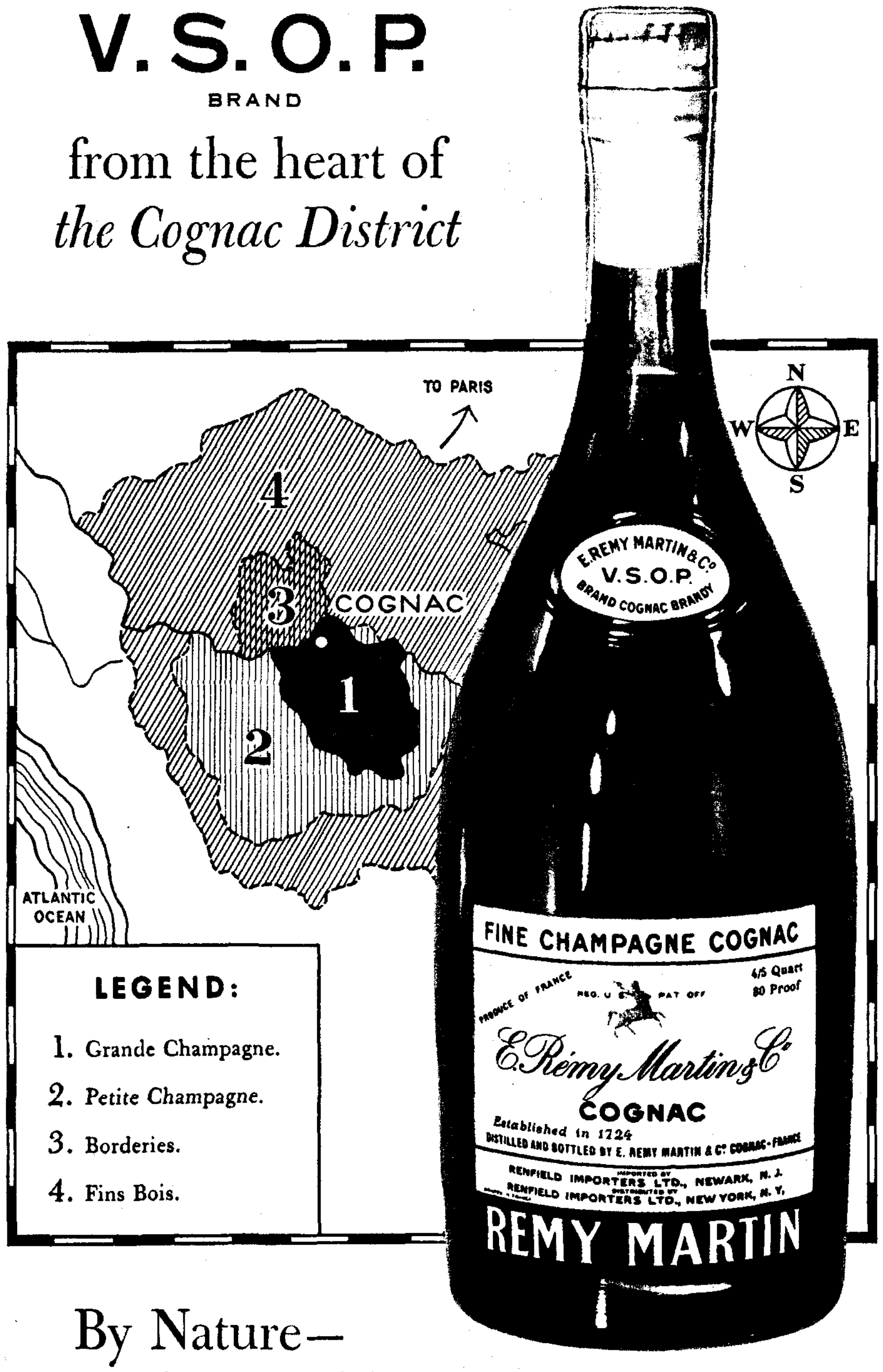

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overlooking Main Street, and we sat down. I slowly lifted one slat of the closed Venetian blind just enough to peer down at Main Street, and we could see quite a lot. The paved area is wider there because of a bend in Main Street and it is almost completely enclosed on three sides by stores. This area serves Santa Mira as a sort of town square; they used to set up a bandstand there and hold street dances and carnivals.

IT LOOKED so *ordinary*—the scene below us. There were green-and-white paper signs on the windows of the supermarket, advertising round steak, bananas and laundry soap. Vasey's Hardware, as always, had one window filled with kitchen equipment, and power tools in the other. The dime-store windows were loaded halfway to the ceiling with kids' toys and candy. Stretching across the street, near the Sequoia Theater, hung a faded red-and-white banner: *Santa Mira Bargain Jubilee*, an annual sale sponsored by the local merchants. This year it looked as though they hadn't bothered painting a new banner.

People strolled in and out of stores, cars backed out of white-ruled parking spaces, and others took their places. Minutes passed, and we sat and watched—and rested.

It isn't easy to say just when, or how, the change began. But I was aware, presently, that there were more people on the street and that, somehow, they were no longer acting quite like an ordinary Saturday shoppers crowd. Some people still went in and out of the stores, but now a great many simply sat in their cars or just stood at the curb. I recognized a lot of the faces.

Then Bill Bittner, a local contractor, a stout middle-aged man strolling along the sidewalk, casually pulled a button out of his pocket and pinned it to his coat lapel. I couldn't actually read the printing, but I recognized the design and knew what the lettering said: *Santa Mira Bargain Jubilee;* the local merchants passed them out each year. But all those I had ever seen before had been red with white printing. Bill Bittner's button was navy blue with yellow printing.

And now, here and there, all up and down the street, other people were taking out these yellow-and-blue buttons and pinning them to their coats. Not everyone did it at once, and within any half minute, all a stranger would have seen—if he'd even noticed at all—would have been two or three people pinning on these buttons. Yet within five or six minutes, nearly everyone down there had brought out and was now wearing a blue-and-yellow *Santa Mira Bargain Jubilee* button.

A minute or two passed; I had my arm around Becky's shoulder and felt her shivering. From the dime store, a salesman walked out to his car; the name of his company was lettered on the door. Jansek, the cop, strolled over and spoke to him; the salesman stopped on the walk and they stood talking. It occurred to me, staring down at them, that the salesman seemed to be the only person who was not wearing a blue-and-yellow button.

The man was frowning now, looking bewildered, and Jansek was firmly shaking his head no at whatever the salesman was saying. A moment or so later, they both got into the salesman's car, backed out and then turned left at the corner. I knew they were headed for the police station.

Four other strangers got the same treatment. And when they had been hauled off, there wasn't a soul I coul see who wasn't wearing a yellow-and blue jubilee button. The street was al most completely silent now, not a ca moving or a person walking, every las soul standing on the sidewalks silentl facing the street. Looking over th roof tops, I could see streets as far a half a mile away. Nothing moved o them, and on each of them I could se barricades across the road—the gray painted wooden horses of the stree department. And I suddenly knew tha all over town every street was blocke off by men ostensibly making repairs No one could get into Santa Mira, o move along its streets toward the business district; and the handful of strangers who had happened to be there wer gathered up now and held at the polic station, under what pretext it did no matter. Right now, Santa Mira wa cut off from the world.

And then, cold with fear, I realize that no one could get out of Sant Mira either; and I said a silent prayer hoping Jack and Theodora had go away to get help.

I heard the motor of a car, and a moment later a truck came into sight a dark-green, battered old pickup. Behind it came four more trucks, three o them big farm trucks with slatted portable sides; the fourth was anothe pickup. They drove into the littl square and parked at a curb, side b side. Each carried a tarpaulin-covere load; the drivers began untying th tarps. They were farmers, all from farms west of town, and I knew fou of the five: Joe Grimaldi, Joe Pixley, Art Gessner and Bert Parnell.

Two men in business suits walked to the center of the street—Wally Eberhard, a local real-estate man, and another man. Wally had several sheets of paper in his hand, and the two men stood glancing at them. Then, presently, the other man looked up, drew a deep breath, and in almost a shout called, "Sausalito! If you have Sausalito families, step forward, please!" Sausalito is the first Marin County town you come to after crossing the Bay. Two people, a man and a woman, not together, had stepped from the curb into the street and were walking toward Wally; several others were pushing their way through the crowd.

PIXLEY had the tarp on his pickup untied and now he walked to the back of the truck, took hold at the bottom edge of the tarp, and tossed it back off the load. I'd long since known what was in those trucks. They were filled with huge puffballs—the seed pods I'd seen, now, so often before.

"All right!" the man with Wally called out. "Sausalito! Sausalito only, please!" and he motioned the five or six people in the street toward Joe Pixley's truck. Joe climbed up and lifted off the top pods one by one, handing them down into the waiting arms of the people clustered below him. As each pod was handed down, Wally Eberhard made a check mark on what was apparently a list. Then he nodded at his helper, who shouted, "Marin City, please! All with Marin City families or contacts, next!"

Seven people edged through the crowd, then stepped into the street; and as they stopped at his truck, Joe handed down a pod to each.

It seemed to me, as I heard the slight grate of a key sliding into the lock of my reception-room door, that I'd known all along what would happen. But when the door swung open, and I saw the first of the four people who walked into the room, I scrambled to my feet, weak with wild new hope and excitement. "Mannie!" I said, and grabbed his hand and shook it.

He responded, though with less vigor than I expected, his hand almost limp in mine, as though accepting but not fully returning my greeting. Then, staring at his face, I knew. It's hard to say how I knew—possibly his eyes lacked a little of their customary luster; maybe the muscles of his face had lost just a hint of their usual tension and alertness, and maybe not—but I knew.

Mannie nodded slowly, as though I'd spoken aloud, and said, "Yes, Miles. And for a long time. One of the patients you sent me left a pod in my office." I walked back and put my arm around Becky's shoulders, and then we faced the men who had come in.

ONE was small, stout and bald; I'd never seen him before. Another was Chet Meeker, an accountant in town, a big, black-haired, pleasant-faced man in his middle thirties. The fourth was Professor Budlong, and now he sat down, smiling at us.

"You know why we're here," Mannie said, and sat down in another chair.

From the street, through the closed window, I heard a voice call, "Mill Valley! Mill Valley, next! Step forward, please!" and I turned to Budlong.

He nodded. "Santa Mira is virtually complete. Now we're making a systematic invasion of the county. When that's completed . . ." He shrugged.

I could only stare at him, it was hard to talk. Then my voice came out, an almost inaudible murmur: "Santa Mira"—I shook my head to clear it—"the whole town? How?" I said angrily; it seemed impossible.

"A little blindly at first," Budlong said pleasantly. "The hulls—the pods—drifted down in this area; it could have been anywhere, but it happened to be here. They came to rest on the Parnell farm, and before they became adapted, their first efforts were merely a blind duplication of whatever they encountered: an empty tin can still stained with the juice of once-living fruit, a broken ax handle of wood that had lived and grown. It's a natural waste" —he shrugged—"the waste of any kind of seed spore falling in the wrong places. Others, though—and it really would have taken only one success—fell, or drifted, or were blown or were carried by curious people, into the right places. And then those who were changed recruited others, usually their own families—"

"Belvedere! Tiburon!" called the voice from the street. Budlong got up, strolled to the windows and raised the blind a few feet. "In any event, as you can see"—he nodded at the street below—"it went quickly. Chance was no longer a factor from the moment the first effective change-over occurred. One man alone, the local gas-and-electric-meter reader, brought about over seventy change-overs; he enters basements freely. Delivery men, plumbers, carpenters effected others. It's an accelerating process, and once a change-over occurred in a household, the rest were usually rather easily and quickly made. You two are among the final few. We couldn't capture you because you'd caught on, you knew how to avoid being taken—by staying awake, by destroying the pod."

I don't know why I kept talking; I had no feeling that gaining time would help us. But I said, "Where do they all come from, so many pods?"

"We're growing them," Budlong said. "Cut up a potato, and you can grow dozens more from the portions. It's a common enough, natural enough phenomenon. From a few of the original pods, hundreds more were produced." He nodded down at the street. "There go the last of the latest ones, mature and ready. Acres more of them are growing out at Art Gessner's farm."

I looked at the street. Three of the farm trucks were gone, and the last one, the rear end empty, was backing away from the curb. Already women were trundling wire shopping carts inside the supermarket; I saw people sitting down at the counter of Elman's Restaurant, others sauntered into and out of various stores, and once again cars moved slowly along the street. The scene was normal again, a more or less typical main street, perhaps a little shabbier than is usual, but not enough to arouse wonder in a passing stranger. Not a person I could see wore a yellow-and-blue jubilee button now.

I SWUNG around and stared at the men in the room. "Well, what are you waiting for?" I shouted. "What're you trying to do—torture us?"

Nothing moved or changed in their faces. Mannie said mildly, "No, Miles. Don't you see? We have to wait till you're asleep."

Budlong turned from the windows and walked to his chair. Across the room, Mannie sat with his hands folded in his lap. In the straight-backed chairs near the door, the other two sat, arms folded, and the room was silent. They simply sat—eyes blinking occasionally—emotionless, imperturbably waiting.

Becky was trembling violently, her face pressed against my chest, and I held her in my arms. I needed time, desperately, and I said, "Mannie, once we were friends. Maybe you remember a little of how that was."

"Of course, Miles."

"You don't feel it now, but if you remember anything of the way that was, then leave us alone. Until we can sleep. Becky can't stand this, Mannie. Lock us in my office alone. You can guard the hall doors; we can't get out. So give us that much—leave us alone together. How can we sleep with you watching us?"

Mannie glanced at Budlong, who nodded, not caring particularly, and then he turned to the others, who shrugged. "All right," Mannie said, "no reason we shouldn't," and he stood, walked to the heavy wood door leading to my office, and turned the key in the lock, testing it. He unlocked it again, then held it open, and Becky and I walked on through. As the door began to close, I glanced back. The stout, bald man had opened the outer door of my reception room and was standing in the hallway, stooping for something on the floor. Then he straightened and walked back into my reception room—and his body was nearly hidden by the two enormous pods he was carrying. Then the office door clicked shut behind Becky and me and the key turned in the lock. I heard a faint scraping sound, and I knew the two great pods were now lying on the floor just outside the door, so very near to us, yet out of our reach.

I took hold of Becky's arm and led her to the big leather chair in front of my desk; she sat down and I sat on the arm, my arm around her shoulders.

For a little time we were silent, and I sat remembering the night—not long ago, yet very long ago—when Becky had come here to tell me about her cousin, Wilma, who had been one of the first to discover the changes the pods effected—and who was now one of their victims.

"I love you, Becky," I said quietly.

She looked up at me to smile, then leaned her head back against my arm. "And I love you, Miles."

From beyond the locked door, I heard a faint familiar sound, yet for an instant I couldn't recognize it—it was the snapping sound a dry, brittle leaf makes when crushed. Then I knew it was the pods beginning their work. I glanced quickly at Becky, but if she'd heard it she gave no sign. "I wish we'd been married, Becky."

"Oh, Miles, so do I!" She lifted her head, her face anguished, to look up at me. "Miles, why *didn't* we?"

The reasons had seemed real ones, but they meant nothing now, and I simply shook my head. I had thought the fact that we had both been divorced somehow made us different, but now I knew it didn't. We were the same as everyone else, making mistakes, seeking happiness.

AFTER a moment Becky went on, "Miles, we had a better chance than most. We knew what failure was like, something of what caused it, and a little of how to guard against it. We'd have had a *chance* to be happy, and that's all anyone gets. And it's the most anyone could ever have given me."

Suddenly I was as determined as I've ever been in my life. I was going to marry Becky! I was going to defeat these pods singlehanded if I had to. Nothing was going to stop me!

I got up and started prowling the little office, hunting for something, anything, that could help us. There *had* to be a way out of this now; I *had* to have another chance, and so did Becky.

But there was nothing in my desk drawer: only prescription pads, blotters, calendar cards, paper clips, rubber bands. There was my instrument cabinet across the room, the shelves covered with neatly folded white towels on which lay rows of stainless-steel forceps, scalpels, hypodermic needles, scissors, disinfectants, antiseptics.

There wasn't much else—the office scale, my examining table, an enameled white wall cabinet of bandages, adhesive tape, tongue depressors. There was *furniture, rugs, my desk, my diplomas* on the wall—there was nothing. In my lower left-hand desk drawer, I found Benzedrine tablets, and I slipped the little bottle into my pocket. We'd need that to keep us awake.

And then I wondered why the pods had begun to change. Becky and I were both awake, so what human matter was there in my office that was causing these pods to begin changing?

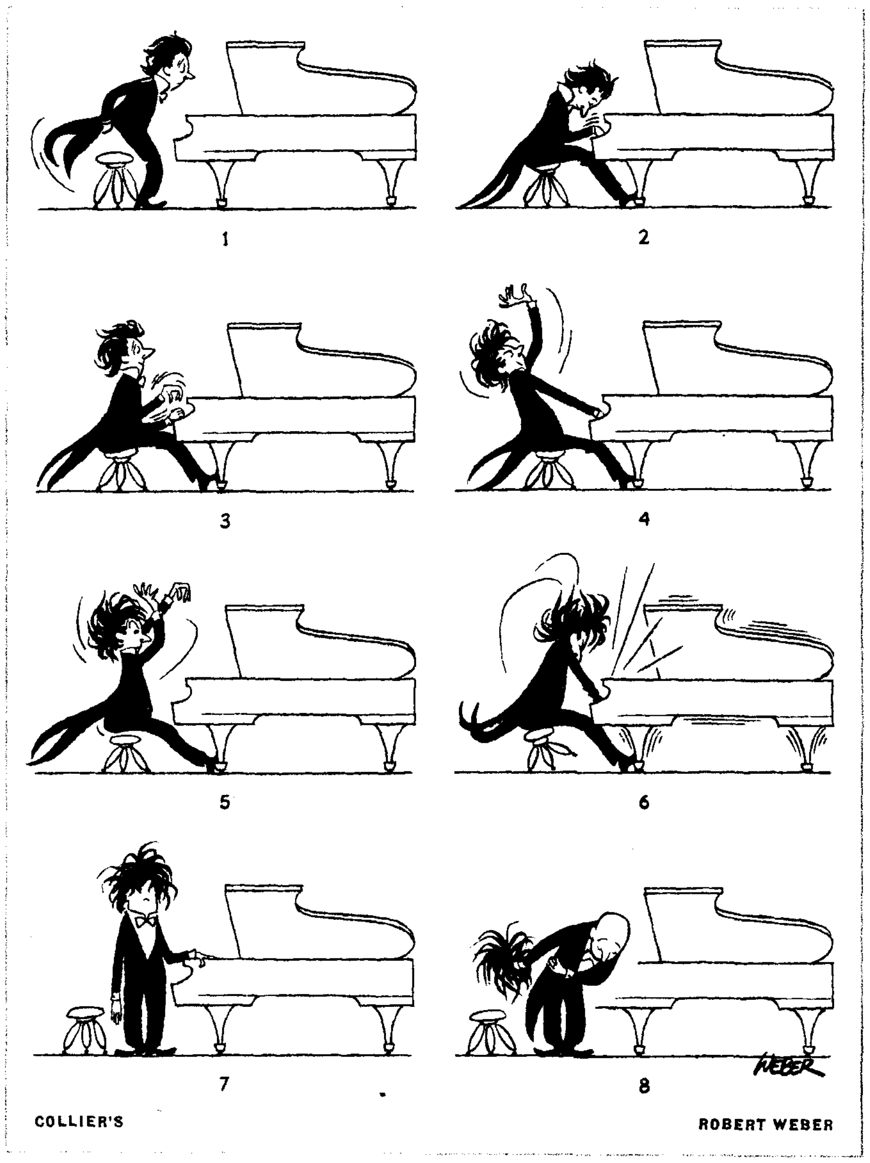
Finally I sat at my desk. If there was any way out of this, it was in my mind; I had to save my energy.

Time passed, with an occasional brittle snap from the other side of the closed door, and I made myself sit where I was, remembering everything I knew about the great pods.

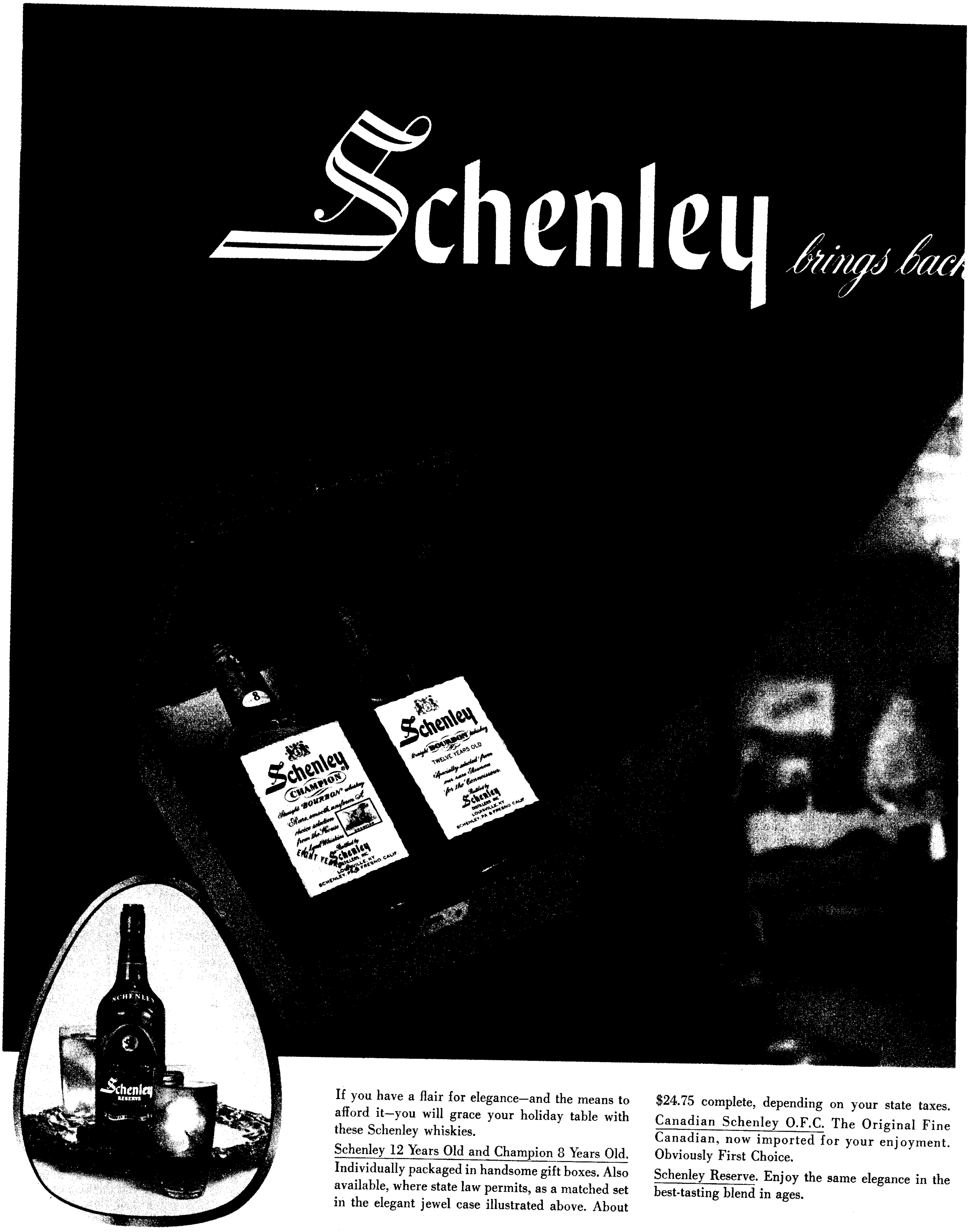
After a time I looked up slowly; in the leather chair before my desk Becky sat silently watching me. Very quietly, both asking her advice and thinking out loud, I said, "Suppose, just *suppose* there were a way—not to escape; there's no way to escape—but to make them take us somewhere else." I shrugged. "To the city jail, I guess. Suppose there were a way to do that?"

"What are you thinking of?"

"A way to gain time. A chance for Jack and Theodora to get back here with help," I said. I didn't want to



COLLIER'S ROBERT WEBER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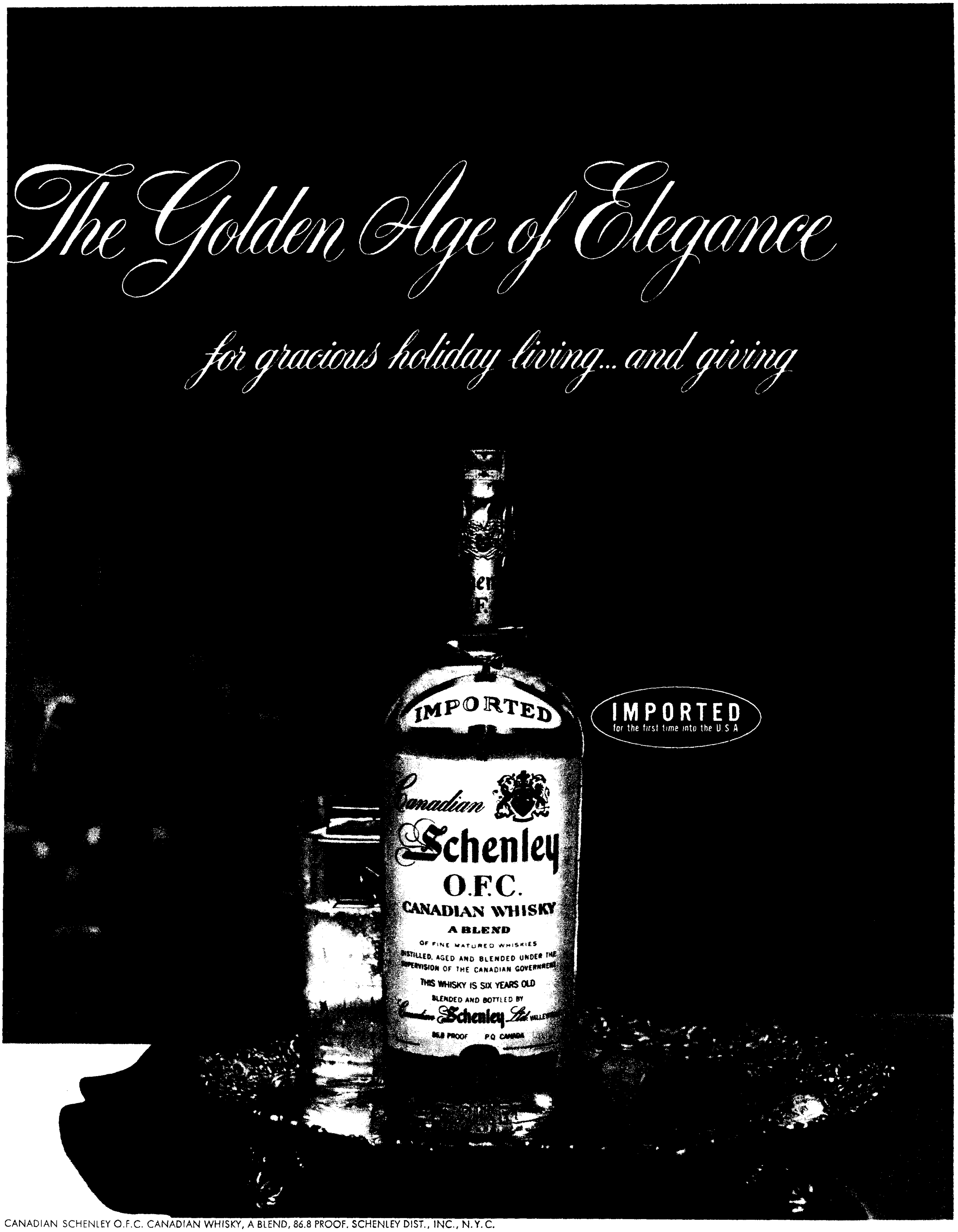
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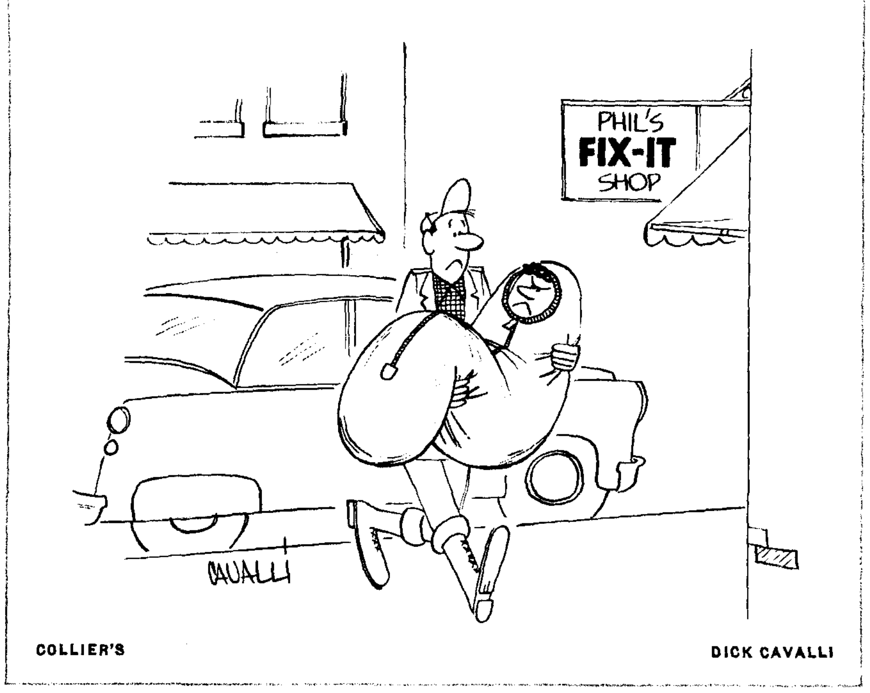


COLLIER'S DICK CAVALLI

admit to Becky that I was afraid the Belicecs might not have got out of Santa Mira, but from the expression in her eyes I knew she was thinking the same as I.

Becky said, "If they *did* transfer us to the jail, do you think you could hit them, knock them out unexpec—"

I was shaking my head. "We've got to think *real,* Becky; this isn't a movie, and I'm not a movie hero. No, I couldn't possibly handle four men; maybe not even one, tired as I am. I very much doubt that I could handle Mannie, and Chet Meeker could break me in two. Hell, I don't even know if we could make them take us out of here. Probably not."

"But supposing they do transfer us—~~we ought to have a plan, Miles.~~"

I shook my head. I was still trying to figure out why those two pods in the reception room were preparing, getting ready to duplicate the nearest life substance: cell and tissue, bone structure and blood. And that meant us, but we weren't lying quietly asleep, our body processes slowed down and defenseless. I glanced at Becky, perplexed. "Look," I said, "there must be a substitute here, something human that is making those two pods expend themselves."

BECKY frowned, wondering what I meant, and then it came to me. I reached out, opened the closet beside my desk and pointed at the two skeletons, male and female, that had once stood, on their old-fashioned mountings, in my father's office. "They *did* live!" Suddenly I was talking rapidly and excitedly, almost as though convincing Becky were all I needed to do. "They're bone structure—human, and absolutely complete! And if Budlong is right, the atoms that compose them are still held together by the very same sort of patterns of force lines that held them together in life, and that hold ours together now. There they are, ready, willing, and apparently able to be taken over, their patterns copied and reproduced instead of ours. Becky, we *can* gain some time! We *can* make them waste those pods out there!"

In absolute silence, infinitely careful never to bump the loose-swinging limbs against the closet walls, I lifted out the male skeleton, carried it to the locked reception-room door and laid it on the floor, face down so we wouldn't see that grinning mouth. Seconds later I laid the female skeleton beside it, and now they were only inches away from two great pods on the other side of the door.

We stood looking down at them for a moment; then I turned to the instrument cabinet at the wall and took out a 20-c.c. syringe. From a vein in Becky's forearm, I withdrew 20 c.c. of blood, and a moment later—quickly before the blood could clot—the collar and several rib bones of the female skeleton were streaked red. From my own arm I withdrew another 20 c.c. and bent quickly over the male.

"Miles, don't—*don't.*"

I looked up to see Becky shaking her head, eyes averted, but I didn't stop.

"Miles, *please;* I can't stand it—the way they look. *Please don't.*"

~~I turned~~ toward her. "All right. I don't know at all that it will do any good, except that it's just that much more living matter—" I let it go and didn't finish. But I left the figures on the floor as they were. Now there was nothing to do but wait.

We sat, Becky in the leather chair, I at my desk. Then Becky began speaking. Slowly, doubtfully, and pausing often to look at me questioningly, she described an idea, a plan that had occurred to her, a plan of attack in case this delaying tactic worked and we were released from this room for transfer to the jail.

I listened, and when she stopped, waiting for an answer, I smiled and nodded, trying not to look immediately discouraging. "Becky, it might—it probably would—work, as far as it goes. But I'd still end up struggling on the floor with two or three men on top of me."

"Miles, please! While you're fighting them, what do you *think I'm* going to be doing—cowering against a wall, hands raised to my face in horror?"

I smiled and nodded.

"And that's what they'll think too—the stereotype of the woman's role in that situation. And it's exactly what I *will* do—until I know they've seen and noticed me. Then I can do what *you* did. Why not?"

I tried to consider what she'd said, but Becky couldn't wait. "Why *not,* Miles, why *can't* I?" She paused for an instant, then said, "I can. You'll be beaten up; you'll have a bad minute or so, but then—why couldn't *it* work? Why couldn't this be the way to gain time until . . ." She stopped, afraid to mention the hope we were clinging to: that the Belicecs had escaped.

I was afraid. I didn't like this at all; this was a matter of life and death, and we were going at it in a spur-of-the-moment, improvising way. We had to *think* and be certain of what we were doing, take the time to be right, and know we were right. Yet now, like soldiers suddenly caught in enemy fire, the most important thinking of our lives had to be done on the spot and under terrible strain, with the penalty for anything less than perfection being death or worse. There was no *time* for more careful planning! We certainly couldn't sleep on it, I thought, and smiled with no amusement at the joke.

"Miles, come on!" Becky whispered. She was standing, reaching across the desk, yanking at my sleeve. "You don't know how much longer we have!"

THERE was a light tapping at the outer door of my office, and from the hallway outside I heard Mannie's voice, very soft and quiet.

"Miles?" he whispered.

I didn't answer. If he thought we were asleep, so much the better. Mannie's cautious whisper proved that *something* was happening to the pods.

He didn't call again; and now there was no guessing how much longer we'd be alone, how long we'd have before they discovered we'd tricked them. I *hated* what we were going to do, hated pinning hope on this one flimsy notion of Becky's, but certainly I couldn't think of anything else. "All right," I said, and stood up, walked to the little wall cabinet, and took out a wide roll of adhesive tape. At the instrument cabinet, I gathered up everything we needed; then, at my desk, I unbuttoned Becky's sleeves at her wrists, pushed back my own sleeves, and went to work.

It didn't take long—four minutes, maybe—and while I was pulling down my sleeves, Becky was buttoning the sleeves of her dress. Then she said, softly, "Miles, look!"

I turned to look, narrowing my eyes to make sure I was seeing it, and then I knew that I was. The yellow-white bones on the floor by the door looked—different. I can't say how, but they'd changed.

It may have been the color, though I couldn't be sure, but it was more than that, too. The sense of sight is more subtle than we're accustomed to think; we see more than we give ourselves credit for. We say, "I could tell by looking," and though sometimes we can't explain how that could be, it is usually true. Those bones had lost *hardness,* although I don't quite know what I mean by that, or how we could see it. Their form hadn't changed, but they'd lost some degree of rigidity or firmness—like an ancient wall of loosened bricks, its form still unchanged to the eye, but the mortar crumbling. Some strength had left the bones. Whatever was holding each bone together, giving it its form and shape, was weakening. And the eye could tell it.

Trying not to hope too much, ready for disappointment, not yet able to trust what I sensed, I stared. Then suddenly, in the flick of an eye, in the nearest figure on the floor—on a little inch-long segment of the ulna, one of the two bones of the forearm—a patch of gray appeared. Nothing more happened for the beat of a heart; then the patch lengthened, and continued to lengthen, extending in both directions, shooting out along the yellow-white bone. Then it was like an animated-cartoon sequence in which a picture is sketched

TRAPEZE ARTISTS

impossibly fast, the lines flashing out in all directions faster than the eye can follow. On both figures on the floor, the gray shot out along the bones, following their lines with enormous speed—the entire rib cage of one, in the flash of an eye. Then the bone-whiteness was gone, and for a suspended instant of time the two skeletons lay there, composed in perfect completeness of gray weightless fluff. The instant ended, and they collapsed—a puff of air would have done it—into a formless little heap of dust.

THE door of my office opened instantly, and the four men came in, hurrying, their faces utterly calm and composed, completely devoid of emotion. I looked past them, through the partly blocked door. There on the brown rug, yellow-white and reproduced in absolute perfection down to the last useless detail, lay two skeletons, red-daubed on the shoulders. Beside and under them, nearly unnoticeable on the rug, lay the brittle fragments of the two great pods.

Budlong said, "So that's what happened—you used substitutes. Very interesting."

"All right, Miles," Mannie said. "You've managed to waste these pods; but now we'll simply hold you in a cell till we can get others."

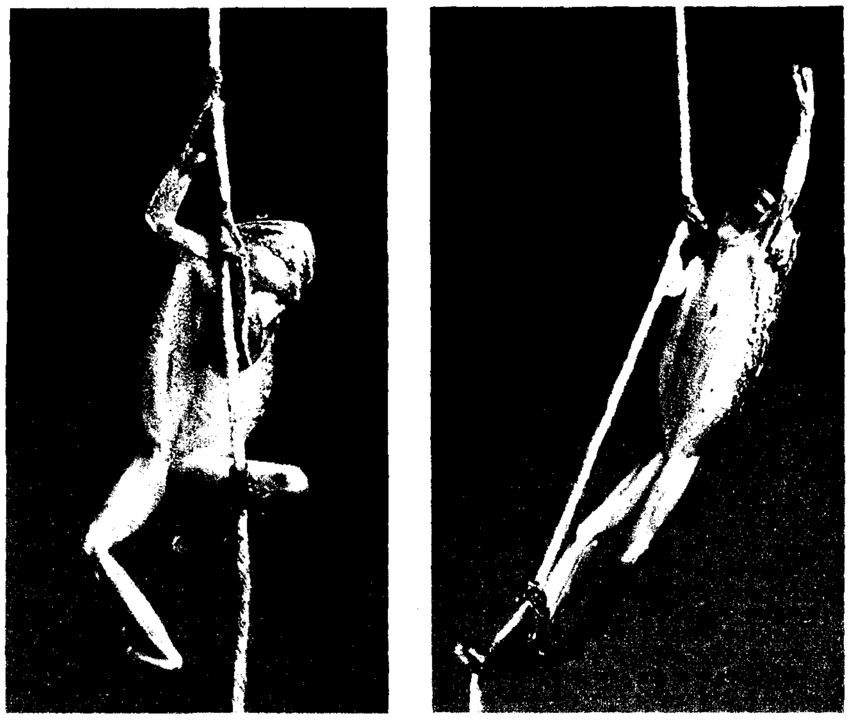
I just nodded, and we all went out then, into the building hallway. Mannie said, "We'll go down the fire stairs. The car's in back." And we walked along the hall to the fire door, then began filing down the staircase.

They had Chet Meeker and the little stout man first, Becky and me in the middle, Mannie and Budlong directly behind. There was no reason I could think of for waiting, and as we approached the first landing, I placed my palms together loosely before me, the thumb and forefinger of each hand sliding into the opposite sleeve. The fingers of each hand touched and pulled loose the strips of adhesive just above my cuffs. Then—and this was Becky's plan—each hand held a loaded hypodermic syringe.

Stepping onto the landing, beginning the turn to the next flight of stairs, the little stout man was on the inside, gripping the stair rail; and Chet Meeker swung out to walk beside him. I stepped suddenly forward, directly behind him, shoving Becky to one side with an elbow, flinging her into a corner of the landing. Both my hands shot instantly forward, hard and fast, the needles tight between my fingers, thumbs on the depressors, and I gave each man 2 c.c. of morphine in the great muscles of the buttocks.

They yelped and swung toward me as Mannie and Budlong leaped onto my back. I was smashed to the steel floor, gouging, kicking, using the needles as weapons. But four against one, they had me overpowered in seconds; both needles were kicked out of my hands, one ground to powder and glass fragments under a heel. They had one of my arms and both legs pinned tight, and I was wrenching and jerking my free arm, trying to keep them from pinning it. Becky—I saw it, and so did they—stood huddled in a corner against the brick walls, trying to keep clear of the struggling mass of men, the flying feet and arms. She cowered helplessly, eyes wide and frightened, both hands raised in horror to her open mouth.

Then, as I struggled, the sound of



Frogs do not ordinarily develop into trapeze artists, maybe because of a shortage of trapezes. Recently, Robert Hermes, a naturalist-photographer with a houseful of pets, was watching his pair of thumb-size tree frogs (*Hyla gratiosa*). Inspired by their amusing antics, he built them a makeshift trapeze. The show-offs shinnied up the strings, hung by their toes and did somersaults in the air. While their performance has little significance for zoologists, less for trapeze artists and absolutely none for frogs, it is very good for people—especially those who like to laugh

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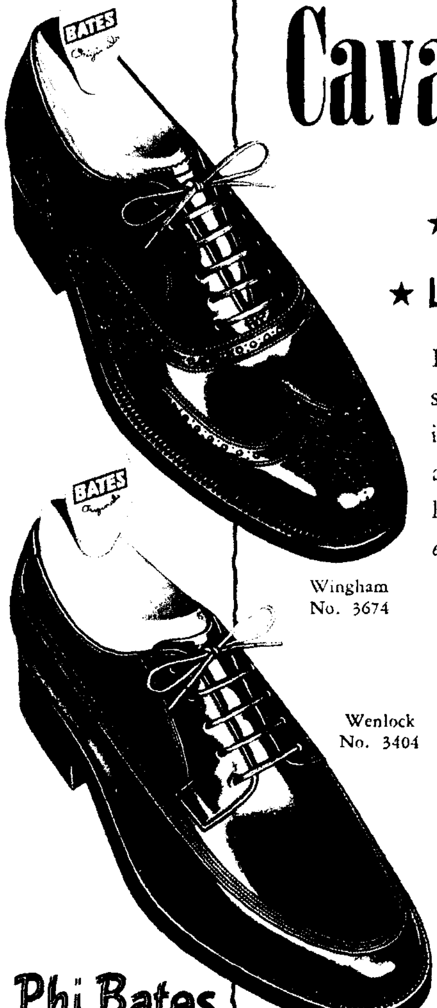

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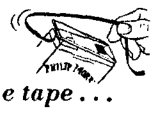
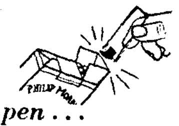
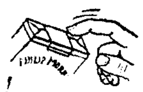

ZIP *the tape...*


SNAP *it's open...*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our panting and grunts loud and echoing, Becky's fingers—her hands still upraised, eyes still wide and astonished—flickered at the sleeves of her dress. She yanked both strips of adhesive loose, stepped forward suddenly—as Budlong and Mannie leaned over me, grabbing at my flailing arm—and plunged home both of the needles she held in her hands. Mannie straightened; I lay there motionless, and for a moment we all stood, knelt, or lay in a frozen tableau. They stared at Becky, then looked down at me.

"What are you doing?" Budlong said puzzledly. "I don't understand." Then I rolled to my knees, starting to rise, and they were on me again.

It's hard to say, it isn't easy to judge, how long we struggled there. But then Chet Meeker, kneeling on my arm, sighed gently, and toppled limply sideways onto the next flight of stairs, and rolled, slowly bumping each step, till his feet caught in the stair rails. They stared after him, and Mannie said, "Hey!" Then the little stout man, kneeling at my head, hands on my throat, let go, and dropped back, slumping against the wall in a sitting position, and sat there blinking at us.

BUDLONG looked down at me, his mouth opening to speak; then his knees bent, and he fell heavily onto the steel floor, muttering something I couldn't make out. Mannie had grabbed the railing with both hands, and now he bent over to lay his forehead on the backs of his clenched hands. After a few moments, he slowly knelt to the floor, then he fell face forward on the metal floor.

We ran, and in a minute, perhaps, we were at the back door of the building, pushing against it. Their car was locked, and I grabbed Becky's arm. Three seconds later we were climbing one of the packed-dirt paths that wound up into the Marin County hills. Then we were hidden by the straggling undergrowth and wild, tangled shrubbery.

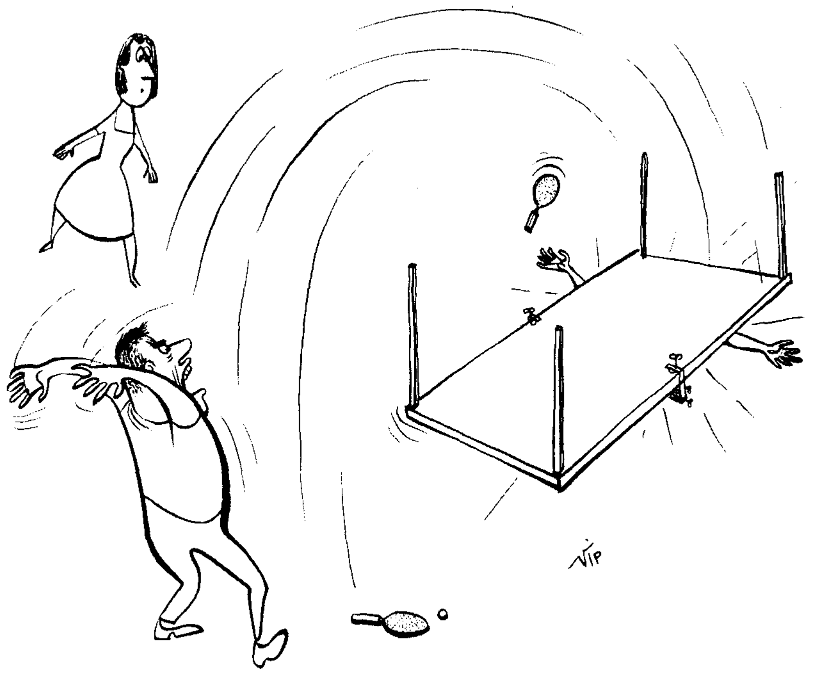
We had no chance; the string was nearly played out, and I knew it and didn't try to fool myself about it. I knew these paths and hills, every foot of them, but so did others, plenty of others. And between us and Highway 101—the passing cars and humanity from outside—lay over two miles of hills, paths, open field and farmland. Against any kind of search and pursuit at all, we couldn't get through and there was no place we could go into hiding to wait for outside help—if any was coming. Even as I was thinking so, the town fire signal began blasting the air, sounding very close, building a terrible sense of panicky excitement.

I knew men were already getting into cars, starting after us; I knew there were more and more pursuers with every blast of that ominous, terrible sound. Far ahead, men were leaving home to spread through these hills, hunting or waiting for us. The next few minutes were the last moments left in which we could even hope to stay unobserved.

Farther up the hill to our right, the underbrush dwindled and gave way to an exposed stretch of field, waist high with summer-browned weeds. Walking in that field, we'd be instantly visible to the first man or men to come over the hill's crest or step out from the underbrush below it. Yet to continue walking this path could only mean stepping into the arms of the men who would be prowling it within minutes.

Holding Becky by the arm, I stopped and stood in a panic of confused indecision, trying to make one of two hopeless choices. I turned suddenly, leading Becky, and we climbed the hill to the edge of the exposed, sunlit field of weeds that stretched on up to the crest. Stooping, my arms moving fast, I began yanking great handfuls of weeds loose, snapping their brittle stems, gesturing violently at Becky to do the same. Then we had, each of us, a huge armload of weeds, like sheaves of wheat. "Walk ahead," I said to Becky, "out into the field," and without question she moved, her body pushing through the weeds, leaving a swath of bent weeds trailing behind her.

I followed, sidling along, and with my free arm moving in a steady, scythelike sweep, I caught up the weeds we'd bent down, straightening them behind me as I walked. I moved fast, sweeping the bent weeds to an exactly upright position again; and when we'd gone twenty yards, I could see no visible trail behind us. In the center of the field now, I had Becky lie down, and then I lay down beside her. I scattered her armload of yellow weeds over us, covering us completely; then, as well as I could, I straightened the weeds around us, and propped those I carried on top of us, spreading them apart till they stood—leaning, sagging in places—in a more or less vertical position.



COLLIER'S **"That for ping-pong!"** VIRGIL PARTCH

EXACTLY what our hiding place would look like to an observer on the edge of the field, I didn't know; but with no trail leading to it, I could only hope it wouldn't be particularly noticeable. The middle of a wide and exposed field, apparently searchable at a glance, was, I hoped, a hiding place that wouldn't occur to anyone passing it. A hunter expects the fugitive to run.

We lay for a long time, motionless, terribly uncomfortable at first, then painfully uncomfortable, but never moving, never changing position. From time to time we heard voices, on the path near us and from farther away. Once—for a long, long time, it seemed, though it was probably no more than three to four minutes—we heard two men talking quietly, slowly climbing our hill, cutting through the field we lay in. Their voices drew nearer, steadily louder in volume as they approached; then they passed us, no more than thirty yards away. We could have heard clearly, I suppose, what they were saying, but I was too frightened and intent on guessing their progress to pay attention to the sense of their talk. Several times, very distantly, we heard automobile horns, series of short and long blasts in some sort of signal.

After a very long time we were cold, the damp and chill rising from the ground underneath us. The sun was low, time had passed, and I knew that we weren't going to be found, at least not here where we lay.

WE LAY there until full dark, and for the last long spell of it we were steadily shivering. I had to clench my teeth till my jaws ached to prevent my teeth from chattering. We talked a little, trying to comfort each other.

After a time—despairing, uncomfortable and afraid, needing to blame someone, anyone—I remembered the way Jack Belicec had seemed to stumble and stutter incoherently when he was making our appeal for help to the San Francisco FBI office. I was convinced now that he'd been stalling until the operator had time to realize what was happening and sabotage the call completely. He too was lost, caught and changed into something that was no longer Jack Belicec; perhaps it had happened while he was napping alone in his room the day before. At other moments, remembering how Jack and Theodora had led their pursuers away from us, I wasn't sure, and let myself hope that maybe he and Theodora had got through, that at any moment they'd arrive with help. But I didn't believe it; I couldn't.

We stood up, finally—stiffly, hardly able to get our feet—and I saw that with darkness there had come advantages and disadvantages. We couldn't be seen from even ten yards away—there was no moon at all—and now low broken stretches of fog, a real help, drifted low in the sky, and across the ground. But the moon would be rising very soon, and I knew that long before we could walk two miles, it would be well above the horizon. And long since, in the time we'd lain silent and motionless in this field, the search had undoubtedly been organized, the hunting party completed—every able-bodied man and woman in Santa Mira, for all I knew. And there was only one way we could get out: the way we now began walking, toward Highway 101. And *they* knew that, all of them, as well as we. We weren't going to get out; that was certain, and I understood it. We walked on through the dark as quietly as we could, Becky holding my arm, while I guided us by means of an occasional small landmark.

An hour passed; we'd come over a mile, encountering no one, hearing no one. An illusion of hope began to grow in me, and I began visualizing Becky and me reaching the highway and running onto it, stopping traffic suddenly, bunching it up, brakes squealing—twenty or a hundred cars deep, bumper to bumper, and filled with real and living people.

We kept on, covering another half mile in another half hour. Then we were moving down the gentle slope of the final hill, toward the wide strip of farmland between us and the highway; and in the little valley at our feet, we could see the fences and fields. Just below and a little to the left lay Art Gessner's farmhouse, dark and unlighted, and his fields, neatly ruled off by the thin lines of his irrigation ditches. In the nearest field I could see something I'd never seen grow there before. Paralleling the ditches lay row after row of what looked like cabbages or pumpkins, though neither were grown here, not in this area. There were fairly round spheres, dark circular blobs in the faint moonlight, lying in long evenly spaced rows—and then I knew what they were, and Becky, beside me, drew in a sudden sharp breath. There lay the new pods, already as large as bushel baskets and still growing—hundreds of them in the dim even light of the moon.

The sight terrified me, and I hated to go on, to walk down there and through them—but we had to. Now we sat down, waiting till once more the fog drifted over the face of the moon; I wanted to cross this field in as near to pitch darkness as possible.

WE WERE both tired, exhausted in spite of all the Benzedrine we'd been taking. We sat slumped, staring dully at the ground, waiting till the fog should darken the moon completely. I realized, suddenly, what would happen; now I understood why we'd got as far as we had, encountering no one. There had been no point in scattering their strength through the miles of territory we had crossed, trying to find us in the darkness. Instead, they were simply waiting for us, hundreds of silent figures bunched together in a solid line, hidden in the fields between us and the highway we had to approach. Presently we would have to walk into their waiting arms and hands.

But I told myself this: there is always a chance. Men have escaped from the most tightly guarded prisons other men could contrive. War prisoners have walked hundreds of miles through a population of millions, every one of them his enemy. We had to count on sheer luck; a momentary gap in the line at just the right instant, a mistake in identity made in the darkness. Until the very moment we were caught, there was always a chance.

And then I saw that we didn't dare take even what little chance we might have had to cross that field. A low swirl of fog edged off the face of the moon, and again I saw the pods, row after row of them, lying evil and motionless at our feet. If we were caught, what about these pods? We had no right to walk on and be caught, no right to waste ourselves! We were here—with the pods—and even though it

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was hopeless, even though it made capture an absolute certainty, we had to use ourselves against these pods. If there was any luck to be had, *this* was how it had to be used.

A minute passed before the bank of fog moved across the face of the moon. Then, once again, it was dark, and we stood and walked silently down the hill, into the monstrous field. The nearest building was the barn, and I hurried Becky toward it, occasionally brushing the dry brittle surfaces of the great pods, stepping over the irrigation ditches between the rows.

I FOUND great metal drums of tractor gas just inside the open door of the barn, lined up along the wall on the dirt-packed floor. Suddenly excitement and hope flared up in me; new strength came to me. This was futile, of course—there were hundreds of pods—but the chance to make a stand is always the one to take. I shook two Benzedrine tablets into Becky's hand, took a couple myself, and we choked them down. Then Becky helped me tip the first drum onto its side. It took me ten minutes, prowling that barn, lighting one match after another, but at last I found a rusted wrench up on one of the low rafters. Then we rocked the big metal drum, got it rolling, and trundled it out through the doorway and down to the nearest of the irrigation ditches. I wedged the drum in place—the hexagonal metal plug over the edge of the ditch—with a clod of dirt, and left it.

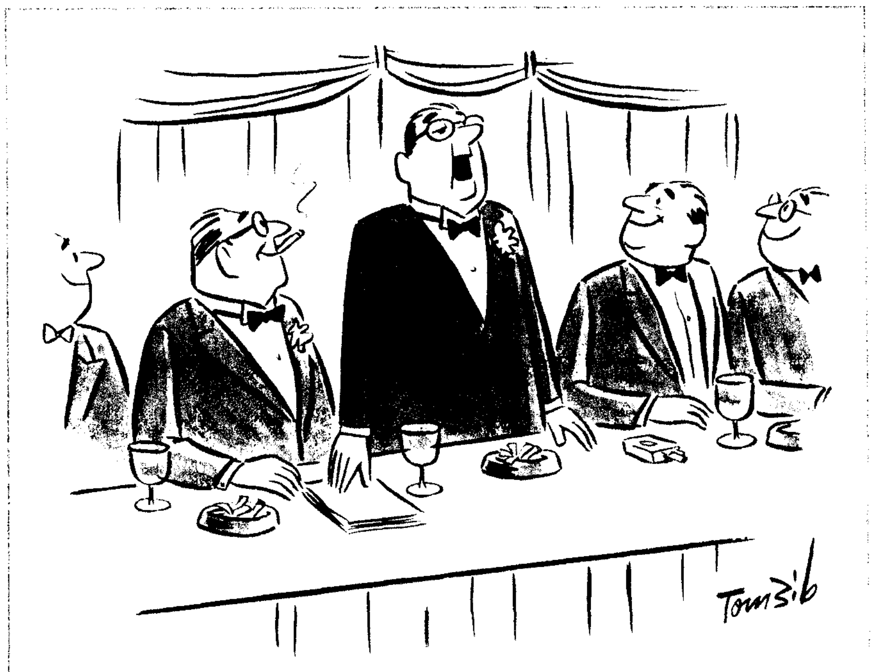
Presently six drums of low-test farm gasoline lay side by side at the head of the irrigation ditches, and the first one was already empty, its contents flowing down through the field. Ten minutes passed; we simply sat there, silently. Then the flow from the last of the drums ceased, except for a slow dripping sound, and I knelt beside the open ditch, the sharp fumes of gasoline stinging at my eyes. I lighted a match, dropped it into the slow-flowing gas, and it promptly went out. I lighted another, and this time brought it slowly down, till the bottom edge of flame touched the shiny surface; I could see my face reflected in the pool. The flame caught, a little flicker of blue that grew into a circle, tiny for a moment, then swelling. And then it flared, and the flame—red spikes mixing with the blue now—moved down the ditch, widening to its edges. In another instant it began to race, and I ran back to the far corner of the barn where Becky was, shielded and in the shadows.

The heat grew, the flames began to make a liquid crackle, and then reddened and shot suddenly high, and the black smoke began to roll. From our hiding place, we watched the line of flame, climbing in height, running down the field in parallel lines, shooting down connecting ditches with a subdued roaring sound, and the black silhouettes of the pods were suddenly sharp against the smoky red flame. A first pod burst into a torch of pale, almost incandescent flame, the smoke white; then a second burst, a third, a fourth and fifth together, then more and more. And now the soft explosive puffs of pods bursting into flame came steadily as a clock tick, one after another down the rows, flaring into mushrooming incandescence. And then, over the roar of the fire, we heard the sound of hundreds of voices moving toward us through the night.

For perhaps a minute I had thought we had won, but then the gasoline—only six drums of it flowing into that great field—burned out. One after another the racing red lines of flame slowed and stopped, dwindling wherever the last trickles of gasoline were flowing into the ground. The rows of burning torches still glowed, but the flames were redder, the white smoke increasing, and no new pods were catching. The flames—twelve and fourteen feet high at their peak—were suddenly only waist-high, sinking rapidly, and the red lines of fire—once solid and bright—were broken. At almost the same moment, the flames, which had covered perhaps half an acre, subsided to flickering inch-high tongues; and it was then, the moon brightly lighting the countryside, that we saw the hundreds of figures advancing upon us.

They hardly touched us; there was no anger, no emotion in them. Stan Morley, the jeweler, simply laid a hand lightly on my arm, and Ben Ketchel stood beside Becky, in case she should try to run. The others, gathering around us, looked at us without curiosity.

I started to move over toward Becky, but they closed in around us both, keeping us apart. I tried to reassure



"I'm happy to announce that our main speaker will relinquish his time so that we may adjourn to the bar . . ."

COLLIER'S TOM ZIB

her with a look, but it was no use. She was too exhausted even to care. Then I noticed that the ones who had captured us seemed to have no plan, and I looked around for Mannie Kaufman or Budlong, who were, I guessed, their leaders. Neither of them was in this group. But I suspected that they would arrive soon, and that then Becky and I would probably be given drugs and left bound in a room with two of the pods.

There was a nightmare quality to the scene—these passive, inexorable beings holding us captive, yet not seeming to menace us. And then we heard the roar of several cars coming down the highway, and the squeal of tires as they turned off the highway and came up the lane toward the barnyard. Our captors turned expectantly, shoving Becky and me toward whoever had arrived.

There were three cars, and they had barely come to a stop when the doors were flung open and men piled out of them. In the lead was Jack Belicec, carrying a pistol; others had riot guns, and two of the men carried small, light, almost dainty-looking machine guns.

You can't arrest a town, and no one tried. Almost silently, with only occasional words of direction, or brief gestures, the quiet, dead-eyed townspeople were bunched and then moved on up the hill we had come from, back toward their town. No one argued, no one resisted, no one even seemed to care. Emotionless, empty, they did as they were told, as unmoved in defeat as they had been moments before in apparent victory.

Jack stood beside us, telling us excitedly how the flaming gasoline had guided him and the FBI to us, and how the FBI had intercepted the people trying to take pods to other towns. I held Becky tight, an arm around her shoulder, and I bent toward her now, to speak. Then the vast low murmur of hundreds of voices sounded again, and I glanced up to see the straggling mob, halfway up the hillside, stop, all of them, and turn to stare. The murmur stopped abruptly then, and the ragged line of motionless figures stood silent, their faces raised in the moonlight to the sky.

NOW I followed their gaze, and in the clear, even light of the moon I saw what they'd seen. The white, foggy sky above us was peppered with dots. A great awesome swarm of dark, circular blobs was ascending slowly and steadily into the vast moonlit sky. A last trail of fog left the face of the moon, and the sky lighted up with a luminous, even light. I watched the great pods—the field they had come from almost empty now—steadily rising. Then the last few of the pods still on the ground actually moved, leaning to one side to snap the brittle stems that held them. Then they rose with the others, and we watched the great swarm, slowly diminishing in size, never touching or bumping, climb higher and higher into the sky and the space beyond it.

Quite simply—I knew this instantly, with the undeniable force of revelation—the great pods were leaving a fierce and inhospitable planet. And a wave of terrible exultation, so violent it left me trembling, swept through my body; for now I knew what we had done in simply refusing to give up. Others too, I felt sure, had stumbled and blundered onto what had been happening in Santa Mira; we couldn't possibly have been the only ones. And I knew that they, too, had fought. Some had lost, some had won, but I knew all had fought as we had, whether with fire and gasoline-contaminated ground, or simply with spirit, and a phrase from a wartime speech of Churchill's suddenly came to my mind: We shall fight them in the fields, and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender. True then for one people, it was true always, and for the whole human race, and I understood now that nothing in the whole vast universe could ever defeat us. And I knew that Becky and I had provided the final demonstration of that unchangeable fact.

I watched the pods climb into the night sky and wondered: Did this incredible alien life "think" or "know"? Probably not, but it had finally sensed, and with certainty, that this planet and race would never receive them. Santa Mira, then the county? California, the West, and then the continent, and the world? It wasn't possible, and it never had been.

Survival was the pods' driving force, Budlong had said—and now, to survive, they lifted and rose, climbing through the faint mist, drifting across the white face of the moon, on and out toward the space they had come from. Then, with Jack and the silent men who had joined us, Becky and I turned toward the highway, away from that barren field.

IT NEVER got into the newspapers, this particular story. Drive across Golden Gate Bridge into Marin County today, make your way to Santa Mira, California, and you'll simply see a town, shabbier and more run-down than most others—but not startlingly so. The people, some of them, may seem to you listless and uncommunicative, and the town may impress you as unfriendly. You'll see more houses empty and for sale than can quite be accounted for; the death rate here is higher than the county average, and sometimes it's hard to know just what to write down on a death certificate. Around certain farms west of town, clumps of trees, patches of vegetation, and occasional farm animals sometimes die from no apparent cause.

But, all in all, there's nothing much to see in—or say about—Santa Mira. The empty houses are filling quickly—it's a crowded county and state—and there are new people, most of them young and with children, in town. There's a young couple from Nevada living next door to Becky and me, and another, from Arizona, just across the street in the old Greeson place. In a few years Santa Mira will seem no different from any other small town. In five years, perhaps less, it will be no different. And what once happened here will have faded into final unbelievability.

Even now—so soon—there are times, and they come more frequently, when I'm no longer certain in my mind of just what we did see, or of what really happened here. I think it's perfectly possible that we didn't correctly interpret everything that happened, or that we thought had happened. I don't know, I can't say; the human mind exaggerates and deceives itself. And I don't much care. We're together, Becky and I, for better or worse.

But this much I know: once in a while, the orderly, immutable sequences of life *are* inexplicably shifted and altered. You may read occasional queer little stories about them, or you may hear vague distorted rumors of them, and you probably dismiss them. But—some of them—*some* of them—are quite true.

—JACK FINNEY

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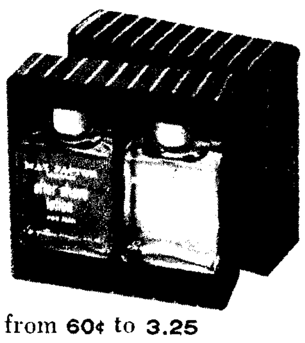

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Walking Out

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

softball team—he pitched, of course, and had a strong inclination to go after ground balls that the shortstop could have got—and on Thursday afternoon, following retreat, we had our first game. It was against a team made up of cooks, bakers and mess personnel. Any wearing apparel—either civilian or military—was approved for sports activity, and I wore an old gabardine flying suit. The colonel showed up in British army shorts, a red sweat shirt with *Lefty* stenciled on it in white, and a green eye-shade and golf shoes. It was the only time I saw him exhibit any eccentricity in his dress, except when he flew. Then, instead of wearing the white plastic helmet that we all wore, the colonel wore an old flak helmet from World War II. It had *Lefty* stenciled on it too. That afternoon we finally beat the cooks and bakers in a thirteen-inning game—23 to 22.

Colonel Blakely liked to dance. After he became commanding officer we had a hop at the Officers Club every Friday night. The colonel was always the first to arrive and the last one to leave, and he danced every dance. His taste in drinks ran to trick concoctions that had cream and *crème de menthe* and cognac and what not in them. He liked the old songs too.

Major Herbert Langlois had been assigned the additional duty of squadron executive. He got to know the colonel pretty well.

"You know what he told me?" Langlois said one night at a hop. "He told me that every night he reads from the Bible. He said that he's always got great consolation from it, and from Shakespeare."

I had never known anyone who read any more Shakespeare than he had to.

"He told me he's glad to be back in the States because he said that nowhere in the world can you find anything to equal an American girl, not even France. That's why he was so glad to come back to the States. He wants to find a girl who'll make a good mother, and marry her. You know, I think I like him."

"Oh, I like him," I said. "I just don't want to get on the wrong side of him."

"Well, his father was a general and his grandfather too," Langlois said. "All that West Point hooey was bred into him."

I thought that when my wife's older sister came out for Thanksgiving I would certainly have her meet the colonel. She's twenty-eight and she works in the library part of the New York Historical Society. She would probably make a pretty good mother for the colonel's children. They could all sit around at night and read Shakespeare and discuss it. But I never got the chance to introduce them. By the time Thanksgiving came we weren't around any more.

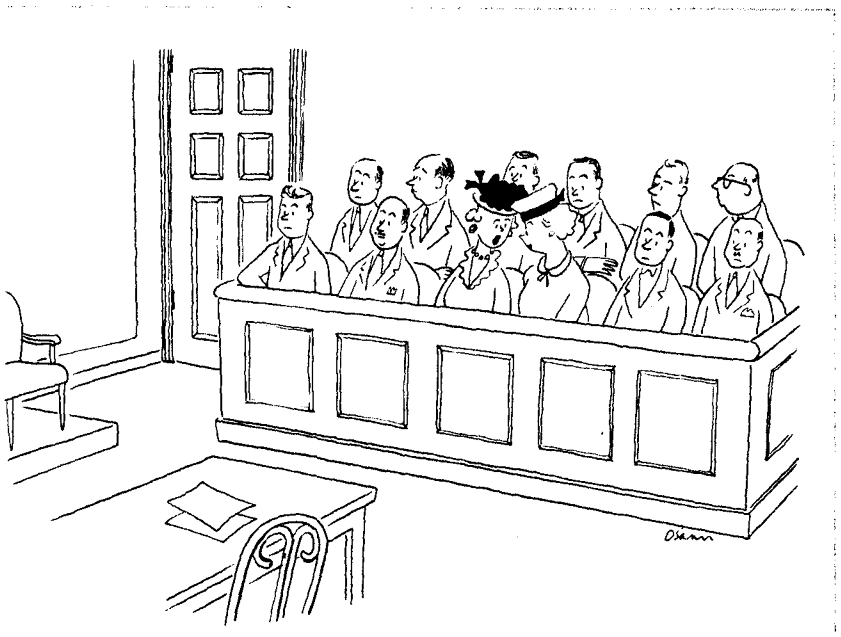
ONE morning in September, I went into Operations and a lieutenant in a soiled summer uniform was leaning against the counter scratching his left ankle with the toe of his right shoe. I had never seen him before. He was tall and slightly stooped and his hair needed cutting. The bar had been lost from his collar and a ribbon for the D.F.C. was pinned at an awkward angle above his pocket. He was about twenty-two.

"Say, Captain, could you tell me where to go?" he asked.

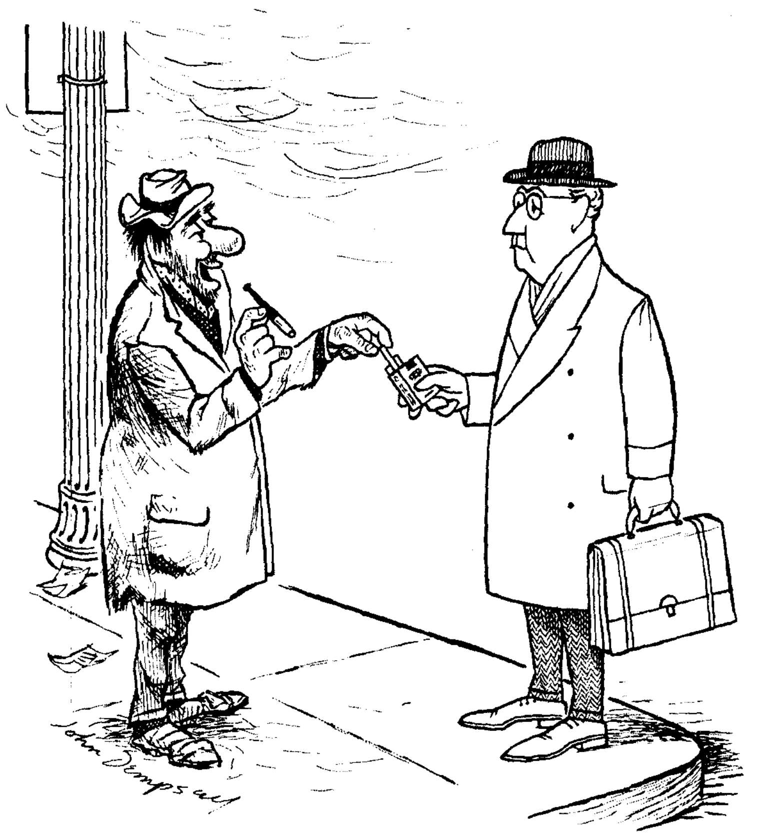
"Temporary duty or permanent assignment?"

"Oh, it's permanent," the lieutenant said. "I've got my orders here somewhere." He began to hunt through his pockets, pulling out a dirty handkerchief and half a chocolate bar in a torn wrapper. "Well, I guess I've lost them. They were in an envelope."

"You're standing on an envelope."



COLLIER'S "The main thing is not to let ourselves be fooled by the evidence" KATE OSANN



COLLIER'S "Thank you, sir. And you wouldn't have a clean filter on you, would you?" JOHN DEMPSEY

He bent down to pick it up and his shirttail came out of his trousers. He held the envelope out to me. "You want this, Captain?" It had the large dirty mark of his shoe sole on it.

"You give those to the adjutant," I told him.

"Where's he?"

I pointed out the flagpole just in front of headquarters, and the lieutenant thanked me and told me that his name was William L. Williams, Jr., and that he was from San Bernardino, California.

"I'm sure glad to be here," he said. "All my life I've wanted to go swimming in Salt Lake. I've never been able to float. I think my specific gravity must be greater than the specific gravity of an equal volume of water. Everyone says that's impossible, but I am practically solid bone. I've often thought I'd like to get stationed around Salt Lake so I could find out how it feels to float. Tell me, Captain, is Salt Lake really everything they say?"

"I don't know," I said. "I've never been."

Williams stared at me fixedly. "I'll bet you're a married man," he said.

"Yes, we have two children."

"First chance we get we'll take your wife and kids and go swimming in Salt Lake," Williams said. "Your kids ought to love it. And we can have a picnic. I sure like picnics."

"You aren't married?" I asked.

"No, I don't think a man should marry until he's about thirty. Then he should marry a young girl who's eighteen or nineteen. That would give him the advantage of age and there'd be fewer arguments. He'd just tell her what to do and she'd do it because she respected him. Anyway, I won't get married until I've got my degree from MIT. Someday I'm going to design and build aircraft."

"Listen, this is a pretty GI post," I said. "Stick your shirttail in and go to the PX and get another bar for your collar. You'll meet the colonel when you go into headquarters, and he's tough. He's court-martialed majors for being out of uniform."

"Aw, he'll never court-martial me."

"Think you're too tough?"

"I just know his kind, that's all," the kid said. "I was an Army brat. I know all their dirty tricks."

Willie Southerland told me later about the first meeting between Lieutenant Williams, Jr., and the colonel. Willie's desk was right outside Colonel Blakely's office and when Williams went in to report to the old man the door was open.

"I put in a request that you be assigned here, you know," the colonel said. "Your father was in the service before you, and you were raised in the Army. I find that men of your background make excellent officers."

"Well, I don't plan to make a career of it."

"But you had an excellent combat record in Korea."

"And I'd just as soon forget about it too," Lieutenant Williams, Jr., said.

"Why, you were awarded the D.F.C. for you heroism. That is something you should never forget. You are one of this nation's finest young men. Now, tell me about the action for which you were awarded the D.F.C."

"No, sir. I can't do that," Williams said. "That's something I swore I'd never talk about. Anyway it's all written down in my two-oh-one file somewhere. You can read it if you feel you absolutely have to, but I wish you'd wait until I leave the room."

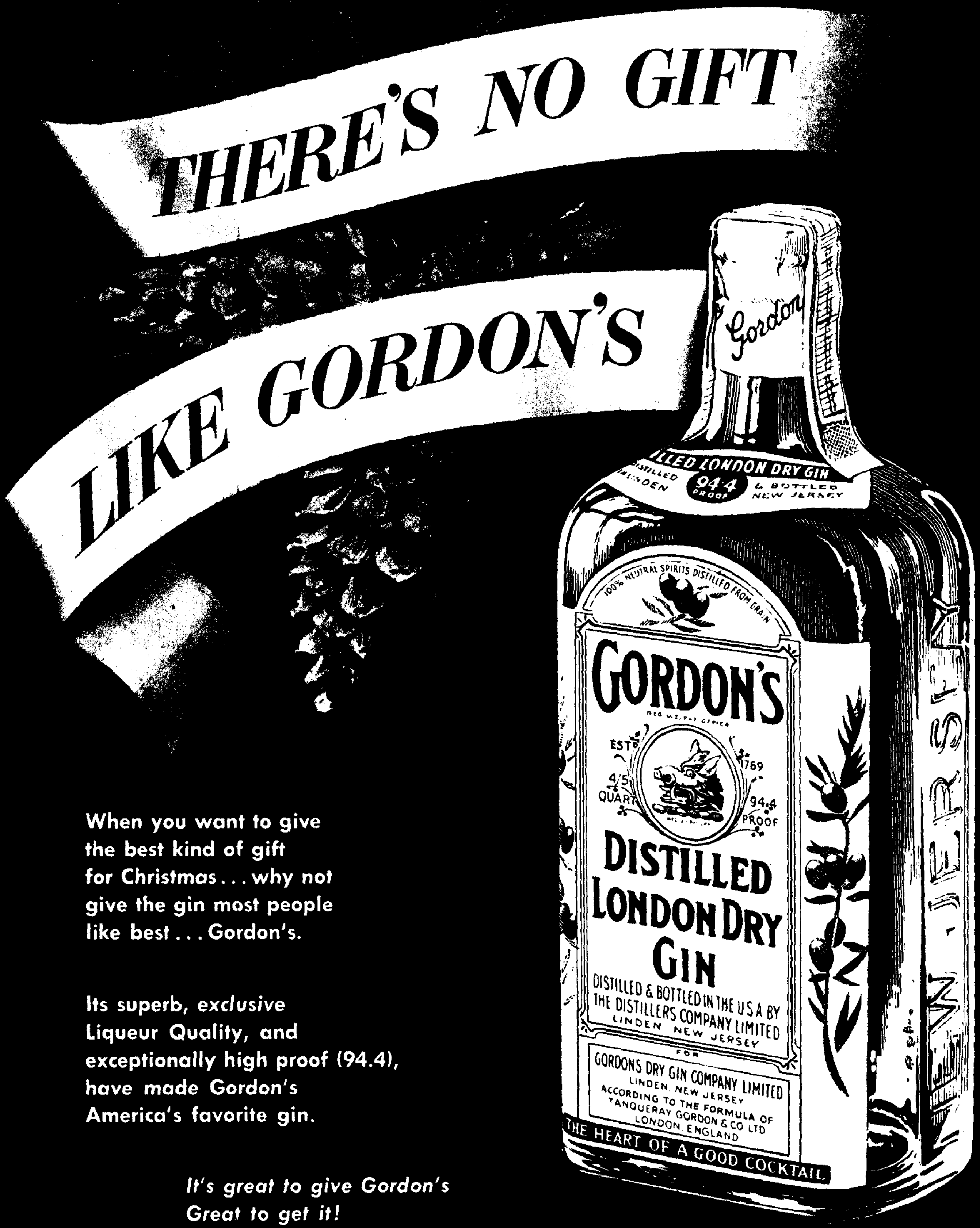
SITTING outside the office door, Willie Southerland heard the rustle of some papers and the shuffle of feet as the colonel slowly read the citation.

"Why, this is one of the most stirring reports I have ever read," the colonel said, and his voice sounded as if he had been genuinely moved. "Lieutenant, you are far too modest."

"Colonel, I am not far too modest," Williams said. "I am just plain ashamed of myself."

There was a silence after that. Willie Southerland could not see into the office, of course, but he knew that the lieutenant was standing there and the colonel was staring at him with his pale-gray eyes.

"In my entire career I have never met anyone like you," the colonel said finally. "While you were speaking, it crossed my mind that perhaps you were mentally unbalanced. But I dismissed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that as unworthy of a young man who flew literally into the jaws of death."

"Oh, no," Williams moaned. "The jaws of death."

There was a longer silence after that.

"From the appearance of your uniform you have evidently made a long journey by train or bus," the colonel said. "However, there is no excuse for your going about without the proper insignia."

"I tried to buy a lieutenant's bar at the PX, but the girl wouldn't sell it to me. She said how did she know I was a lieutenant?"

"I said you have no excuse," the colonel said. "The only answer you can give to that is that you have no excuse. Now say: Sir, I have no excuse."

In a low voice Williams said, "Sir, I have no excuse."

"I am proud of every man in my squadron," the colonel said. "And every man in my squadron is proud of me. We're all proud of one another here. I won't have an outfit full of cranks who go around bellyaching about the Old Man behind my back. If anyone hates me I want him to come right in here and tell me to my face."

There was a pause, then the colonel said, "You will answer me, Lieutenant, by saying yessir."

"Yes, sir," Williams said thickly.

"When we work in this outfit we work hard, Lieutenant, and when we play, we play hard too. When I give an order it's to be obeyed instantly. Acquire the correct insignia of your grade immediately upon leaving this headquarters and wear it in the proper fashion at all times. Also, the ribbon for the D.F.C. is not pinned parallel to the seam of the top of your left breast pocket. Affix it correctly or do not wear it at all."

"Yes, sir."

"Friday nights we have a hop at the club. Many of the officers are married and their wives attend. Frequently the bachelor officers invite young ladies from the town. I'm sure that you shall when you become acquainted."

"Sir, I don't dance," Williams said.

"Then we will have someone teach you," the colonel said. "Dancing develops grace and poise. It is excellent for the posture. I notice you have an unfortunate tendency to slump. You will correct that. Very well, you're dismissed."

Willie Southerland said that when Williams came out of the office there was a dark perspiration stain on his shirt between his shoulder blades, and that his face was strained and angry-looking.

"I'll show you your quarters," Willie Southerland said.

When they went outside of headquarters Williams stopped for a moment and unpinned the D.F.C. ribbon on his shirt. He threw it as hard and as far as he could. It fell into a ditch beside the road. After that none of us ever saw him wear it again.

THAT afternoon I rapped on the door of Williams' quarters, and then stuck my head in. A B-4 bag was open on the bed and he was standing beside it, removing his clean shirts and tossing them over his shoulder in the direction of a chest of drawers.

"What the hell did you do to the colonel, kid? I told you he was GI."

Williams stuck his hands into his pockets. "I swore I wouldn't talk about it, and I'm not going to."

"About the D.F.C.? Why not?"

"Look; I'm ashamed of it. Haven't you ever been ashamed of anything? I just don't *want* to talk about it."

"What've you got to be ashamed of, kid?"

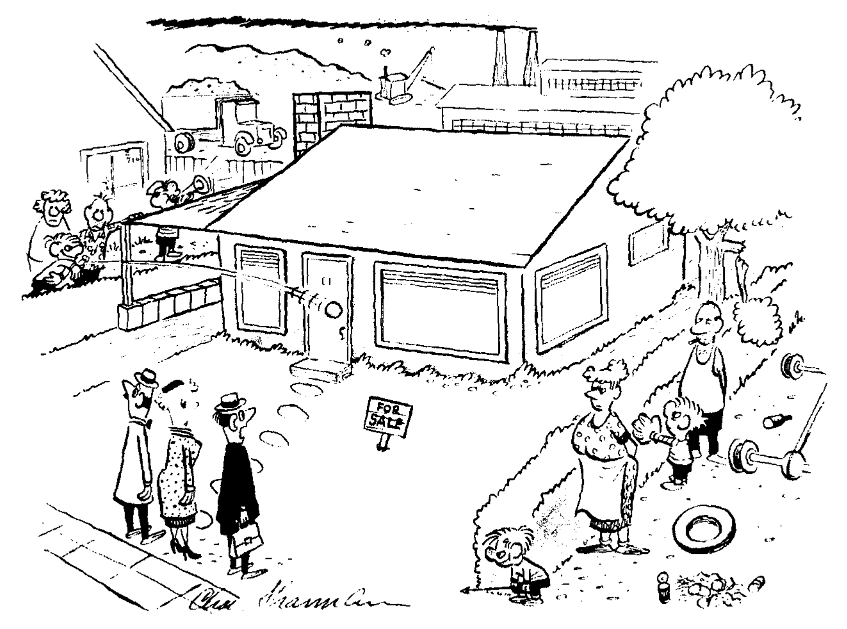
He started walking back and forth. "Look. There was a truck tunnel up in the mountains. The Commies used to bring supplies down through it. We saw it every time we went to shoot up the supply lines. The tunnel was heavily defended. Some joker got the bright idea of bombing the tunnel, knocking it out. The only way to do that was to go in low and skip a bomb inside each end. Well, two of us were going to do that while the rest of the squadron strafed the flak gunners. I went in and skipped a bomb in my end and pulled away. Then I saw they'd got the other guy before he'd had a chance. So I flew down and sealed up the other end too. It was a damn' stupid chance to take, but I liked the other guy. I guess I got excited."

"But what're you ashamed of?"

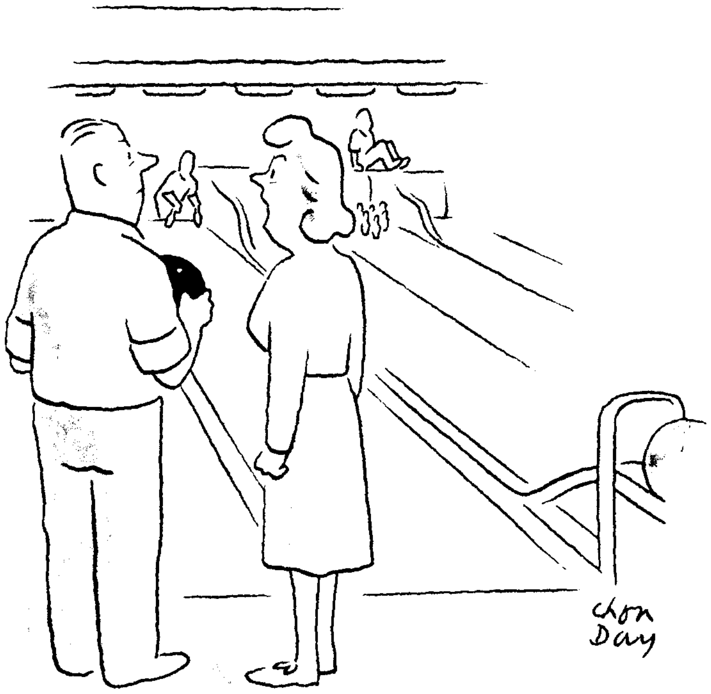
"After we got home the I.O. tells us there was a troop convoy hiding in the tunnel. A thousand troops trapped in there. They tried to dig them out but they couldn't. A thousand guys dead from two lousy bombs."

"Is *that* all you're ashamed of?"

Williams threw up his hands and turned away from me. "I knew you wouldn't understand. I knew it. No-



COLLIER'S "Now here's a nice place. . . . Practically never been lived in!" CHAS. SHARMAN



"The first time I get a strike and you want to cheat me out of it just because the ball went into the wrong alley!"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

body understands. They put my picture in the paper and said I was a hero. When I got home my mother said I should get my hair cut. Why? Because they wanted to put my picture in the paper again, and she wanted me to have a new picture taken just for that. It makes me sick."

"Nobody made you join the Air Force, kid."

"Do you think I wanted to get drafted into the stinking Infantry? Ever since I was a little kid I've been around the Army; I used to hear my old man tell stories about the war—and laugh. Well, I'm not that kind of a guy. I *had* to join the Air Force. If they'd drafted me into the Infantry I'd have lost my mind doing all that hup-who-hwree stuff."

"Well, it was either you or them, wasn't it, kid?"

"Then in that case it should've been me," Williams said. "A thousand guys dying in that lousy cave. You got any idea exactly how much suffering that caused? You figure half of them had parents. That's another thousand people involved. And half of them had wives and a couple of kids. That's fifteen hundred more. Maybe I made as many as four thousand people suffer because I dropped those two bombs. Think about those kids, how different their miserable lives are going to be without any fathers. Probably in China you're an old bag by the time you've had a couple of kids and you couldn't find anybody else *to* marry you."

"Kid, I don't mean to insult you. But did you talk to the psychiatrist?"

"The psychiatrist?" Williams said. He suddenly turned around and pulled up his shirt. "Look at that. Eczema. All over my back. It almost drove me nuts before they gave me stuff to put on it. You know what the psychiatrist said? I'm doing that to prevent myself from sitting back and flying."

Williams shoved his shirt back into his trousers. "When I got home you know what I'd do? Every night I'd wake up screaming and yelling. I was dreaming about those guys in that cave. So I told the psychiatrist. He said sure, it was a natural reaction to the experience I'd been through. He told me not to worry about myself."

"Everybody has battle dreams, kid. It must be natural."

"What's so natural about it? Listen, if that's natural then I don't want any part of nature. I still dream about it. Maybe once a week now, not as much as I used to."

"Then you're getting better. Soon you won't dream about it at all."

"Oh, don't tell me that," Williams said. "I never want to get to that point. That's too depraved. I should always remember what I've done." He flopped down in a chair by the window. "It's not that I don't like flying, Captain," he said after a moment. "I told you I want to design aircraft someday. I don't care about anything else. Just let me fiddle around with an engine and I'm happy. You should've seen the shop I used to have at home. I could make anything."

Down on the line somebody started turning over a jet. We both sat there and listened to it. I couldn't think of anything else to say to him.

IN OCTOBER we received orders to proceed to West Germany. They came through on a Thursday afternoon and the movement was classified secret. It took us completely by surprise. According to our orders we were to leave no later than the next morning.

That afternoon I was in the ready room taking my gear out of my locker and checking it over when Williams came in. He had heard about the orders, I think, because he had a funny look on his face. He sat down on the bench beside me, but he didn't say anything.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" I said. I can't stand for anyone to go around pulling a long face when there's nothing you can do about a situation. I was upset myself.

The orders meant I had to leave the moving of what household effects we had to my wife. She and the kids

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would have to go back to her father's again.

"You don't remember," he said. "I thought we were going on a picnic at Salt Lake. And take your kids. They sure would've had a big time. I guess I never will know how it feels to float."

For the first time I realized how lonely Williams must have been in Utah. The colonel had been hard on the kid. Williams was a quiet type, always wandering around with a book under his arm. But the colonel had complained about that—it was not dignified for an officer to carry anything. Williams had worked with his crew chief on his own plane, too, until the colonel had reminded him that coveralls were not the proper uniform. All the time we'd been in Utah, Williams had not attended one hop. He didn't go with girls because of his philosophy of late marriage for males, and he didn't drink and he didn't play poker. Every night he'd been in the sack at nine o'clock.

"Wait'll we get to Germany, kid," I said. "We'll go sight-seeing. They've got some terrific scenery there."

"Well, I've always been nuts about scenery," he said, but somehow he sounded sad.

HE SLAMMED his locker door. The latch didn't catch and the door bounced open again. He kept slamming it, but not because he wanted the door shut. It was like he was punching the light bag. He almost drove me crazy before he stopped. "I'm going to the PX and get some gum," he said.

"Just a minute, I'll go with you."

I put everything back in my locker and we went outside and started walking along the hangar line. The kid was walking with his head down and his hands in his pockets, kicking his feet. Suddenly he stopped and looked up.

"Listen."

I heard it too. "It's in the pattern," I said. "You see it? It's going to land."

The DC-3 was painted white with blue trim. It had an NC number. I couldn't see any other markings. It touched down and taxied down the runway past us. The OD and two Air Force police went tearing after it in a jeep.

"Must've had trouble," Williams said. "I wonder what? Both props were turning over."

We had started walking again and he was looking back at the DC-3. "Anybody getting out?" I asked.

"Just some girl."

I bought a couple of cartons of cigarettes at the PX. Williams had to go to a different counter to buy chewing gum, one next to a row of telephone booths. There was a small crowd of enlisted men standing around the booths. They all had on fatigues and they looked as if they had just come up from the line. That was unusual. The line personnel did not ordinarily frequent the PX during duty hours. The colonel had forbidden it.

I had stopped at the counter beside Williams before I saw the girl, there were so many enlisted men around. The girl was sitting in one of the telephone booths with the door open and the skirt of her white dress above her knees because it was a warm day, I guess. She was eighteen and blonde, with smooth, tanned legs. She was hunting through a handbag.

"I got the kind with anti-enzyme action," Williams said to me. "You ever try it?"

"No," I said. I was still staring at the girl.

The girl looked up, glanced at me, then looked at Williams and smiled. "Do you have any change?" she asked. "I don't seem to have anything but this old twenty-dollar bill."

"Why, yes, as a matter of fact I do," the kid said. "I have some change. You want it?"

She held out her hand and he put what change he had into it. I noticed that she did not give him the twenty-dollar bill so that he could get it changed for her so that she could pay him back.

He kept staring at her. "My name is William L. Williams, I'm from San Bernardino originally. I saw you land. Something wrong?"

"It's something with the radio or something like that," the girl said. "I really don't know."

"Well, I'll be glad to fix it for you," the kid said.

"Oh, do you think you can?" she asked. "Because there's this man I'm supposed to call."

"Oh, sure. I can fix it," the kid said. Then for the first time he became aware of the enlisted men milling around and he turned on them and frowned. "Aren't you guys supposed to be on duty? What're you doing here in the PX? I won't be able to help you if the colonel comes in here. You'd better get back down to the line and return to your duty. I'm sure you can find something to do."

The enlisted men walked away.

"Listen, I really think I should telephone this man," the girl said. "I mean, it's very kind of you to want to fix it for me, but you have your regular work."

"Not till in the morning. I can work all night if I have to. I've just got to fly tomorrow morning, that's all. That's all I ever do, I just fly around."

"Really, I had better call this man," the girl said. "It's awfully sweet of you to offer though."

The kid leaned against the door of the telephone booth and watched the girl drop some coins into the slot and start to dial. "That's not the way," he said. "You've got to go through the base exchange first."

"You show me." The girl gave him the coins.

He started to drop them into the box.

"Squeeze inside and we'll close the door," the girl said. "It's so noisy in this place I can't hear myself think."

"Sure," the kid said and he got into the telephone booth with her and closed the door.

THAT left me standing there by myself feeling that at last I really had seen everything when someone behind me began making a brisk authoritative noise in his throat. I turned around and said, "Good afternoon, Colonel."

"Is young Williams in that telephone booth with a second person, Captain?" Colonel Blakely asked.

"He's showing her how to dial, sir."

"He certainly must be through dialing by now," the colonel said. "Why doesn't he come out?" He stepped up to the booth and rapped on the glass.

"Just a minute. Can't you see we're using it?" Williams said, without looking around.

The colonel's frown grew deeper. He looked at me and shook his head. "I shall have to reprimand him. You really must always look before you leap. It would do us all good to remember that adage, Captain."

The kid opened the telephone-booth door and they both came out, looking hot and laughing.

"Oh, hel-lo," the girl said when she

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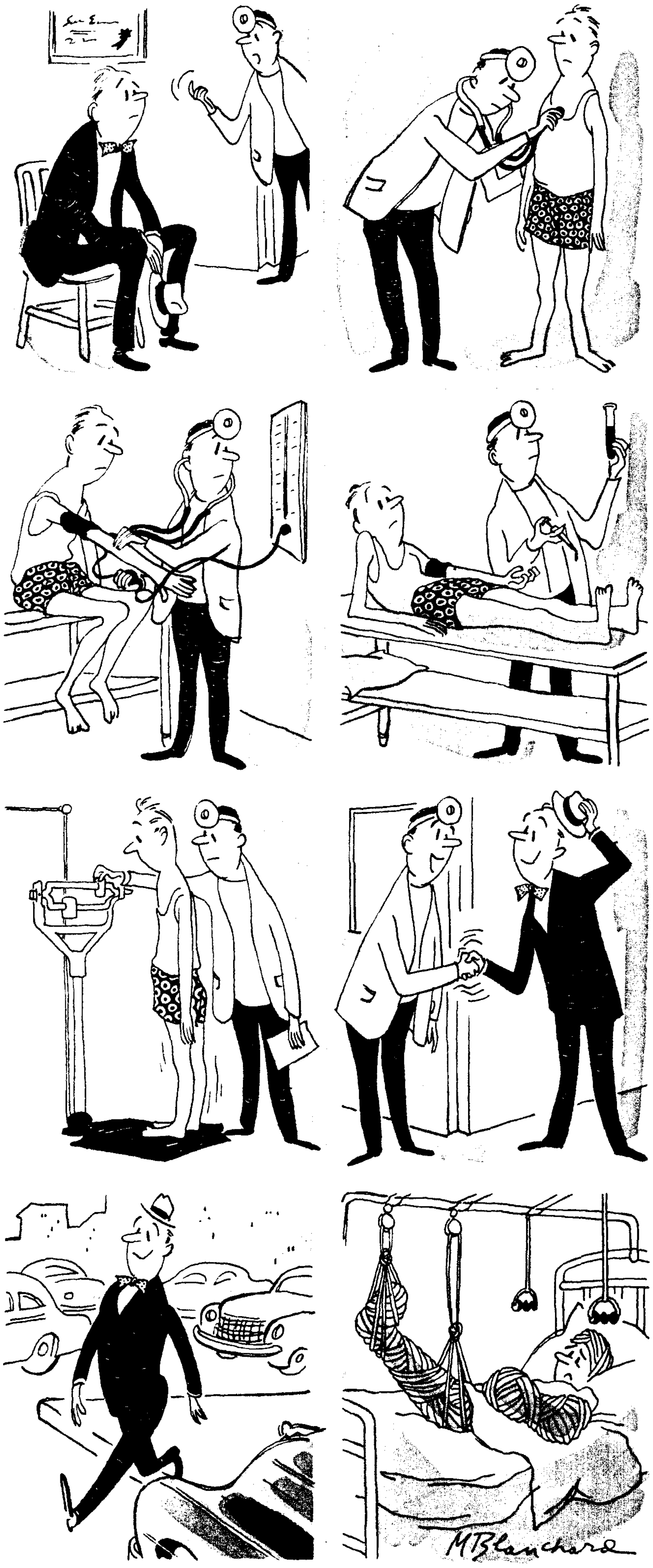

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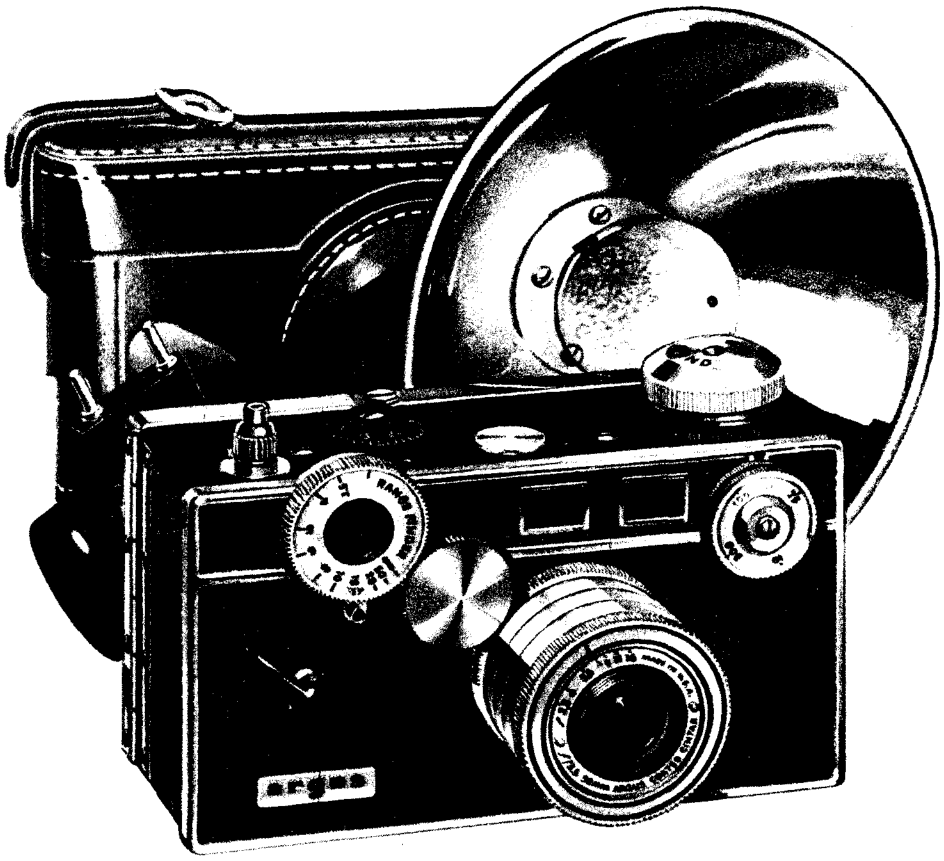

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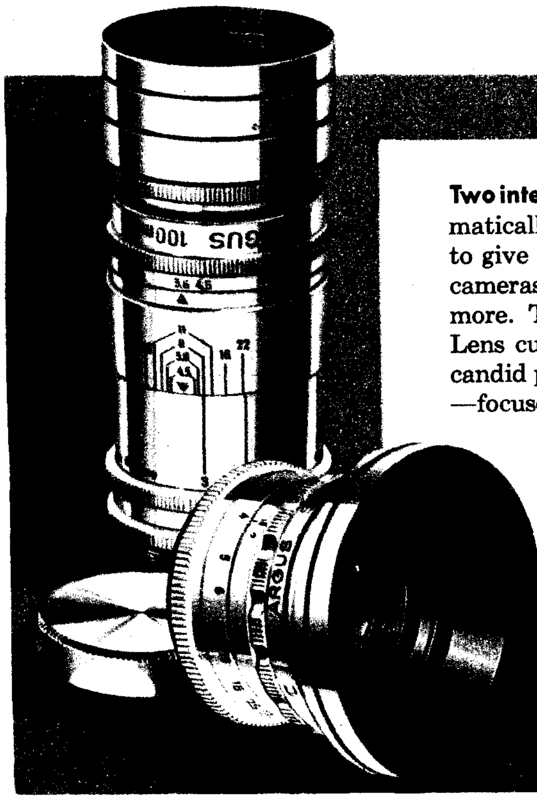

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saw the colonel. "You must be the commanding officer. *Are* you the commanding officer? Because that man with that thing on his arm who goes running around in the little blue jeep said you would probably give me fourteen different kinds of hell for landing here and I had to explain to you."

"Surely there has been some misunderstanding," Colonel Blakely said, turning red. "It is permissible for your aircraft to land in an emergency. I shall only have to make a few reports to higher headquarters, giving all the pertinent facts."

"Well, I don't understand anything about planes," she said, smiling at him. "So I don't have any idea what the facts are."

"Now don't you worry, sir," Williams said. "I'll go right down there this minute and get the facts for you."

"Very well," the colonel said. "Report to me at once, Lieutenant, after you have ascertained the facts. Miss—uh, Miss—"

"Sommers," she said.

"How do you do? I'm Colonel Blakely. Ray Blakely." The colonel turned back to Williams. "Meanwhile, Miss Sommers and I will wait your report in the Officers Club."

"I don't know where her plane is; I think she better show me," the kid said.

"Oh, yes, I really think I'd better show him," Miss Sommers said.

"Now what do you want to do that for?" the colonel said. "You don't want to go back down there. It's hot and dirty down there. I hate to think of a lady being there. It's cool in the Officers Club."

"Well, I'll go down to the line with him, and then I'll come back here," Miss Sommers said. "That ought to make everybody happy."

It didn't. I should have realized that, but my thoughts were all about my family and leaving them and I couldn't take too much interest in the colonel and Miss Sommers and Williams. All I wanted to do was take my two cartons of cigarettes and go home.

We had more junk to pack than I thought. Sometime after midnight that night I ran out of boxes to put the stuff in. I drove to the supermarket and rummaged in the back among the garbage cans where they threw away their cartons sometimes. I found two that were usable and I started back for the apartment. Halfway there I passed two people dancing in the street under a street light. A car was parked at the curb and the radio in it was playing loud so they could dance. I drove past them before I realized that one of them was Colonel Blakely and that his partner was a small blonde in a white dress. They were just dancing around and around under the street light with their eyes closed and their cheeks pressed together. She had taken off her shoes. Neither one of them saw me. So I didn't stop and back up and salute or anything. I just went on home with my cartons.

THE next morning, Friday morning, we took off cross-country. We were supposed to set down in Iowa, refuel, and then fly to Mitchel Field that afternoon. Twenty minutes before we got to the base in Iowa, Williams reported that his F-86 was running too hot at the main bearing. We landed there about eleven thirty and Williams reported the trouble to the engineering section.

They said it was probably the fuel-metering jets. After we had chow I walked back down to the line with Colonel Blakely. The engineering officer was standing outside the hangar watching the mechanics working.

"Have you located the trouble as yet?" the colonel asked.

"No, sir. We're still going over it, sir," the engineering officer said.

"How much longer will you require?"

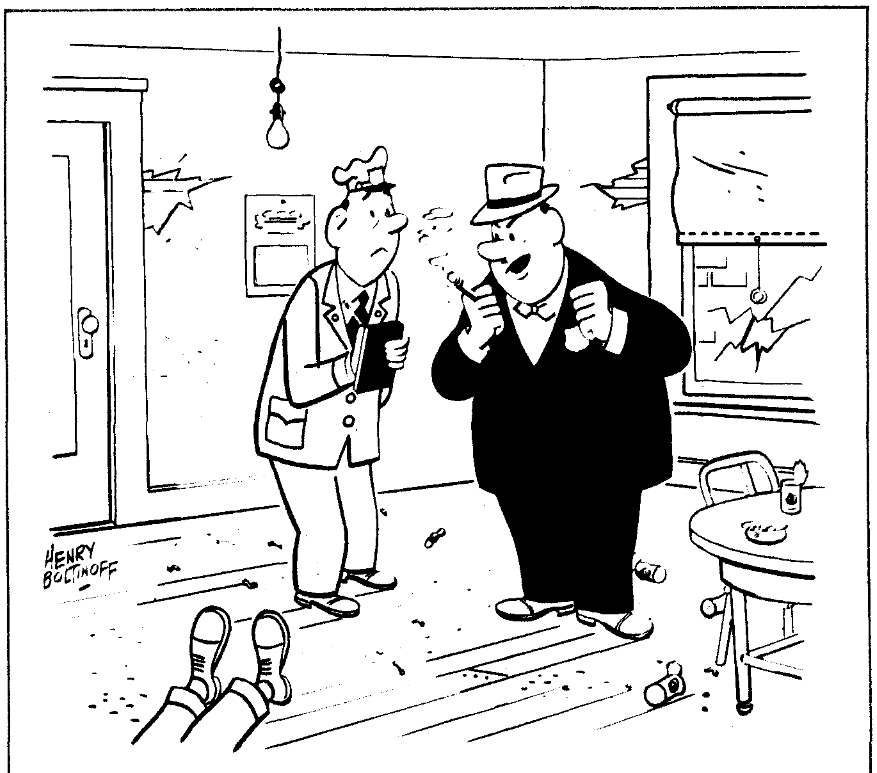
"I'm sure I'll have you out of here in an hour, sir," the engineering officer replied.

Ordinarily Williams would have been up there on the mechanics' stand with his head in the engine. Instead he was lying on his back in the shade.

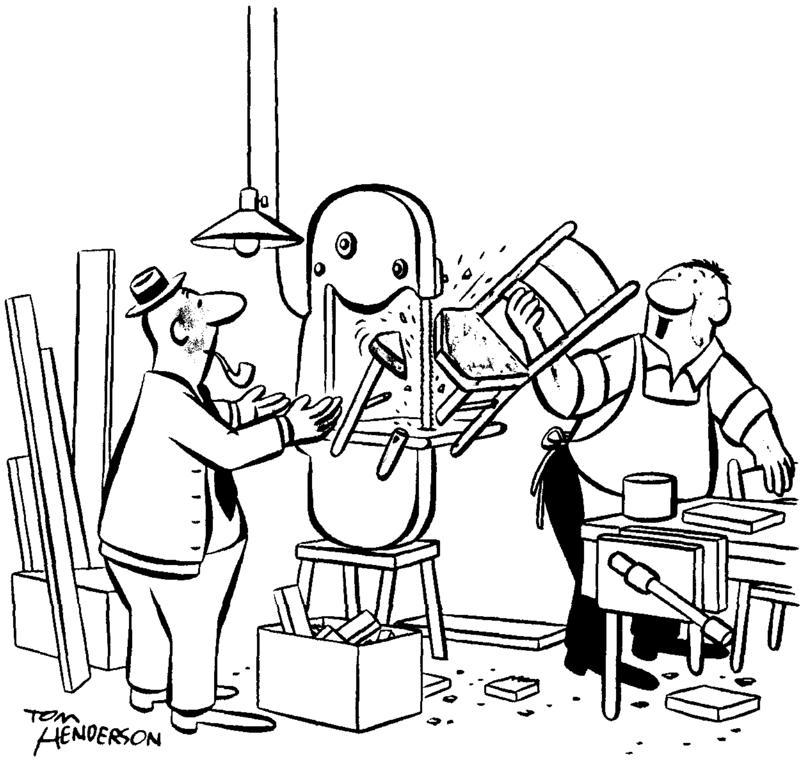
I walked over to him and nudged him with my foot. "What's the matter with the engine, kid?"

He sat up and yawned. "I don't know. Say, how old were you when you got married?"

"You aren't thinking about getting married?"



COLLIER'S "One thing is certain—the *butler* didn't do it!" HENRY BOLTINOFF



COLLIER'S "Here, have a seat, Bill.... Woops!" TOM HENDERSON

"Oh, no," he said.

I glanced around. The colonel was talking to the engineering officer, who was looking flustered and ashamed of himself. The mechanics had been removing parts of the fuel and oil systems, cleaning them, putting them back in the engine and running it up. Each time the temperature had gone higher than a rocket.

"What do you mean you can't find the trouble?" Colonel Blakely was saying. "Don't you know that there is no such word as can't?"

"Sir, I can't find it. And you can't take off with it like that. I'll have to pull it and do a change."

"Pull the engine?" the colonel yelled.

"Sir, I'll keep a crew working all night. It'll be ready to fly tomorrow morning."

That meant we would be delayed twenty-four hours and arrive at our destination a day late.

The colonel looked sour. He walked across to Williams. The kid stood up immediately and began brushing off his trousers. There was a spot of grease on them.

"That engine has never run hot like that before, has it, Lieutenant?" the colonel asked.

"Never, Colonel," Williams said. He turned to me. "Say, have you got any cleaning fluid?"

"Not this trip."

"Maybe I can get some at the PX. I sure wish I hadn't got into that grease."

Williams wandered off in the direction of the post exchange. Colonel Blakely went into Operations. Langlois and I found the billeting officer and got assigned bunks in the transient officers' quarters. It was a temporary wooden barracks.

"Ever been here before?" Langlois asked. "I know a pretty nice bar. The Hawaiian Pines. Let's go in and have a few beers."

"I don't think I will," I said.

Langlois took off his uniform, tied a towel around his waist and walked down to the latrine at the end of the barracks. I stood looking out the window. There was nothing to see except the barracks next door.

I walked back to the latrine. Langlois was drying between his toes and whistling. I leaned against the doorframe and he looked up and said, "Say, you ought to know. Is Williams' girl from Texas?"

"He hasn't got any girl."

"I mean the one he was with last night. Say, you don't think he just picked her up?"

"What'd she look like?"

"About eighteen, blonde. Had on a white dress. I thought at first it was silk, but it was nylon. I know the feel of silk. I thought she said she was from Texas. First name is Louella." Langlois began to lather his face. "I happened to go out in the parking lot later on. Williams had her in the back seat of Schull's car. The top was down. They were really giving each other a tussle."

"Williams? You sure it wasn't somebody else?"

"It'll probably be somebody else tonight, but last night it was Williams," Langlois said. "I saw them when they came into the club. I wish you'd been there. You should see her dance."

"What time was that?"

"Ten thirty. They left early."

I KNEW that it was the same girl who'd been in the PX, the same one who'd been dancing with the colonel under the street light. I knew what she had on, too. Miss Louella Sommers had gone to the club with the kid and after he'd taken her home she had gone out with the colonel.

Langlois washed off his face and picked up his towel and walked out of the latrine. I followed him. Williams was standing at the far end of the barracks near the door, shining his shoes.

Langlois put on his shirt. "Say, kid. Has she really got a lot of oil wells?"

"She hasn't got any oil wells at all. She's got natural gas."

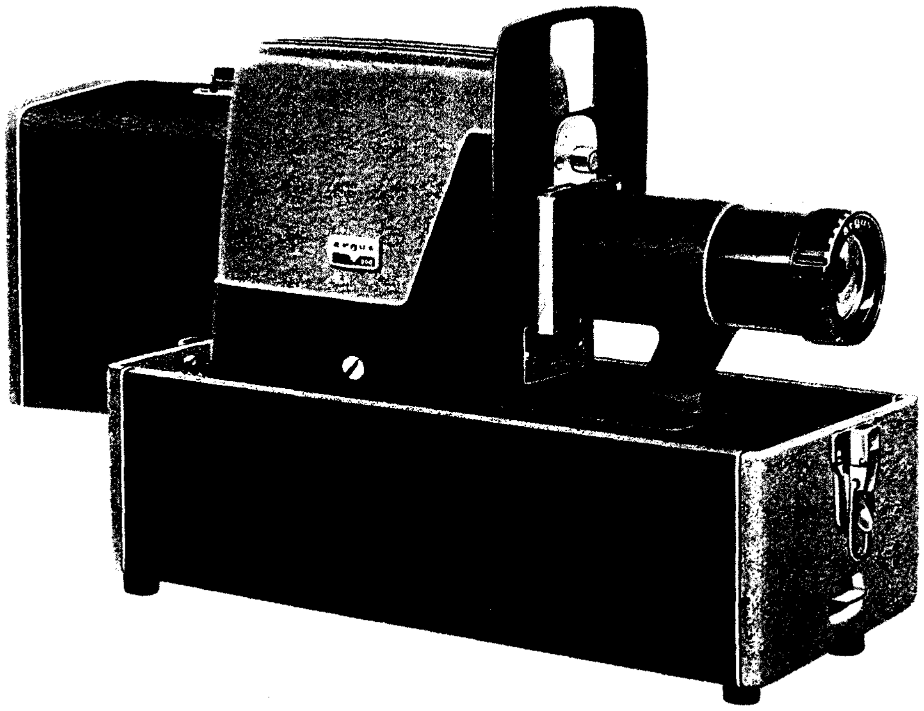
"Where'd she get it?"

"Her old man died and left it to her and her sister. Her sister's older and used to be married but he was no good. She's just come into her inheritance. They're celebrating because of that. When they aren't celebrating they're both really very serious."

"How do you know that?" Langlois asked.

"Because they told me," Williams

Here's the one for the show!



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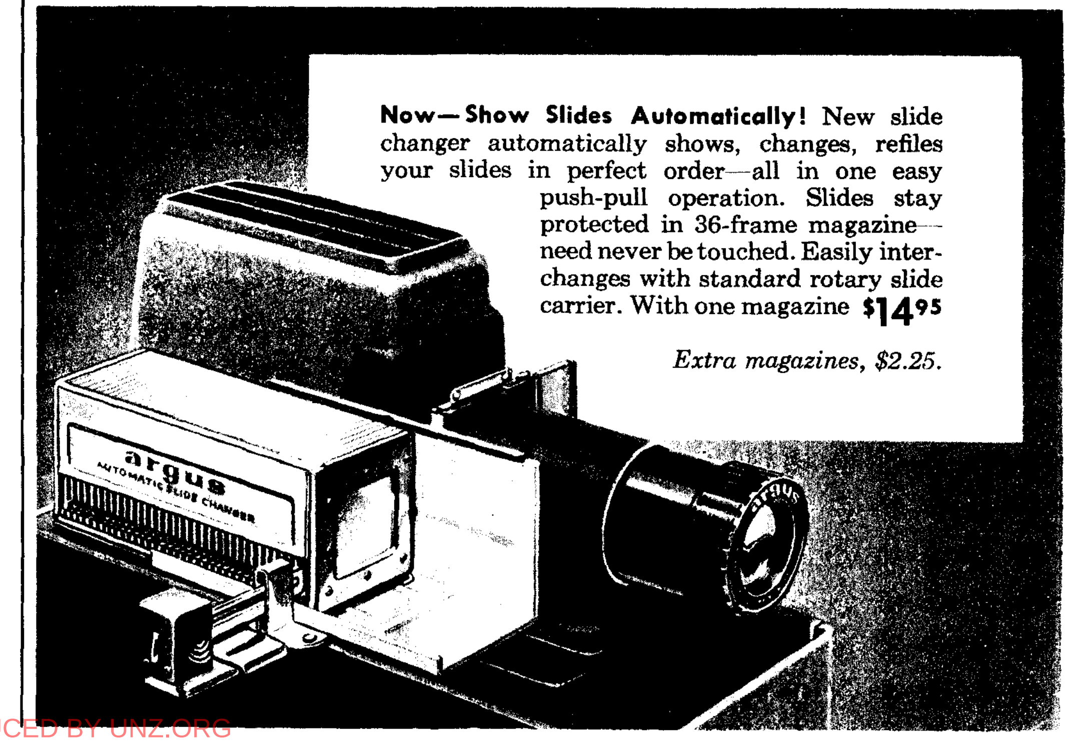

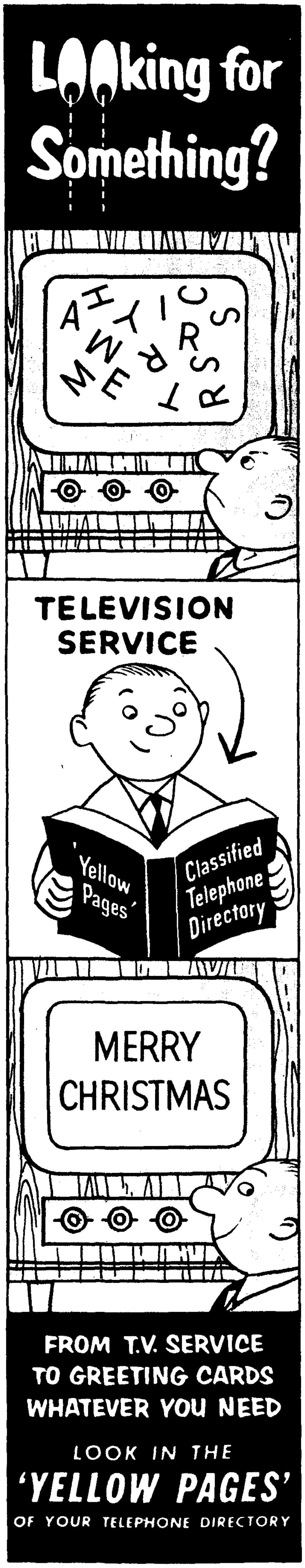
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said. "They said all work and no play can make you pretty dull. When they're at home they give their time to the Red Cross. They're volunteer workers."

"I guess you've known her a long time, since you were children or something."

"No, I only met her yesterday when I went into the PX to get some gum." Williams straightened his cap. "Well, I'm going into town now. I guess I'll see you guys in the morning."

"Going after more gum?" Langlois asked.

Williams looked blank. "No, I've still got some from yesterday. I'm going in to meet Louella."

The door slammed as he went out.

Langlois sat down on the side of his bunk and put on his socks.

"Last night she was in Utah," he said. "Tonight she's in Iowa. She flew here to meet him."

"She couldn't have known he was going to be here," I said. "We were supposed to lay over at Mitchel Field tonight."

"And whose engine ran hot at the main bearing?" Langlois demanded. "Whose engine had to be changed, and who delayed us so we would have to spend the night here?"

I stared at Langlois. "The kid wouldn't do anything like that. He loves engines."

"He doesn't love them any more, my friend."

I didn't say that I had seen the girl with the colonel, but when Langlois went into town I changed my mind and went with him. I was worried about what might happen.

IT WAS midafternoon. The Hawaiian Pines was dimly lighted. There were some tables at the back and a small dance floor opposite the bamboo bar. Langlois and I sat at a table and had a couple of drinks.

"Hey, look. There's the Old Man."

I glanced up. Colonel Blakely was sitting on a stool at the bar, drinking something green from a tall glass. It looked as if it had been topped with cream. "Ask him to join us," I said.

"Hey, waiter," Langlois said.

I think that he planned on having the waiter go to the bar and ask Colonel Blakely to join us. He never got the chance. Before the waiter could get to our table Louella Sommers came into the Hawaiian Pines. When she saw Colonel Blakely she went up to him and put her hand on his arm. He hopped down from the bar stool and he snapped his fingers at the bartender and got her a drink. The same hideous green mess he was drinking.

Langlois stared with his mouth open. "Why, it's the same girl, the one with all the natural gas. That's *Williams'* girl. I saw them together last night."

"Two more," I said to the waiter.

We could see Colonel Blakely and Louella, of course, but we could not hear what they were saying. She kept laughing and talking and taking the colonel's hand in hers now and then. You could see the back of his neck turn red. She kept talking and talking. That worried me. There was no telling what she was saying to him.

Finally the colonel reached into his pocket and pulled out a handful of change and gave it to her. I guess she never had anything left but old twenty-dollar bills. Louella put the coins in the jukebox and they began to dance. She was laughing and now and then the colonel would guffaw.

"I never heard him laugh *that* way before." Langlois sounded worried.

They must have danced seventy-five cents' worth. The last record was a real old one. It was quite sentimental, and as it ended, the colonel bent Louella back in his arms and kissed her. She ran her fingers through his short military haircut and rubbed the back of his neck.

"Oh-oh, there's the kid now!" Langlois said.

WILLIAMS was standing just inside the door, staring at the colonel and Louella. They were still kissing. The kid started toward them.

"Stop him!" I said to Langlois, who had jumped up and started after Williams. "Don't let him do anything. Pull your rank. Hit him with something."

Langlois grabbed Williams by the arm. When the kid turned and saw who was holding him, he broke loose and ran out. He didn't say anything, but he had a real grim look on his face.

The colonel saw Langlois and said something to him that I couldn't hear. Langlois nodded and we walked back to our table and sat down.

"I don't think he saw the kid," Langlois said. "He didn't act like it. But he wants to see you. He's got a room at the hotel. You're supposed to go there and, if he's not there, wait for him. I think he means business."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm afraid that girl told him about the engine. I think Williams did mess it up. I'm afraid the colonel knows. He'll probably try to court-martial all of us."

When I got to the hotel I went up to the colonel's room and knocked on the door. He said to come in.

The colonel was standing beside the window with his foot up on the seat of a straight chair. He was in his shirt sleeves.

"You wanted to see me, sir."

"You know young Williams rather well, don't you, Captain?"

"He's not my closest friend, sir, but I know him fairly well."

It was the first time that I had ever seen the colonel struggle over what he was going to say. He clasped his hands behind his back and began twisting the Academy ring on his finger. "What we say in this room, Captain, will remain here after we leave it."

"Yes, sir."

"I have taken special pains with young Williams. I felt I owed that to his father. Why some provision was not made to send the boy to the Academy I cannot understand." The colonel hesitated. "In my own small way I have tried in a brief period of time to give him some of the attributes he would've got at the Academy. Somehow young Williams has not responded as I had hoped. I must say frankly that I do not understand him."

"He is a complex character, sir."

"However, I have observed him, and in his own way he is a serious, thoughtful person. He appreciates the value of government property. I simply cannot bring myself to believe that he would deliberately damage an engine."

"You have some reason to believe so, sir?"

"There are certain awkward circumstances of which I have been made aware only within the past hour. Captain, would you find him and bring him here? After eight o'clock I will be in the dining room. Send me a message—and have Williams wait here in private."

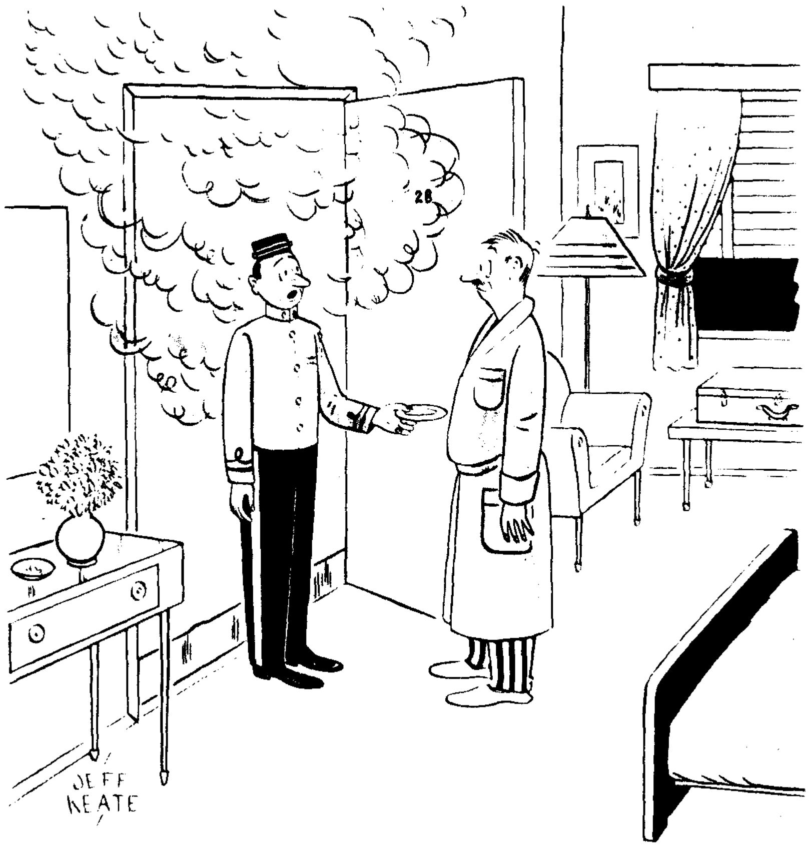
"Sir, I know he didn't do it."

THE door opened abruptly and Williams strode in, shoving me to one side. His face was pale and he looked as if he was going to be sick. He pointed a finger at the colonel and his hand trembled.

"I came up here to tell you what I think of you, slob." His voice sounded high and adolescent.

The colonel looked shocked. "Lieutenant, control yourself," he said quickly. "Captain, close and lock that door. What happens in this room must remain in this room when we leave it."

"I've been walking the streets," Williams said. He had to keep swallowing. "And I thought that if I could hit you



COLLIER'S "The hotel's on fire! Will that be all, sir?" JEFF KEATE

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just once in the mouth, that would be enough for me. But on the way up here in the elevator I thought about how you'd bleed and it began to make me sick. I can't stand to see anybody bleed, not even you. Slobs like you may run this world, but you haven't ruined everything yet. So I thought I'd come here and tell you that. *You haven't ruined everything yet.* Do you hear that? You can't make everybody in the world afraid of you. You can't ruin everything. You haven't ruined me. *I'm* okay."

WILLIAMS had to stop because he ran out of breath. "Could you be more specific?" the colonel asked. "I didn't realize that I was destroying everything."

"I've watched it going on since I was a kid—at Schofield Barracks and Fort Sam and in P.I. There was always at least one man on the post who played around with other men's girls. It was something you did, like always staying late at the club or playing polo. I used to see the guys like that in parked cars during intermission at hops, sneaking back into the kitchens during parties, in the swings on porches. They destroyed every decent instinct they came across."

The colonel's face had turned red.

"I thought I'd seen everything until I joined the Air Force. But no. When you hit a town the first thing you do is go out on the street. It doesn't matter how old they are. You never think about their feelings. They're not really human beings—"

"That will be enough, Lieutenant!" the colonel said.

"She's a fine girl, slob," Williams went on. "She's got warmth and she understands me. But all you see is the youthful body, the—"

"Captain, remove that person from this room immediately!" the colonel said, pointing at Williams, and by then his hand was trembling too.

"Oh, I'm not finished with you yet!" Williams yelled. "I spit on you. I spit on all your kind. I spit—"

I got in front of him and got him out into the corridor and closed the colonel's door. I shoved the kid against the wall and held him with my shoulder. He had knocked my cap off and we were both panting. Tears were running down his cheeks.

"You fool," I said. "He'll get you for that. He'll never forget what you said to him."

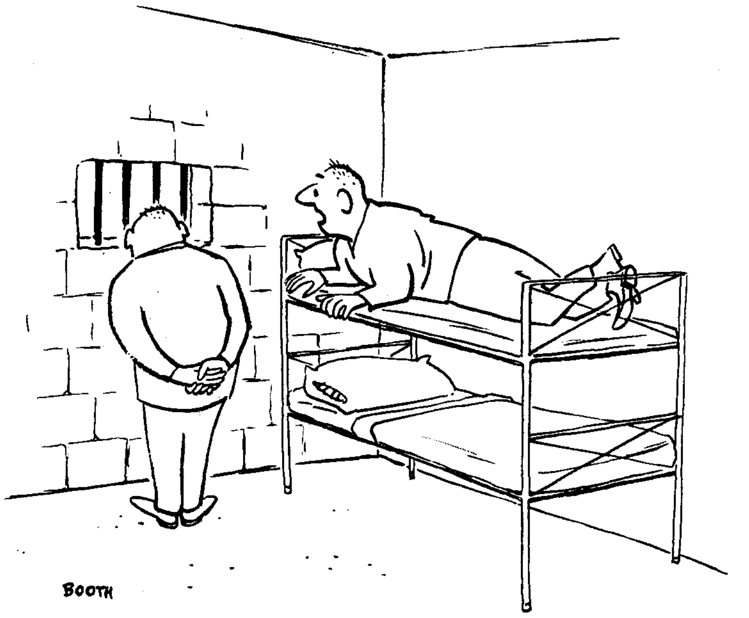
"She was precious to me," Williams sobbed. "That's something he can never understand. If I didn't think it would make me sick, I'd go back in there and kill him. I loved her and she loved me and we were going to get married."

I managed to punch the elevator button. "You fool, listen to me. Did you mess up that engine? If you did he'll get you for it. You've got to protect yourself."

"When I looked at her all I wanted to do was kiss her soft little foot. I'm a sensitive person, damn it. I love beauty and truth. This world is composed almost entirely of slobs like that one in there, and it's killing me, it's killing me. It's tearing my heart out. I'm standing right on the edge of the brink. One little push, that's all I need."

"Get hold of yourself," I said, panting and trying to hold him. The indicator showed that the elevator had stopped on the floor above. "Don't ruin your life over some little—"

"Don't accuse her of anything. She's like a child almost, she's so innocent!"



COLLIER'S "Something is troubling you, isn't it?" GEORGE BOOTH

Williams yelled. "You're low and vulgar and you have low, vulgar thoughts, and I don't even want you to think about her!"

Just as the elevator door opened, he broke away from me and ran down the hall toward the stairway howling like a wolf.

I straightened my uniform, and then I knocked on the colonel's door. He called to come in. He was standing beside the window with his foot up on the seat of a straight chair. "What has been said in this room will remain in this room, Captain, after you and I leave it. That's a direct order."

"Do you mind if I sit, sir?" I asked. "I'm bushed."

"I cannot tell you how this incident has affected me," the colonel said heavily. "Young Williams has completely misunderstood my purpose. I have always deplored loose living, and I have only the highest regard for Miss Sommers. I respect her not only for her many fine qualities, but because someday she will be a mother. When I look at Miss Sommers that is what I see with my mind's eye, a mother with a small child, or perhaps several small children gathered about her knee."

"Yes, sir."

"I intend to marry Miss Sommers if she will have me, Captain. That information is for your strictest confidence."

"Yes, sir."

"I have always tried to be an honorable man," the colonel said. He walked to the desk, opened the drawer and took out the Bible that was in it. "Let me read you something," he said, and clearing his throat he read to me. *"Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity . . . for that is thy portion in this life, and in thy labour which thou takest under the sun."* He said, "I believe that."

I stood up. "Sir, I'd better find Williams."

Colonel Blakely was humming as we rode down together in the elevator. I didn't walk across the lobby with him, I went out a side entrance, so I didn't get to say good-by to Louella Sommers. But I saw her across the lobby sitting on a sofa and leafing through a magazine as she waited for the colonel. She was wearing diamonds, lots of diamonds—big ones. . . .

Williams did not show up until shortly before take-off time the next morning. His face had a greenish tinge; he looked sick. When I said hello he did not speak to me. The colonel glanced at him several times as if he were about to say something to him, but he didn't. The four of us, including Langlois, walked out to our planes in silence.

We hit Mitchel Field around noon, refueled, and went on up to Goose Bay. I have no idea whether Louella Sommers and her older sister arrived in New York in their private plane that night or not. But I know that neither the colonel nor Williams was there to meet them. The squadron spent the night in Labrador that night.

IT WAS still black outside when the intelligence officer came into the barracks at Goose and began waking us up. It must've been two o'clock in the morning.

We got dressed and fumbled our way down the road to the mess. After we ate they took us down to Briefing in some trucks. There was snow all over the place and it was cold.

The captain from Weather said a bad front was moving down the slot between Ellesmere Island and Greenland. He said we'd beat it to Greenland though. We'd have time to land there and refuel and take off again before the front hit. But he wasn't sure we'd be able to fly from Iceland to Scotland. If the weather was bad in Iceland they wouldn't let us take off again.

An Air and Airways Communication Service lieutenant stood up and said that it was going to be a pretty bad day for radio reception. He said that we could expect interference in communication and with our navigational aids.

The operations officer said there would be rescue aircraft patrolling at 10,000 feet on our course halfway between Goose Bay and Greenland, and halfway between Greenland and Keflavik, Iceland. He said that the code names for the rescue aircraft were Flatfoot One and Flatfoot Two. All we had to do was get on the VHF, call Flatfoot, and yell Mayday. They'd be listening.

The sky was still black when we took off. I was in the lead element and you could glance back and up and see the navigational lights strung out. I was flying on Langlois' wing. Williams was ahead of Langlois, flying wingman for the colonel.

The sky was getting light when we landed at Bluie West-1. That's a code name for an American airbase at Narsarssuak. It hadn't been bad from Goose to BW-1. We got another weather briefing before we took off. The man said it was getting worse, that we'd barely make Keflavik.

NARSARSSUAK is in the extreme southern part of Greenland on the west coast. We flew across the island, heading out over the ocean. We'd been airborne about twenty minutes, I guess, when Colonel Blakely's voice came on the VHF.

"This is Fox Four-two-oh calling Bluie West-One," the colonel's voice said. "I'm experiencing difficulty with my fuel consumption. I may have to turn back. How's your weather?"

"This is Bluie West-One. Ceiling five thousand feet. Visibility one and one half miles. It is closing here."

"Can't you make it to Keflavik, Colonel?" Langlois' voice asked. "What's the matter?"

"She's running hot," said the colonel's voice; "using too much fuel."

I was sitting there at forty thousand feet with my mouth full of the taste of rubber and oxygen, trying to listen to them. A.A.C.S. had been right.

"This is Bluie West-One," the VHF said, cracking. "Flatfoot Two is standing by at ten thousand feet on course twenty minutes from your position."

"This is Fox Four-two-oh," the colonel's voice said. "I am continuing to Keflavik, BW-One."

"Are you sure, Colonel?" Langlois broke in. "Don't wait too long to turn back."

The VHF crackled. There was something that I couldn't hear, probably Bluie West-1 trying to tell us what lousy weather they were having.

We flew for about fifteen minutes longer in a complete radio silence. We weren't quite halfway to Keflavik, and Flatfoot Two was probably down below somewhere, when the colonel came back on the VHF.

"This is Fox Four-two-oh. Do not have enough fuel to make Keflavik. Returning to Bluie West-One. If I can't make it I will try to reach the Greenland coast."

"This is Flatfoot Two, Fox Four-two-oh. We are following you on course. We are now ten miles east of your position at ten thousand feet."

Somebody said something I didn't get. It sounded like somebody back at the end of the formation talking to himself.

"This is Fox Four-two-oh calling Bluie West-One," the colonel said. "Are you receiving me?"

There was no answer to that.

"Say, Herbert," the colonel said. He was speaking to Langlois, or trying to. The rest of what he said faded away.

"Come in, Colonel," Langlois said. "I didn't get that. I couldn't hear you."

Williams was on the colonel's wing, and he could see the colonel. He said, "I don't think he can transmit. Fox Four-two-oh, this is Fox Four-two-six. If you are receiving me rock your wings."

The colonel did not rock the wings of the F-86. Instead he slipped out of formation in a shallow dive, turning back toward Greenland. He flashed under the squadron and was gone.

"This is Flatfoot Two. Our scanner has lost you, Fox Four-two-oh. We are experiencing difficulty . . ." and the rest of that was lost.

Williams slipped out of formation in a shallow dive, turning after the colonel's plane. He flashed under the squadron and he was gone.

I heard him on the VHF calling, "Flatfoot Two, this is Fox Four-two-six. Fox Four-two-oh is unable to communicate. I am sticking with him. Can't you see us on your scope?"

"This is Flatfoot Two. Negative, Fox Four-two-six."

"Damn," someone said. He didn't say anything more, or else I lost it.

"This is Fox Four-two-four," Langlois said. "Will you come in, Fox Four-two-six?" He was trying to raise Williams. It didn't do him any good.

"Keflavik, this is Fox Four-two-four. Do you have a fix on Fox Four-two-oh?" Langlois asked.

"Negative, Fox Four-two-four. Keflavik."

"This is Fox Four-two-four. If you can hear me, Fox Four-two-six, why don't you come in, damn it?"

There was an awful lot of static. If you sat there and listened to it long enough, you could imagine you were hearing almost anything.

We circled the field at Keflavik and the squadron landed in elements of two. You could look back in the western sky and see that front built up all the way from the ground to about ten miles high.

When Langlois and I landed we ran to Operations. The operations officer was a nice guy.

"What's the ticket?" Langlois asked.

"Flatfoot Two picked them up on his scope and tracked them to about here."

The pin point on the chart was about fifty miles off the eastern coast of Greenland, fifty miles from some little place called Kap Lovenorn.

"Flatfoot Two got so much interference he lost them," the operations officer said. "Since then he's been forced to turn back."

"Nobody knows where they are?" Langlois asked.

"That's right."

"Do you think they've got much of a chance?"

"If they reached Greenland and survived a crash. If they can live until someone finds them."

I THOUGHT about coming in to land on that Greenland icecap with the fuel just about gone and not being able to tell anybody where you were. If you were lucky you'd only break your head or something, and when you climbed out of the cockpit the temperature would be about thirty below.

"Well, thanks," Langlois said.

We got assigned quarters. I could still taste that oxygen mask. I got a drink of water, but it didn't help. I wondered if I were getting sick. I looked in the mirror and stuck out my tongue.

"Funny the kid turned back with the Old Man," Langlois said. "I would've bet money he wouldn't do that. If they reach Greenland, what do you think'll happen?"

I thought that one of them would probably kill the other. That's what I honestly thought. Not that either of them would take a gun and shoot the other one. But Greenland's a place where it's hard to live under the best of conditions, and if the colonel and the kid didn't co-operate with each other, then one of them—or maybe both of them—could freeze to death or starve or fall down a crevasse. They had to start getting along together—if they wanted to live long enough to be rescued.

—WALT GROVE

(This is the first of two parts)

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Patrolman Ira (Peaches) Langlinais quietly poles his boat down a bayou near Abbeville, deep in the heart of the vast Louisiana marsh country

MYSTERIOUS MARSHES

By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

"You wouldn't get me fooling around them for a million dollars," one man declared. But the author pushed on—into an amazing land of strange peoples, buried treasure and black magic

ALONG the Gulf of Mexico where the pelicans dive and the porpoises play lies a vast area of the United States unknown to most travelers, so strange, so different from the rest of the country that it might as well be located on another planet. Over 4,000,000 acres in extent—almost as large as Massachusetts or New Jersey—it is a region of strange peoples and strange customs, of buried pirate treasure and black magic like that of Africa. It is a place where even nature is bizarre, for the earth itself has not decided whether it is land or water. Its ocean tides are not always governed by the eternal law of the moon's attraction but by the wind instead, and flowers grow so thick they block the streams. It is a land where cowboys who speak only French ride horses over oyster beds instead of the open range and fight off giant crabs and leeches instead of coyotes; a land where a man can stray for only a moment and never be seen again. It is the region of the Louisiana marshes.

Not long ago I waited beside the bayou near Abbeville while the Muskrat, the diesel-powered 46-footer belonging to the Louisiana Wildlife and Fisheries Commission, rested at anchor at the dock and was made ready for our voyage into the marshes. For almost 30 years I had been passing along the edge of this green wilderness that stretches from Mississippi to Texas, and I long had wondered what mysteries were hidden inside. Now at last I was going to find out.

"Brother, you wouldn't get me fooling around them marshes for a million dollars," drawled a youth dressed in overalls who was presiding over the fuel pump nearby. "Them Frenchmen and Indians out there'll open you up with a knife quicker than you can scoop the meat out of a sweet potato."

An older man wearing a cap that bore the name of an oil company nodded. "They'll kill you quicker than them Hatfields and McCoys," he said. "A game warden went out there to find a Indian he heard was doing some bootleg trapping. 'Stead of that, people found the warden. He was laying dead in the marsh, stuffed up like a pillow with wild goose feathers, just to show what the Indian thought about game wardens."

"Mosquitoes'll do you worse than Indians," declared the overalled youth. "Just going by in a boat I seen mosquitoes so thick it looked like smoke coming up from a big oil fire."

"Best way to do the mosquitoes, them Frenchmen says, is to drink plenty of coffee," asserted the man with the cap. " 'Cause the coffee gets in your blood. Mosquitoes don't like coffee at all, so when they bite you, they spit the blood out right away. And

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY BERN KEATING

then they don't bother you no more."

A lean, seedy-looking individual, who had been watching me, came forward hesitantly. He drew me aside and spoke in low tones. "I got a map. Shows just where Lafitte's treasure's buried in the marshes," he said, referring to Jean Lafitte, the pirate, who set out on his plundering expeditions from around here. "All we need's a couple of hundred dollars to hire a boat for a little while. We'll both be millionaires."

In the Pilothouse with Ti Bras

Captain Abrard Stoute of the Muskrat, a genial Frenchman known better as Ti Bras (Little Arms), signaled me to climb on board. A red-haired young game warden, nicknamed Wild Oat, cast off the lines and I joined Ti Bras in the pilothouse. Soon the boat was threading its way down the narrow bayou.

Everywhere the reeds and grass stretched out in a hazy jungle sometimes higher than a man's head. In the sky a great flock of geese flew in a triple V, honking noisily; on the bayou queer water chickens, with heads and beaks like hens', swam awkwardly, rising in alarm as the boat came near.

A slight wind was blowing, causing the giant stalks of grass and reeds to sway a little; in the distance they seemed like waves on a vast green sea.

"It's a big marsh," Captain Ti Bras said in English touched with a Louisiana drawl, though French was his natural tongue. "Too big, maybe. Even the trappers get lost sometimes." He swung the boat to avoid a floating log. "It's like what you read about the Sahara. When people get lost here, they go marsh crazy. Sometimes they pull off all their clothes and start running. Nobody knows why. Maybe because they think they can run faster. Then the mosquitoes come. And the people don't run any more. A couple of times we've found them laying dead in the marsh grass, naked as the day they were born."

We rounded a bend in the bayou, and suddenly saw an immense column of smoke rising, thick and greasy as though from an explosion.

"Trappers burning the marsh," said Ti Bras. "So they can get to the muskrat nests."

The smoke increased as we moved ahead, twisting up in a black funnel like an erupting volcano. The air grew stifling. Then a sea of flames swept down the bank. The grass seemed to be sprayed with liquid fire.

Wild Oat watched the conflagration intently. "Brother, it ain't fun when you burn the marsh," he remarked. "Plenty of times I seen the wind change in a minute and send the fire back on you. Then you got to dig in the mud fast and let the fire go over you. Or you'll be a baked chicken."

The flames drifted behind us. A blackened area showed ahead, like fields burned over in a war. On looking closer I could distinguish innumerable mounds of grass and cattails, perhaps two or three feet in height and five or six feet in diameter. And I knew I was seeing a Rat City, a collection of muskrat nests like those that were scattered all through the marshes. Oddly the mounds themselves were untouched by the flames. The rats build their homes inside moatlike trenches, and the fire cannot jump the ditches.

I was now in the heart of the greatest fur-trapping area in America. Colder weather was setting in, and the trapping season was just getting under way. Off in the distance I could see two trappers practicing the extraordinary art known as marsh walking. Clad in boots that came up to their hips, they carried a forked stick which somewhat resembled Neptune's trident. The stick was used as a support and as a probe to determine if it was safe to step ahead. The

Marian Landry, of Abbeville, helps fellow trapper Audet Dubois hoist 210-pound alligator they had killed. Marshes hold all kinds of game. The 4,000,000-acre region is the largest fur-trapping area in the U.S.

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Shifting winds often blow lakes dry, stranding boats for days

men leaned on the stick as they moved from hummock to hummock; dipping, staggering and weaving to keep their balance on the spongy turf, they seemed like puppets engaged in some grotesque ballet dance.

As the queer dancers came closer, Ti Bras swung the boat into the bank and I jumped ashore. Both men were jovial, weather-beaten; they were French and spoke no English. Luckily, I could understand their language.

"Follow, my friend," said the elder, as he set off into the marsh. "If you feel that you are sinking, do not worry. Drop to one knee, I mean."

I took a few steps forward and had the sensation of walking on many layers of velvet. Suddenly I felt the world collapsing beneath me; I dropped to one knee. But not fast enough. Down I sank to my hips in the sticky morass. My new friends pulled me out; I was covered with mud and looked like a cocoon. They were convulsed with laughter. That was the end of my marsh walking.

I scraped off the mud as best I could and went back aboard the boat. I watched the trappers go dancing off into the distance again, with even more respect for their strange accomplishment than before. My wonder was further increased when I learned that the turf they were walking on had no bottom but was floating marsh, a series of barely connected islands with nothing below except murky water where huge alligators made their homes.

The boat steamed down the bayou, and a lonely trapper's cabin showed ahead. In the doorway a pretty French girl was standing, wearing hip boots like the men. As I watched she took up a forked stick and started marsh walking toward some muskrat nests.

Wild Oat chuckled. "Women'll fool you every time. Trapper around here married a pretty girl like that one a while ago and was terrible jealous of her. Some of them trappers are pretty big lady-killers, and he was afraid to leave her for a minute. Used to walk the marsh every day, carrying her on his back to the trapping grounds. He'd sit her up on top of a rat's nest and make her wait there all day till he was through his trapping, 'cause he knew she couldn't move a foot through the marsh. Then he'd put her on his back again and carry her home.

"But she fixed him all right. She got mad being treated that way and met a nice young trapper she liked. He taught her how to walk the marsh without saying nothing about it. One night when her husband come back to the rat's nest to carry her home, he didn't have a wife any more."

Hazards of a Salt-Water Lake

The scene before us changed without warning. The bayou opened into an enormous salt-water lake, fed by the Gulf and so wide we could not see land in any direction. A gale was blowing and the swells about us were tipped with dirty foam. The boat began to rock violently. I had heard of these shallow lakes where the wind often overcomes the ocean tides and suddenly blows all the water back into the Gulf. A boat and its passengers could be stuck for days in a muddy waste until the shifting wind blew the water into the lake again. The gale grew stronger. Long mud bars began to show everywhere. Now and then I could feel a dull grating as the boat scraped bottom.

A stretch of marshy shore appeared in the distance, then a bayou and the frame building belonging to the wildlife commission.

We tied up at the wharf. Wild Oat and I went ashore and visited the cabin of a husky Frenchman called Mathieu, who might have passed for one of the peasants I have often seen working on the farms of Brittany. His little frame house was almost bare; there was only a bed, an oil stove, a few canned goods on a shelf. Mathieu's wife poured some coffee. I drank it even though I was not thirsty. For coffee drinking in the marshes is a sacred ritual which none can ignore, like breaking bread with the nomads in the desert.

EDUCATIONAL TOYS
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COLLIER'S "How old is the boy's father?" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Wild Oat and I moved outside with Mathieu and saw the long line of canes marking his traps. I walked a short distance along a path in the reeds to examine them closer. In an instant, I was overwhelmed by mosquitoes. I retreated hastily. But the damage had been done. By the time I was out of their reach my hands and face felt as though they were covered with flaming gasoline.

Mathieu showed us his drying shed with its rows of skins hanging on their stretchers—muskrat, nutria, and here and there a mink.

He picked up a mink skin. "I tell you, monsieur. The mink he is a devil, I mean."

Wild Oat nodded in agreement. "I can tell you plenty about a mink. Ted O'Neil—runs the state fur division—got twenty muskrats one time for some breeding experiments he was doing and put 'em in a shed, each rat in a little cage by himself. Then he brought in a cage with a mink. He noticed the rats kind of start shivering soon as they seen the mink, but he didn't think nothing about it. Well, when he got back early in the morning, the rats and the mink were still locked up in their cages the way he left 'em. But the rats weren't shivering any more. 'Cause every one of 'em was dead. They was just plain scared to death."

I was on my way back to the boat when a burly trapper halted me, his cheeks ruddy with wine. "My friend, if you stay here I will show you where you can find Lafitte's treasure. An Indian told me this when I am a boy and am trapping in the marsh and my mother gives the Indian meat when he is hungry. The Indian he has—how you call it?—a map. He has seen where Lafitte ties his ship. And he has also seen the anchor."

I climbed into my bunk on the boat and fell asleep. Early next morning we set off once again into the wilderness.

Across the end of the lake we moved, into a series of narrow bayous, deserted and unmarked by any trace of man. At times an otter swam before us; or a beautiful marsh deer appeared along the bank, standing so motionless it seemed a statue. Cranes floated gracefully through the air, coming down to rest whenever a shell mound showed above the water; white-crested aigrettes stood nearby in groups of two or three, fishing; occasionally we would see a tall heron standing lonely in a cove. All about there was a profound stillness.

A trapper's cabin showed ahead. We swung alongside and got out to have the usual coffee with its two French occupants. I listened as the trappers talked about the habits of the marsh animals.

"Otter's the smartest animal in the marsh," said Ti Bras. "Or maybe the raccoon. Every time a raccoon sees a trap he'll turn it upside down so it won't catch anything. I've seen one do it plenty of times."

"The dumbest of all are them 'Mexicans,'" said Wild Oat.

The Two Nutria That Multiplied

They began talking scornfully about the nutria, that odd-looking animal resembling a cross between a muskrat and a beaver, called a "Mexican" by the trappers because it originally came from south of the border. The "Mexicans" came to the marshes when a pair of the animals, brought to Louisiana from Argentina for experiment, broke loose one night when a storm destroyed their pen, and multiplied with incredible rapidity. Now, the trappers said, the nutria has taken over the marsh and is driving the muskrats away.

The fur business was bad, and the trappers blamed the nutria. The clumsy "Mexican," they declared, was responsible for everything: the low cost of furs, the high cost of supplies, even maybe the weather.

Our conversation was interrupted by one of the Frenchmen. "A Mexican," he said, pointing out the window. "I will show you how he is dumb, I mean."

I looked and saw one of the awkward animals floundering across the boggy turf. In an instant the Frenchman was walking the marsh with the steps of an expert. To my astonishment, as he drew near, the nutria did

Gahan Wilson

COLLIER'S "The map ends here, too" GAHAN WILSON

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A wife blames her husband's paralysis on hoodoo

not run. Instead it stuck its head deep into the mud, leaving its entire body still showing above with its tail uplifted like a flag. Everyone has heard how ostriches bury their heads in the sand when trying to hide, but it was not until I visited Africa that I found this belief was only a fable. Now, however, another animal was acting out the fable before my eyes.

I spent the day traveling from isolated cabin to cabin. In the morning we set off to a new area, the region of the *chênières*, sandy ridges piled up by the sea and now overgrown with beautiful oak trees so that they are actually islands in the marsh. Here on the endless treacherous morass, great herds of cattle were grazing as peacefully as though they were roaming the solid Texas plains. Strange cattle brought here would break their legs in a few minutes; these cattle had learned to walk the marshes like the men. And I also learned that the horses which the Frenchmen rode to the trapping grounds were similarly accomplished.

We chugged a little way down a narrow inlet. The marsh grew desolate, grim. An isolated house appeared on a shell ridge.

Ti Bras made the boat fast. "You're going to see a sign doctor now. What the French people call a *traiteur*, or treater. This is the *gris-gris* country. You call it hoodoo."

Magic Powers of Black Candles

I had long heard of this mysterious *gris-gris*, and these *traiteurs*, who for a price would cure a sickness; or for a greater price would burn black candles that made a man's enemies waste away to skeletons or drove the woman he was seeking mad with love.

We knocked on the battered door. A bright, birdlike old French woman with a fine-wrinkled face greeted us cordially. "I can cure the snake bite, monsieur," she said as she poured coffee. "I make a little cross on the arm or the leg and say a little prayer and the poison passes."

Her wrinkled eyes lighted with pride. "I can cure the rheumatism, and stop the blood from a wound also. But I do not burn the black candles. This is evil *gris-gris*, against God's law. And this I will not do."

We chugged to another sandy ridge and stopped before a house where, in amazing contrast to the desolate surroundings, a television aerial showed above the roof. We went inside. The television set, operated by a home power plant, stood prominently against the wall, the images so feeble they seemed like ghosts. A pale, middle-aged Frenchman, obviously suffering from some form of paralysis, was sitting in a wheel chair, watching the screen.

His young wife spoke sadly. "He's that way 'cause they burned the black candles against him," she said. "He was going to marry another girl, and then he met me in Lafayette when I was working in a restaurant, and he asked the other girl to let him go. The girl said if he married me she'd burn the black candles. The day after the wedding he started getting sick like this. I took him to Lafayette and New Orleans and everywhere. But the doctors can't help him noway."

We voyaged next day to Pecan Island, now and then seeing an oil company's boat as it brought supplies to the floating rigs seeking new wells in the green wilderness. As in the *chênière* region, great herds of cattle roamed the marshes; this was the country of the French cowboys. Each autumn the farmer-trappers, looking like old frontiersmen of the West, mount their horses and, singing French songs, drive their cattle to the warmer marsh at the edge of the Gulf, a score of miles away. In spring there is a great roundup. The cowboys rope and brand their steers, and swim them through the salty inlets and bayous back to Pecan.

The natives here were the same gentle country people I had been meeting. But standing beneath a great oak tree I saw a fur-company policeman watching to make sure that the passing trappers reported all of their catch. Formerly, a large part of the marshes belonged to the state, and the trappers leased the public lands. But as the years passed, some of the wastelands were acquired by the fur companies who, in turn, rented them out to the trappers for a percentage of their pelts—sometimes as high as 60 per cent of the furs.

Bitter battles broke out not too many years ago between the natives and the fur companies; the trappers had taken up their rifles to resist. The trappers still resort to tricks to outwit the company watchers: they smuggle mink skins in their boots or mattresses or have their wives wear the furs inside their dresses.

We left Pecan and headed into the bayou again. We passed more trappers' cabins. "There's a new road just built through the marshes to the mainland," said Ti Bras. "I'll drive you to a *Fais Do Do* tonight."

"That's one of them French dances," explained Wild Oat. "*Fais Do Do* is what them young French mamas say when they put their babies to sleep. Means rockabye or something. These mamas bring the babies to the dance hall and lay 'em all on one bed they got in a back room. And then they go out on the floor and dance. You be careful and don't go flirting with no women. I seen the finest knife fighting there is at a *Fais Do Do.*"

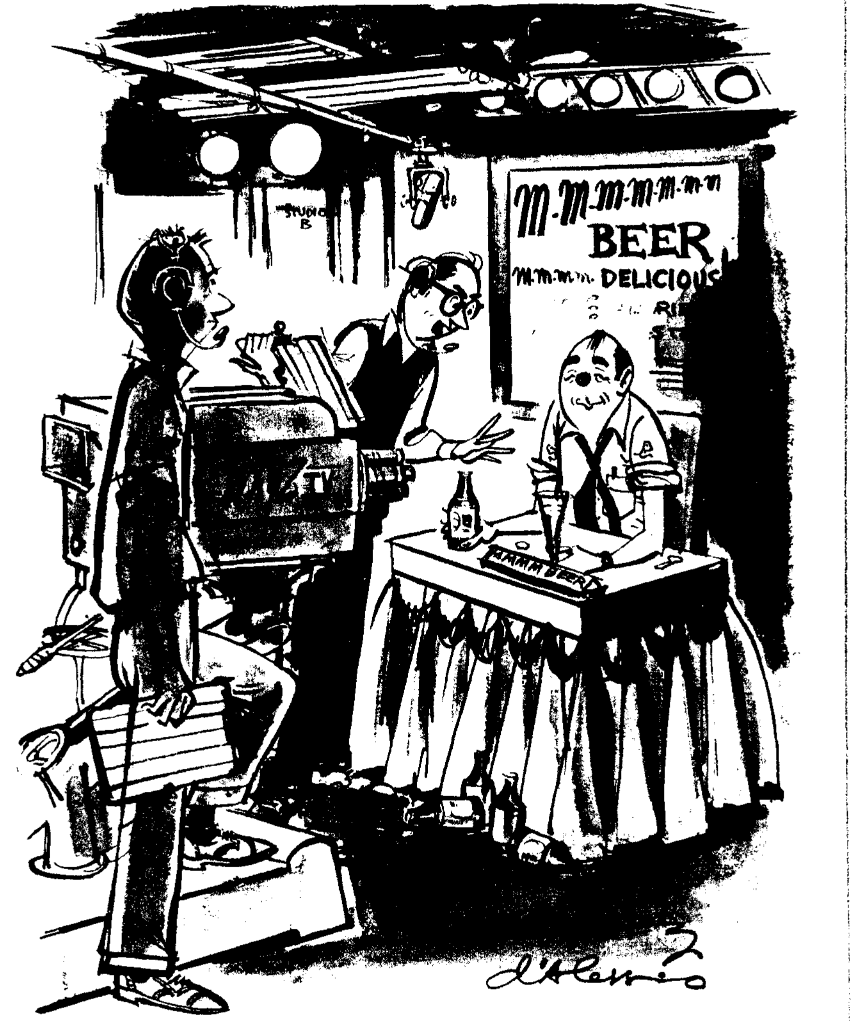
Dancers at the *Fais Do Do*

We set off by car after dark and arrived at a bleak tavern. We went inside. A hundred French trappers and rice farmers and oil workers and cattle hands of all ages were circling around the floor with their wives and girls, doing all kinds of steps to the same music, from the stately movements of an ancient French folk dance to the latest jitterbugging. Three young Frenchmen with accordion, fiddle and guitar formed the sweating orchestra.

Seated solemnly against the wall at the rear of the long hall were a score of elderly men dressed in such perfect Western style that they could have passed for sheriffs in a movie. They were looking out at the dancers.

"They're watching their daughters out on the dance floor so the girls don't misbehave," Ti Bras told me. "We call them the Jury.

He glanced at the other end of the building, where I could see a group of elderly women, sitting as silent and sol-



COLLIER'S "Okay, let's try it once more—and this time, don't smack your lips so much" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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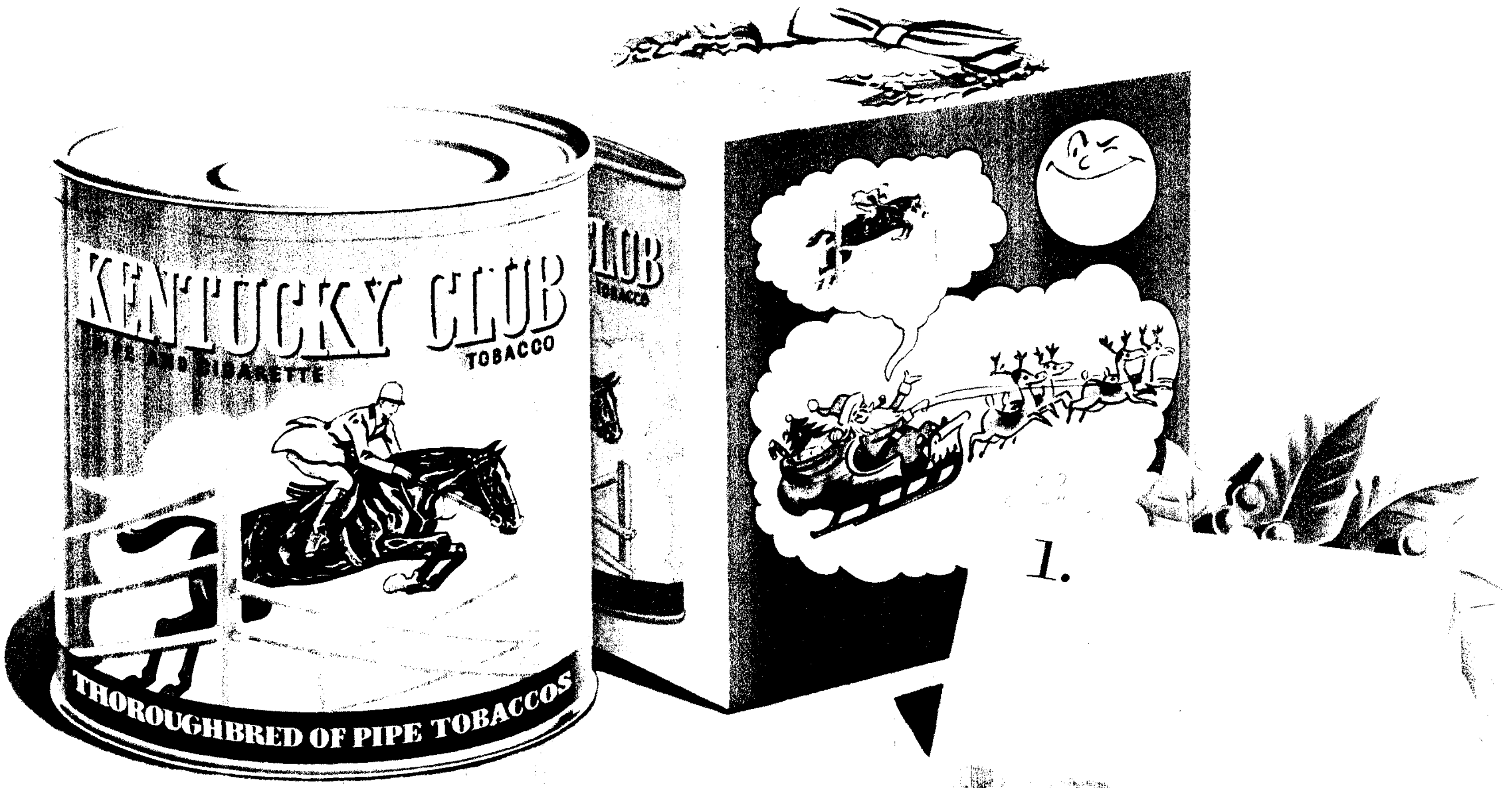
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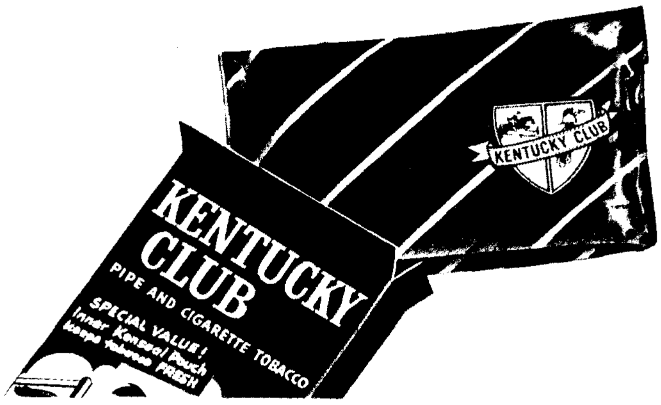
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emn as the men. "That's the Grand Jury," he chuckled.

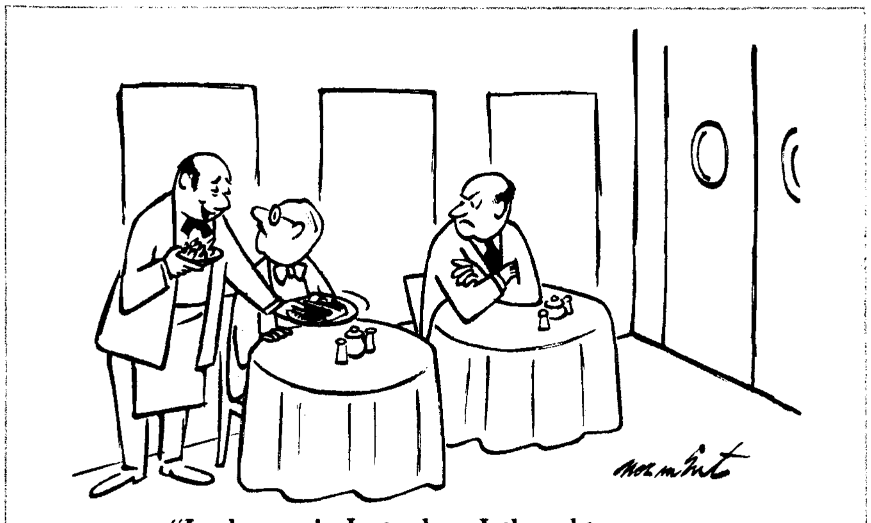
We left the *Fais Do Do* and resumed our voyage. Day after day we traveled. Sometimes the wind would blow the water out of the lakes and bayous again; we rode in a mudboat that could actually make its way through mud as long as it had not begun to harden. Sometimes we had to detour around a bayou that was blocked by water lilies grown so thick they appeared solid as a pavement.

Red Light Warns Lawbreakers

We changed our direction and journeyed eastward. The rice fields at the edge of the marshes gave way to fields of sugar cane. Shrimp boats passed on their way to the Gulf, and crabbing boats and boats gathering oysters. The population, too, was changing rapidly. There were Anglo-Saxons as well as French and Spaniards and Indians; now and then there were Orientals, Chinese and Filipinos. With the mixture of nationalities there came a roughening of the inhabitants. Rumors of moonshine stills and illegal trapping were common; we heard that whenever the car of a game warden approached a certain bridge, the red light on top would always go out in warning.

And there were stories of strange political activities. We heard about local politicians who on the night before an election would herd the marsh dwellers into a building known as a bull pen, ply them with wine and whisky and hold them as happy prisoners, until they could be led staggering to the voting booths in the morning. There were tales of how recordings of Huey Long's voice were played at political meetings as though he were still alive and giving his blessing to the local politicians' pleas.

We stopped at a tiny oil dock in the marsh where some tall dark men were standing. Wild Oat watched them intently. "Them fellows'll kill you quick as looking," he said. "Them's the Papawhos."



COLLIER'S "Lucky you! Just when I thought we were all out of porterhouse the man at the next table sent this one back . . ." JOHN NORMENT

I told Wild Oat I had never heard of this tribe of Indians. He grunted scornfully. "They ain't a tribe. And they ain't Indians. They're so mixed up people just call 'em Papawhos. Nobody knows who's their papas."

We arrived one morning at Lafitte, the tiny settlement where the famous pirate once met the New Orleans merchants to whom he sold his ill-gotten cargoes. Here, too, were the drying racks of the trappers, and hardy men were paddling pirogues, or dugouts, filled with furs, just as their French ancestors had paddled the rivers of Canada in the days of Evangeline.

Everywhere we heard stories of Lafitte and his treasure. Only a few miles away was Barataria Bay, where the pirate had established his headquarters, and many claimed with pride they were his direct descendants.

"Yessir, all you got to do is know where to look," said a lanky fisherman-trapper, who was buying supplies in a little store. "There's two men around here that lives like kings, ain't done a lick of work in their lives. Everybody knows it's 'cause they found where Lafitte's money's buried."

His companion nodded. "Once a month they go out in a pirogue to get it. I tried to follow 'em a couple of times but they always got away."

I strolled about and found more traces of the influence of the noted freebooter, whose memory is still warmly cherished in the little frame houses strung along the bayou. And then I made a startling discovery. In the minds of those French natives to whom reading and writing are a mystery, there is an extraordinary confusion about Jean Lafitte and Napoleon Bonaparte. Somehow over the years the great pirate and the great emperor have merged until they have become the same person.

The Legend of Napoleon Lafitte

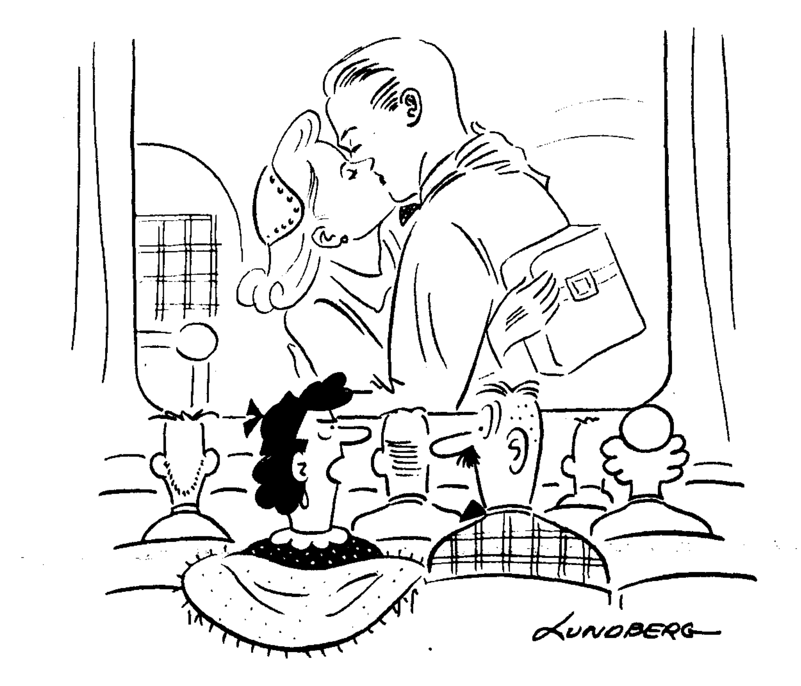
"Yes, my friend, this Napoleon Lafitte was a great man, I mean," a black-haired French trapper told me, as he took some muskrat skins from his pirogue and piled them on the bank. "The British they keep him in prison on a little island after he is the great king in Paris. But the French in New Orleans they do not wish it so. One day the British think this Napoleon Lafitte dies. And they put him in a coffin.

"But, my friend, he is not dead at all, I mean. Instead he is only asleep with a drug which is brought by these Frenchmen from New Orleans. These Frenchmen take out his body and put it on a ship. And he wakes up and comes here to Barataria. And there he collects many men to fight the British. And he robs the rich and gives to the poor. I tell you, my friend, when I see the way many things are today, with these great wars and these terrible bombs and the low price of the muskrats, I wish this Napoleon Lafitte will come back to the marshes. If he comes there will be many who will follow."

We steamed toward the west again. Through the endless green world we moved as in a hazy dream.

The tiny dock near Abbeville from which we had set out showed ahead. I stepped ashore. The lean, seedy man who had spoken to me at the start of the voyage came forward.

"Want to find Lafitte's treasure?" he asked. "I got a map—" ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S "You never kiss *me* like that!" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

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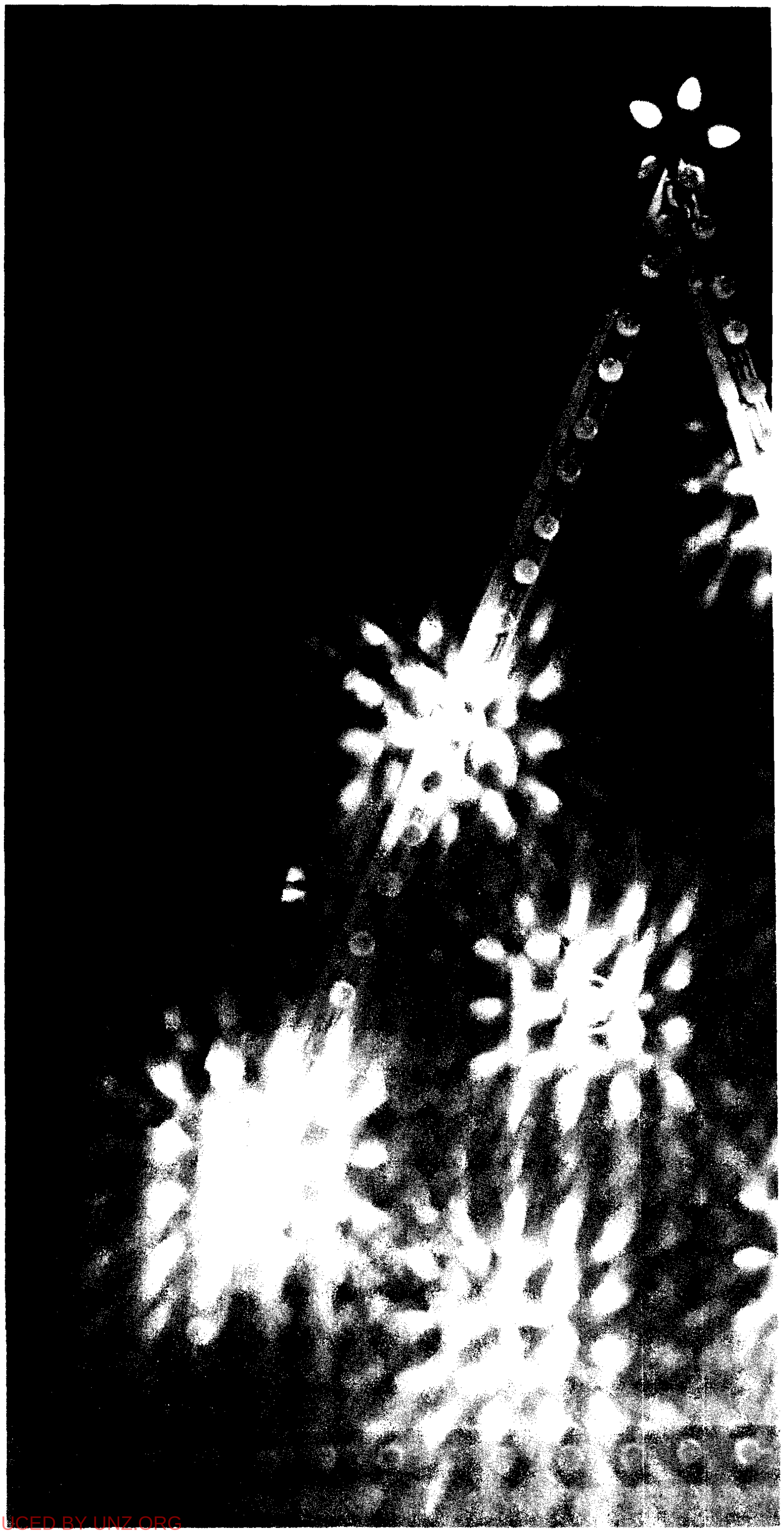
BOTH STRAIGHT KENTUCKY BOURBON WHISKIES 6 YEARS OLD. ©1954 ANCIENT AGE DISTILLING CO., FRANKFORT, KY.

AMERICA Lights Up fo

Christmas lighting in Cleveland is typical of that in cities all over the country. Picture shows Hereford Road in Cleveland Heights area

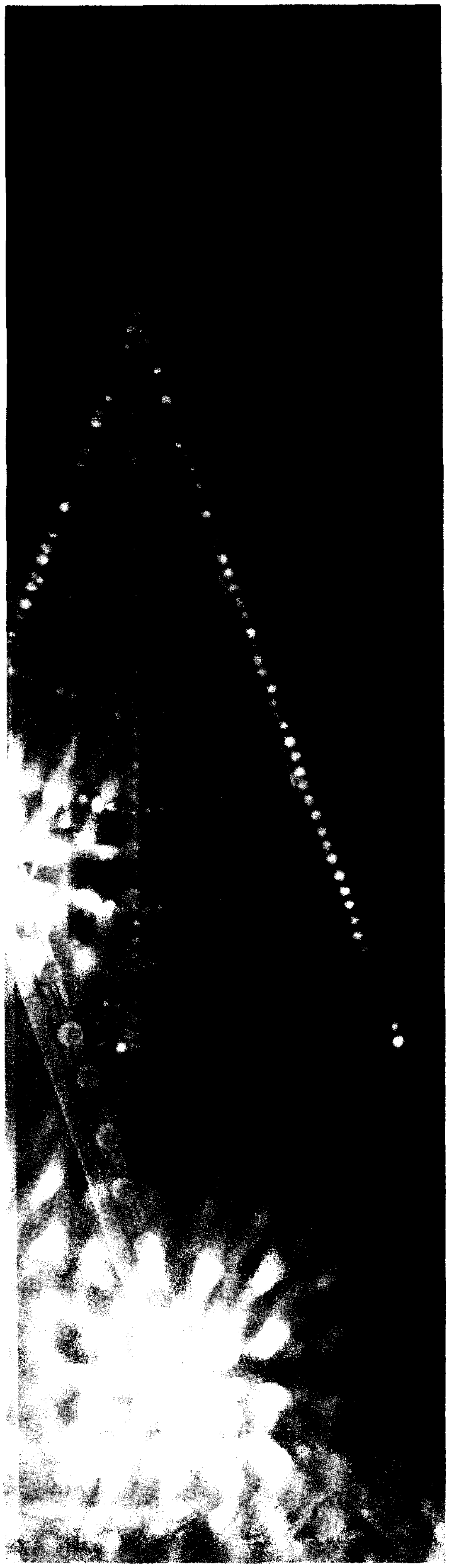
W. S. Duncan uses green-tinted floodlights to illuminate his home. He won prize year ago for the best lights in Cleveland's Forest Hill section

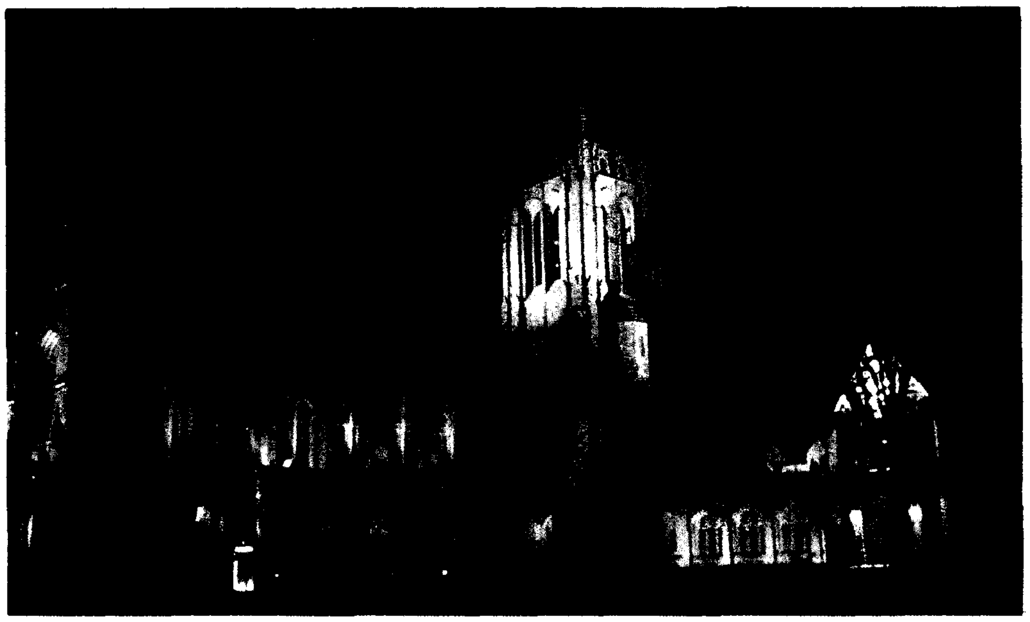
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR LAVINE



hristmas

A glow comes over our cities and towns. It radiates from homes, stores and parks, reflecting an inner light of good will toward all





White and amber floodlights give a soft glow to Cleveland's (Methodist) Church of the Saviour. Citizens began to plan Christmas decorations months in advance

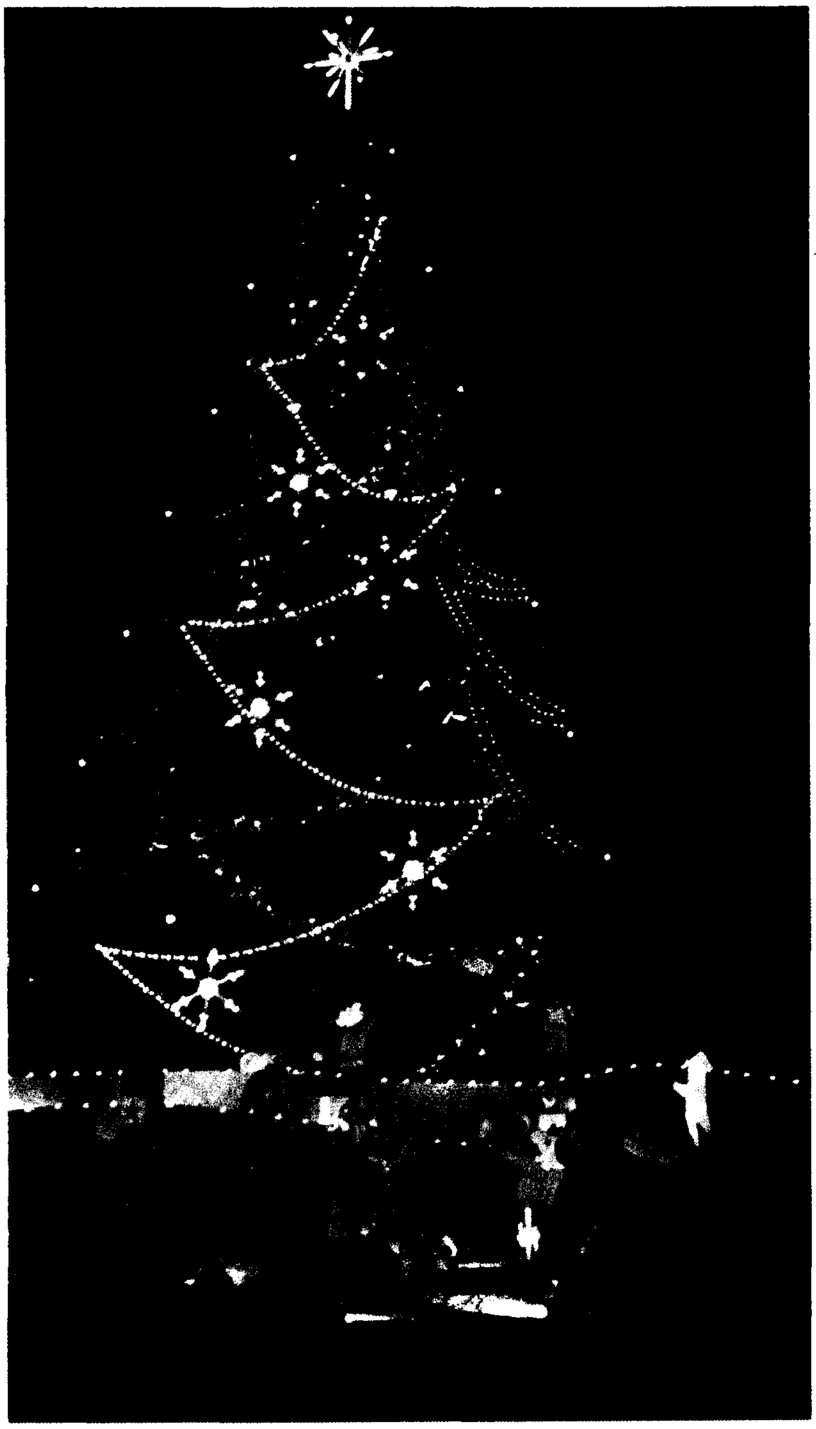
THROUGH all the nights of every year, America is a vast and glorious spectacle of light. But never is the nighttime land more beautiful than at Christmas, when it reflects the inner light which fills the hearts and minds of men.

A glow comes to the cities. It comes from the majestic 65-foot evergreen towering over Rockefeller Plaza in New York, from the shepherds tending live sheep in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, from the splendid outdoor scene of the Nativity in Richmond, Virginia. And the glow of Cleveland, Ohio, is typical: during the yuletide season, Cleveland lights up like the face of a radiant child. The city's parks and streets, its homes and churches are transformed overnight into a multi-hued fairyland where man is merry and nothing him dismays.

Like the people of other cities, Cleveland's citizens plot their electric holiday finery months in advance. Civic and business groups band together to blueprint the décor of their

Cleveland business houses, like those in other cities, feature Christmas lighting displays. Illuminated stores appear in background of this view of Shaker Square

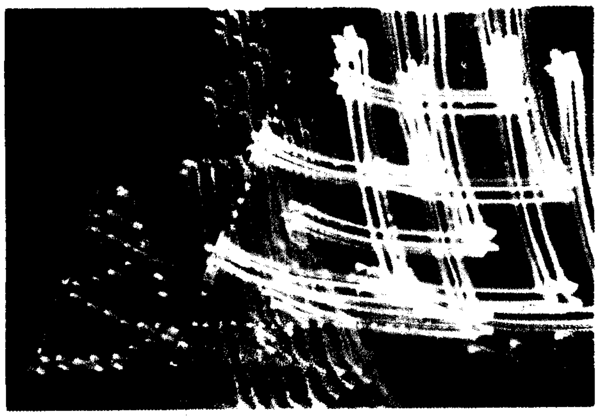
Blazing lights symbolize Christmas spirit throughout the land



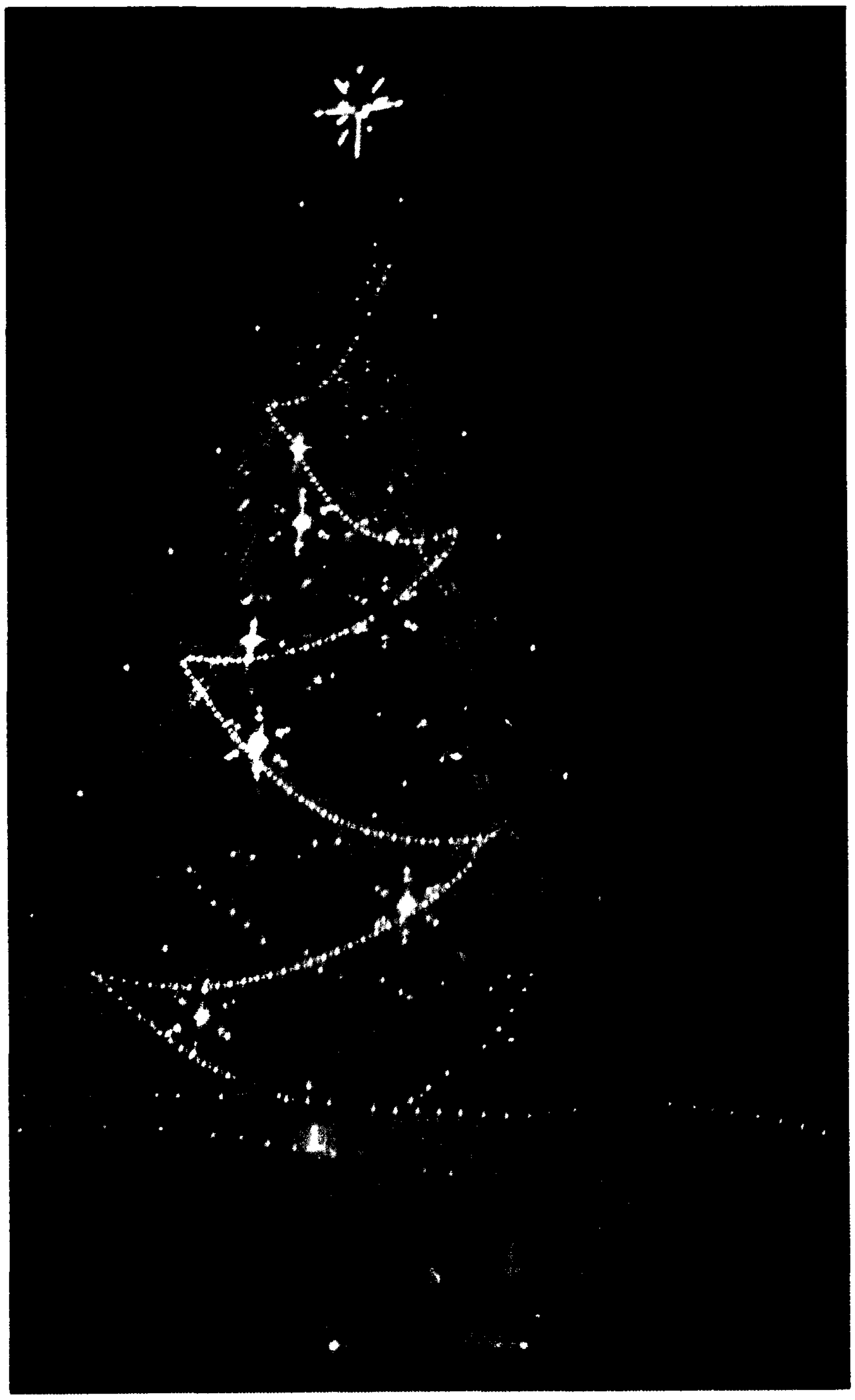
Cleveland's most lavish yule lighting display is staged by General Electric Co. at Nela Park

public squares. Local neighborhood associations sponsor contests for the most imaginative home decorations. As early as October, when the land still lies blanketed with autumn's brilliant harvest, the citizens of suburban Cleveland are out on their front lawns juggling networks of wires, plotting the designs which will set their homes ablaze with color under December stars. When Christmas comes, the houses stand in long, festive rows like twinkling ranks of animated greeting cards.

The most lavish holiday display is at Nela Park, in East Cleveland, where General Electric's Lamp Division each year creates fantasies in light which draw some 500,000 motorists from northern Ohio and neighboring states. Towering, stylized trees rise steeply from the Nela hilltop, casting muted echoes of color for miles around. Their dazzling forms inspired photographer Arthur Lavine to capture the spirit of the rainbow pageant in this series of semiabstract pictures. In his blur of blazing lights lies the essence of an eternal sentiment which pervades every town and city in the land, when America lights up for Christmas. MARTHA WEINMAN



Photographer used multiple exposures and other techniques to get photos shown above and right



Elaborate Christmas lighting display attracts some 500,000 visitors from northern Ohio and neighboring states to Cleveland's Nela Park

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A Catch for CHRISTMAS

By LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

It was no way to spend Christmas, Gideon thought—on the back of a whale, half a world from home

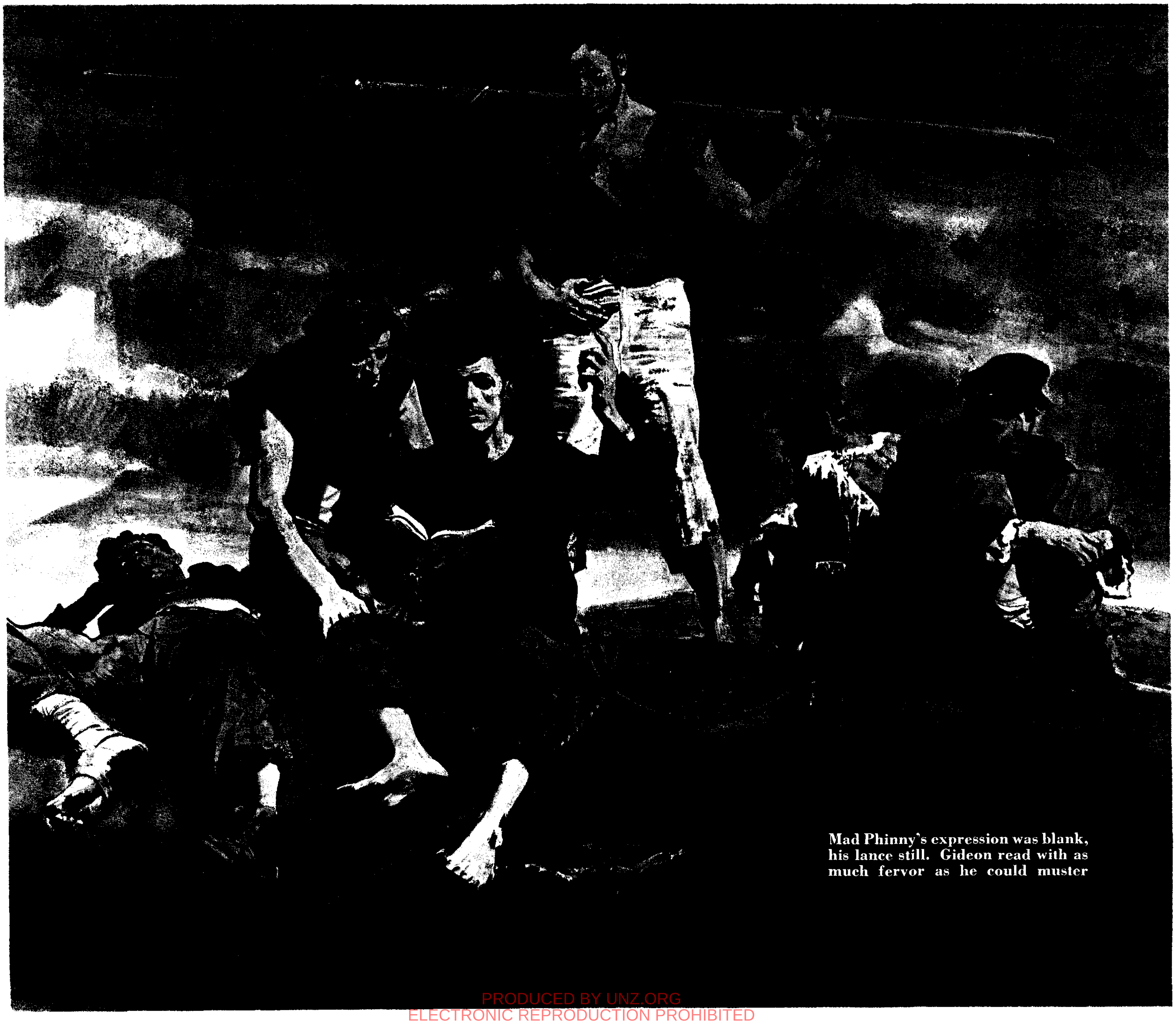
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

GIDEON COBB stood in the crow's-nest at the main-royal masthead, the vast blue plain of the Pacific stretching away below him, and thought miserably about Christmas. He was supposed to be on the lookout for sperm whales, but in the course of a voyage that had already lasted nearly two years he had never yet sighted one first. His bookish, landsman's eyes were no match for the eagle sight of the trained whalemen he shipped with, so Gideon only pretended to look for whales, and thought about Christmas at home in Nantucket some five thousand miles away. He knew exactly what it would be like at home tomorrow, this Christmas of 1844, and he longed to be there. Not only was Nantucket home—it was home for more than two thirds of the officers and men aboard the ship—but it was also where Lucinda Case would be.

Gideon could see Lucinda's enchanting face smiling up at him out of the flat, blue Pacific, a little of her dark hair showing under her plain Quaker bonnet, her eyes aglow as she said, "I mean to go to sea myself one day, and as everybody knows, a woman can only go to sea if her husband is master of a whaleship."

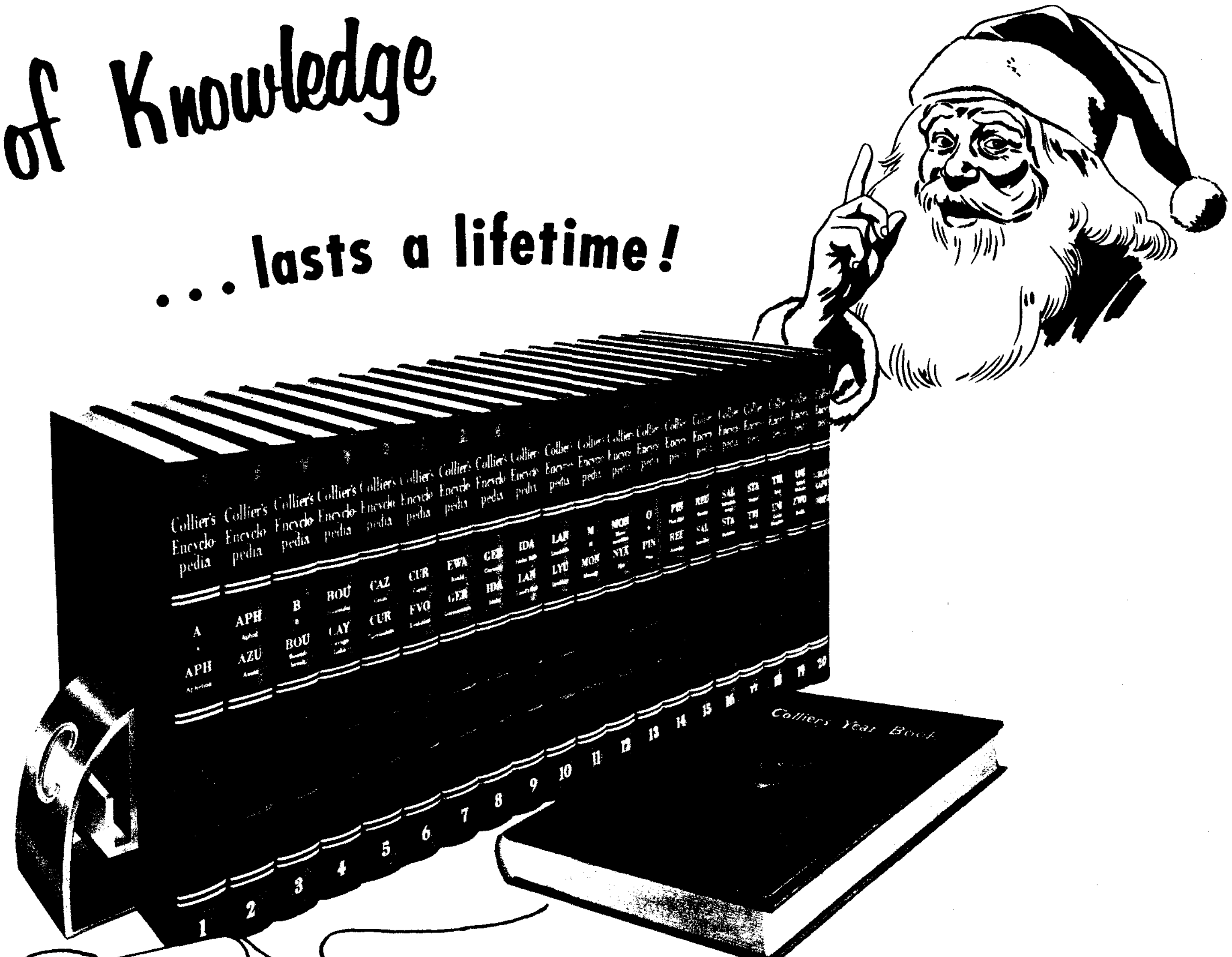
Well, perhaps Lucinda hadn't said it just to Gideon alone. There had been others there that day in her father's house to celebrate the christening of his new whaleship, which bore her name. But it had been enough for Gideon. The tiniest hint from Lucinda Case had always been enough for Gideon since they had been children. He had stayed up all night so as to be the first man to sign aboard the new Lucinda Case.

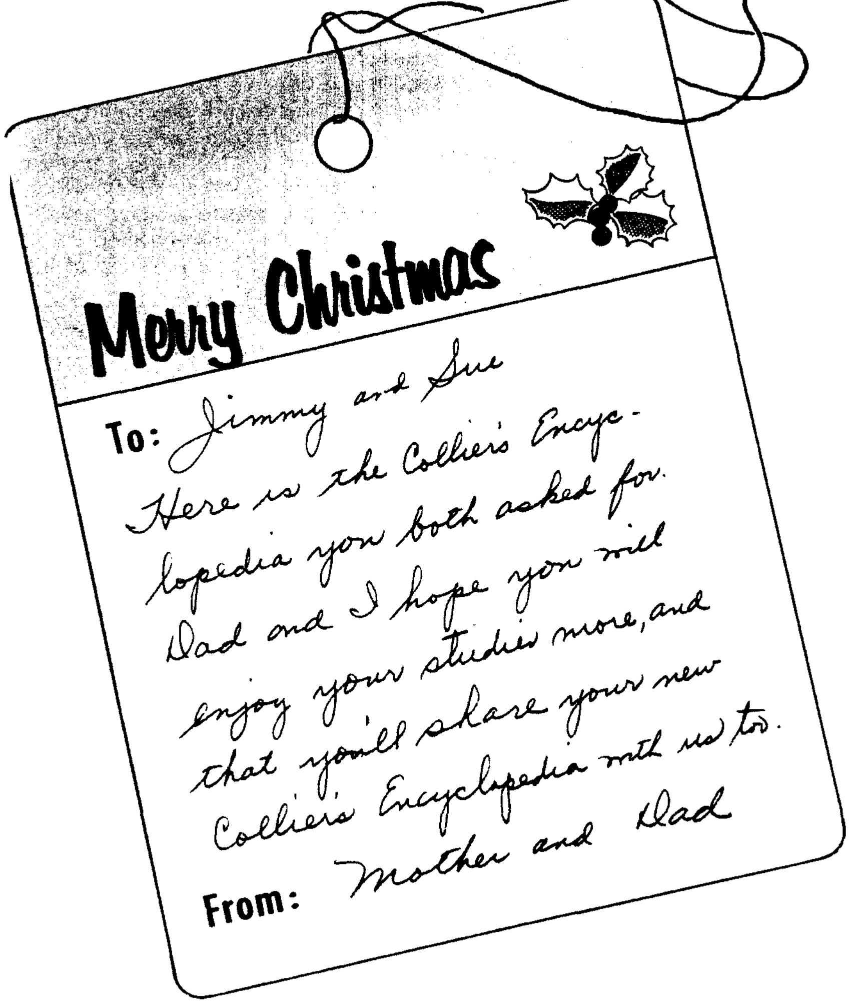
At the time, it had seemed a fine and chivalrous way of showing



Mad Phinny's expression was blank, his lance still. Gideon read with as much fervor as he could muster

the Gift of Knowledge ... lasts a lifetime!





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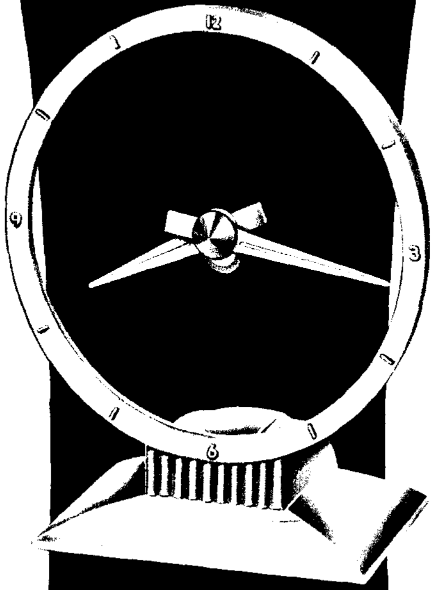

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Lucinda how supremely he loved her. But when the boats were lowered after whales and the stark facts of his stark life confronted him, his vision of Lucinda and himself, sailing blissfully around the world into a timeless infinity, burst like a soap bubble. For Gideon, the son and grandson of whalemen, born and bred in a whaling town, seemed to be as out of place aboard a whaleship as an oyster in a haymow.

Certainly he had the size and the strength for the job. He was rangy still and needed some filling out here and there (he had, in fact, grown an inch on the voyage), but these two years since his eighteenth birthday had made him tough and brown and supple as an Indian. And Gideon had the courage, too. He wasn't afraid of whales—or no more afraid of them than any man of sense ought to be of the mightiest of God's creatures. He just couldn't seem to get the hang of whaling.

At awkward times his mind kept glancing off the business of whales into less practical realms—if not toward Lucinda, then into wondering how Mr. Dickens' latest book was going to turn out, or of how interesting a life a man might have if he happened to be the editor of the Nantucket Intelligence (except, of course, that Lucinda wanted to marry a whaleship captain and not a newspaper editor). And now, as a result, there was not a man aboard the Lucinda Case, Gideon well knew, from the Old Man down to the humblest hand before the mast, who had one jot of respect left for him.

GIDEON was sharing his masthead lookout with Tom Jaffrey, the first mate. It was the rule of the whaler: one officer, one crewman, always dividing the horizon between them. Tom no longer spoke to Gideon during these vigils, or, at least, no more than was strictly necessary. Gideon didn't mind the lack of conversation, but these two men stood in a very particular relationship to each other. Tom Jaffrey was also in love with Lucinda Case, and each man knew about the other.

Tom Jaffrey was a square-set, fine-looking young man, intensely practical. While only twenty-four, he was already a veteran whaleman. A mate on his third voyage, Tom was sure to have his own command before long—certainly long before Gideon would have one. And so Gideon had nothing with which he might cushion the thought of this towering rival except hope—blind hope that Lucinda would pass over Tom, shipmaster or no, and wait until he himself could make a glorious name.

Gideon's troubles had begun early. Tom Jaffrey had killed his first whale at the age of sixteen. Gideon had never killed one, but he had already been responsible, singlehanded, for making the ship lose one.

It had happened over a year earlier, near another Christmas, on the Brazil Banks in the South Atlantic. The Lucinda Case had not so much as sighted a single spout for three weeks, so when the cry rang out from the masthead and the boats were lowered, the general air of excitement had been intense.

Gideon's job was to pull the bow oar in Tom Jaffrey's whaleboat, a position in which, the captain hoped, Gideon would get into as little trouble as possible. But that particular morning Gideon had been writing a letter to Lucinda. He hadn't the faintest prospect of sending it to her until, and unless, they spoke another Nantucket whaler homeward bound, and so the letter had turned into something more like an essay. It had started out to be a love letter pure and simple—if anything wrung from his soul with Lord Byron's assistance could be called pure and simple—but in the course of a whole year the letter had gradually branched out into other matters.

The day the whale was sighted on the Brazil Banks, Gideon had been writing to Lucinda in scholarly style about the life and customs of the natives of the Windward Islands, where the ship had touched recently for wood and water. When the boat was lowered and Gideon took his oar, he was still half thinking about his letter.

Tom Jaffrey stood in the stern, skillfully guiding the whaleboat under sail, with his enormous steering oar toward the whale. In the boat's bow was Mad Phinny Crail, the giant harpooner—called "Mad" affectionately but not without cause—his little, black, bird's eyes never for a second wavering from the white plume of the whale's spout or the spot where it had been. Mad Phinny had once drifted for eighteen days in a whaleboat and been the only man aboard still alive when it had been picked up. The memory sometimes returned to addle his wits, but Phinny could hurl his great harping iron forty feet and strike the center of a playing card.

Calm as a housewife slicing bread in her kitchen, Phinny had made fast to the whale, and the whale had sounded—his gigantic tail soaring high into the air above the boat, then all his great bulk disappearing straight down into the dark sea. The whale line fastened to the harpoon had begun to pay out at a singing speed. The whale was theirs, and it was simply a matter of time until he would come up again, to be drawn close to by the line and killed.

But somehow or other, in some way Gideon was never clear about—except that it must have had something to do with the letter he was writing to Lucinda—somehow, he got one of his sizable feet fouled in the swiftly racing whale line. He made a wild, supreme effort to get himself untangled, kicking out in all directions at once. But what he succeeded in doing, in far less time than it takes to tell about it, was to twist a turn of the line around his neck. Like lightning, he started to be pulled over the side after the whale.

Mad Phinny, with a howling comment not usually employed by Quakerfolk, slammed a hatchet down on the whale line an inch from Gideon's ear. And away the whale went, free as the day he was born except for a single iron and a few hundred feet of line, impediments not likely to trouble him much. Some four thousand hard American dollars went away with him, as an outraged Tom Jaffrey and an equally outraged boat's crew were at some pains to point out to Gideon.

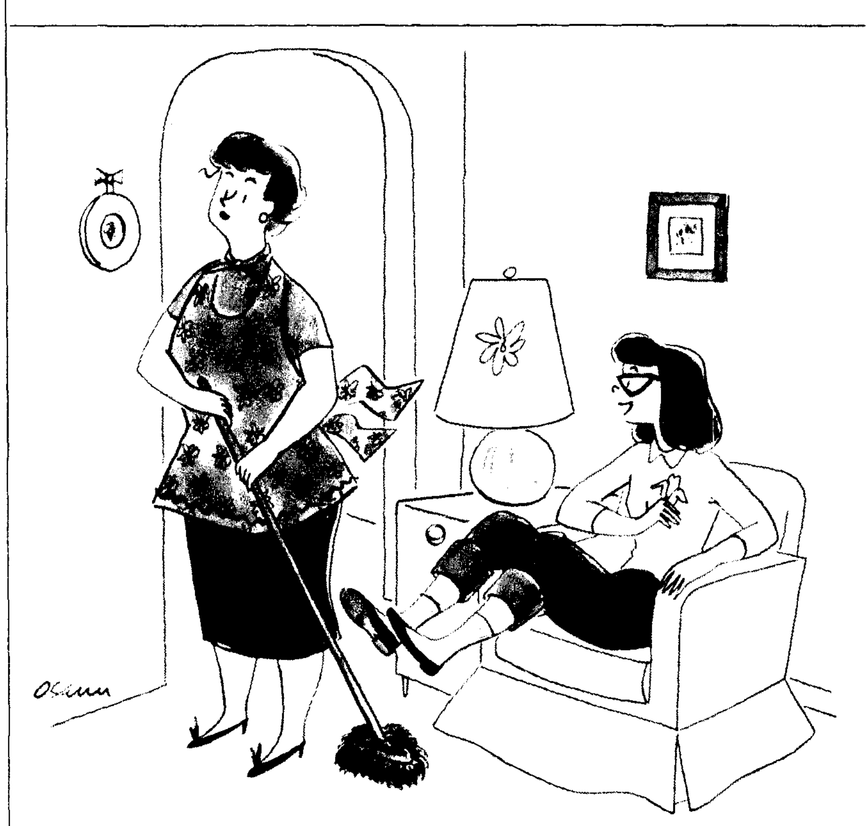
Thus Gideon, the whaleman. Thus Gideon, high in hope and lofty fancies, had become by chance and his nature the lowest of the low—his ship's unspeakable pariah.

A FEW days after this episode, the Lucinda Case had spoken a Nantucket "plum puddinger," or a ship that whaled only Atlantic waters. So she carried Nantucket news, and Gideon was able to send his own long letter home aboard her.

She had brought letters too, one apiece for Gideon and Tom Jaffrey from Lucinda. Also a rolled-up magazine for Gideon. Gideon had stood at the rail and swallowed down his letter in one ecstatic gulp. His only refreshment in a year of voyaging, it had been brief enough, but it was the cup of life. It contained, among other items, a warning to deal very cautiously with whales and a promise to send him a copy of Mr. Dickens' new book by the next outward-bound ship; it was signed: *Thy sincere friend.* The magazine, also from Lucinda, proved to be Master Humphrey's Clock, which contained the next-to-the-last installment of The Old Curiosity Shop.

Gideon realized that the story of his

TIZZY



COLLIER'S "To do housework, I think a woman must really *have* to love a man . . ." KATE OSANN nglorious encounter with the whale as going straight back to Nantucket —and Lucinda—aboard the plum-udding whaler. But it couldn't be elped. He consoled himself with the nstallment of The Old Curiosity Shop.

Gideon read it on an average of once week throughout the entire next year. t was doubly precious to him because he copy of the magazine had been ucinda's, and Lucinda was a margin riter. *Thee has a vile character, Mr. uilp!* she would observe in pencil, nd again and still again, *How very rue this is to Nature!*

The prospect of his ever receiving he final installment or the promised opy of Mr. Dickens' newest book eemed remote indeed. But the fact is e did receive them, almost a year ater, on the day this story began, the ay before Christmas, when the ship as somewhere between the Sandwich nd the Friendly Islands.

The Lucinda Case had wallowed her evious way around the Cape, across the Indian Ocean, and high into the Sea of Okhotsk—taking sperm and right and hump-ack whales as chance allowed, slowly filling her hold with barrels of oil to light the windows f the young nation whose flag she flew. Then she sailed south nce more into warm waters, ver seeking out her prey. And, finding it, she would foul up the ocean air as her try-pots boiled down the blubber into oil, earning for her and her Nantucket sisters the name of "stink-boat" from the lofty clippers that swept past her.

Gideon was no more whaleman after two years than he had been after one. He had tripped over the taffrail and gone overboard on a day when the sea was as flat as a kitchen table; he had reefed a topsail so peculiarly in a gale that the sail had last been sighted careening off toward the coast of Japan; and once he had slipped and fallen right inside a whale—a dead one, fortunately—secured alongside with its twenty-ton head opened so that the precious spermaceti could be got out.

And now Gideon stood, silently, as we found him, back to back with Mate Tom Jaffrey at the masthead, and it surprised no one that it was Tom Jaffrey who first sighted the sail on the horizon.

THE ship turned out to be the bark Moon Star of Nantucket, Captain Aaron Coffin. The two ships heaved to, boats were lowered and an all-day gam commenced. Mrs. Coffin was aboard, a lady who had whaled the waters of the world with her husband for a third of a century, raising five children on a quarterdeck, and she well understood the plain whaleman's rugged lot. She made the Lucinda Case a present of eight waddling geese, which she had taken aboard at the Sandwich Islands, and an unheard-of whaler's Christmas dinner was planned for all hands.

But the miracle of the meeting to Gideon was the delivery to him of two packages from Lucinda—a rolled-up magazine and a slim, oblong parcel. There was no letter, but then there was nothing at all for Tom Jaffrey. Catching a glimpse of Tom's glowering face watching him, Gideon hurriedly stuffed his prizes inside his shirt and made haste to the Moon Star's forecastle, where he spent the day.

Nightfall saw the two ships part, for friends and relatives and neighbors though they were, competitors they were as well; and if Christmas was Christmas, a whale was also a whale.

Christmas morning broke shimmering hot. Gideon, who was off watch, found a spot in the shade of the third mate's whaleboat and sat down, his back against the rail, to read. On rising he had again tucked his two precious packages inside his shirt. Now he fished out the magazine and eagerly began the final installment of The Old Curiosity Shop. By ten o'clock the sublime aroma of roasting goose pervaded the ship.

GIDEON had read for more than an hour when a shadow dropped across his page. Tom Jaffrey stood before him, glaring silently down at him. Then, suddenly, as though the sight of Gideon's ecstatic face as he read his gift from Lucinda were too much for him, Tom ripped the precious magazine from Gideon's hands and flung it savagely over the rail.

"Never let me find thee reading on this ship again!" he shouted. "Thy head is already full of nonsense. Whaling is thy business—learn it!"

Cold Hash

I think that my budget would probably be
In high old fiscal clover,
If I could dream up a good recipe
For using a left-over left-over.

—INDIA McINTOSH

Gideon leaped to the rail in time to see the fluttering white pages strike the water and lie there bobbing gently, receding slowly and forever from his sight. He whirled back, his whole being bursting with righteous anger.

"Mate or no mate, thee had no right to do that!" he stormed, his voice quivering furiously. "I promise thee this, Tom Jaffrey: the minute we're home and thee's no longer my officer, I'll knock thy head into the bay!"

Tom, his act having somewhat subdued his jealous anger, looked a little shamefaced. "I thought it was thy watch," he said. "In any case—"

"Thee knows well enough it's not my watch!" Gideon raged. "A blind man could see what's chewing thee, friend. Thee had no word from Lucin—"

But he got no further. From the masthead high above came a sound—long and mournful and pulsing, cutting like a cannon's boom through the gentle air: "Blo-o-o-w! Ah, blo-o-o-w!"

Instantly the cry was taken up here and there on deck. The Old Man leaped into the rigging on his way to the crow's-nest with his glass. At the first sound Tom had wheeled away toward his boat. Gideon followed him.

In a hurricane of activity, the boats were manned. The captain's voice reached them from above: "Sperm whales! Small pod o' cows and one big bull three miles to westward, mister," he shouted. "Lower as soon as thee's ready!"

Down went the four whaleboats; two or three strong pulls at the oars got them clear of the ship, and then up went the sails. As the boats drew silently away, a final, tantalizing waft of roasting goose trailed after them.

Like low-flying birds the four whaleboats scudded across the water, spreading wider apart, each picking out a whale. Gideon sat in his place, glaring astern into Tom's impassive face, thinking of nothing but his loss.

Tom was thinking of whales. At a signal of his hand the peak of the sail was dropped and the boat swung up into the wind. The other boats did the same. This meant that the whales had sounded, and if the boats should run over them the whales would be gone forever. They waited, not speaking, rocking lazily on the gentle swell, half an hour, then another quarter.

At last, from the bow, came Mad Phinny's voice—a whisper, scarcely more than a breath: "Blo-o-o-w! She white-waters . . ."

Not a quarter of a mile on the lee beam was a little bushy plume of steam rising from the sea. It was the great bull, seventy feet if he was an inch. Around swung the boat, cutting noiselessly through the swell.

"Stand up, Phinny," Tom Jaffrey murmured softly.

Ten beats later there was a bump, and at the same moment came Mad Phinny's wild yell of battle. The great harpoon sank in to its pole hitches.

"Down sail!" Tom bellowed. "Hurry, can't ye!"

Scrambling wildly, Gideon and the other three men amidships yanked and hauled, struggling with the flapping sail, until they had unshipped the mast and got it fleeted aft. Out went the oars.

The whale meanwhile gave one gigantic plunge forward, carrying him eighty or ninety feet past the boat. Then he wheeled suddenly and bore straight down on them. The monstrous black head, like the broad bow of a canal barge plowing the waves before it, loomed high and menacing.

"Oars!" Tom shouted. "Pull two! Stern three!" He bent to his huge steering oar with all his strength. The boat swung off sharply at right angles and the whale passed by, foaming and hissing through the sea. Up flew his awful tail, crashing down with a deafening blow not six feet from the gunwale.

AGAIN and again he rushed at them, and again and again the tense-faced, panting men in the boat dodged him. The whaleboat became a living thing, animated by the mind of its commander, circling, backing, darting ahead. When the whale paused in his fury, in they flew, and Phinny—roaring as if possessed of a destroying devil, hatless, his shirttail streaming out behind his giant frame like a banner—sent home a fearful thrust of his lance.

Suddenly, at the end of a charge, the whale rushed forward at a terrific speed, straight on toward the horizon. With a jerk of the line that all but tore out her bow, the boat spun around and rushed after him.

Along the surface of the sea they flew, leaping from crest to crest of the waves with a succession of cracks like pistol shots. Gideon was set frantically to bailing out the water that slopped in over the bow, while the rest hauled with all their might on the line, hoping to draw closer to the racing whale.

As the boat careened dizzily along, mile after mile, across the open sea, Tom and Mad Phinny precariously exchanged places, Tom to the bow, Phinny to the stern, for it was the mate's duty to kill the whale with the lance. How long the chase lasted, as time is measured by clocks, no man aboard could possibly have told. They knew only that at last the whale's speed seemed to slacken, and they hauled at the line with their aching arms as

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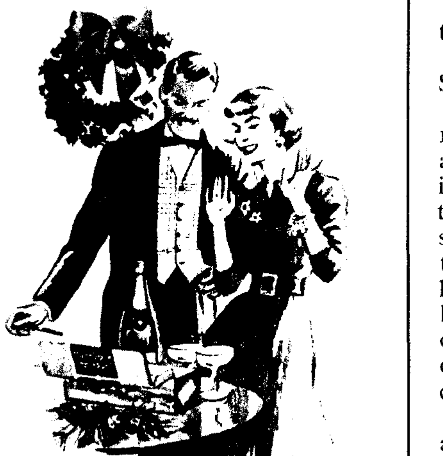

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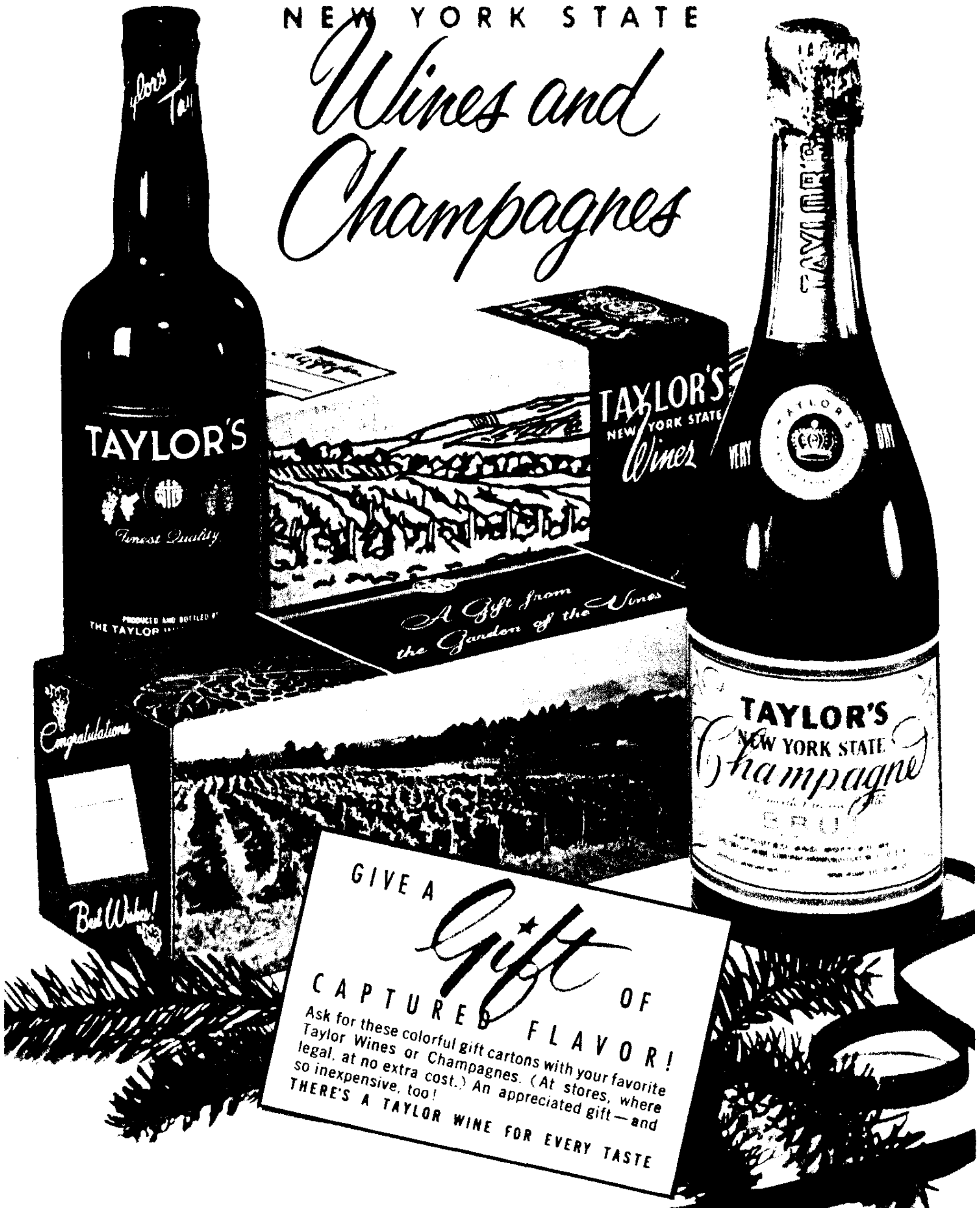
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Extra Dry	Sauterne	White Tokay	Sparkling
Vermouth	Rhine	Sherry	Burgundy
Sweet Vermouth		Cream Sherry	

though somewhere they had found new strength for their job. Inch by inch, then foot by foot, they gained on him until at last they were abreast of his thrashing bulk.

Down went Tom's lance. Up went the whale.

"She breaches!" Phinny bellowed. Six men's hearts stopped.

Slowly, majestically, the leviathan rose out of the sea into the air. Up and up he went, until the whole of his immense body hung on high, momentarily motionless, then fell—eighty solid tons of him—crashing back into the sea. As he came down he swung his mighty tail in one sidelong sweep, like some gigantic scythe. It sheared off the bow of the boat, inches in front of Tom Jaffrey, as neatly as a meat cleaver would slice a matchbox.

"Stern all! Oh, stern!" Tom shouted, and there was a desperate clambering aft in an effort to raise the boat's shattered bow out of the water. The whale began his dying flurry, plunging, heaving like a living mountain, lashing the sea into a storm of froth. The shearing off of the bow had snarled the line forward and secured it fast to the boat. Suddenly the whale began to roll—over and over, faster and faster—and with each successive roll they were pulled relentlessly toward him with the speed of thought.

The boat struck the mammoth bulk in a violent, splintering crash, was yanked instantly out of the water and hurled across the whale's back; then, what was left of it was dragged down and under the other side.

In that instant, Gideon found himself in a rush of roaring water, in a nightmare struggle for air to fill his bursting lungs. Something, some spinning piece of what had been a whaleboat, cracked him on the side of the head, and an impenetrable green darkness engulfed him.

WHEN a vague consciousness returned to him, Gideon found that he was stretched out on his back, staring up into the hot, cloudless sky. Painfully, he put out his hands to push himself up into a sitting position—and touched blubber. Splitting head and all, he shot up into the air as though he had put his hand into a boiling try-pot.

Around him were his five comrades in battle, huddled in various attitudes of pained bewilderment on the ample back of their conquest. The only reminder that there had once been a boat was half a shattered oar that drifted idly by. Gideon's eyes hurriedly swept the horizon.

Tom's voice interrupted him. "If the ship's still in this ocean at all," he said, his voice as sour as a plate of lemons, "she's more miles from here than all our eyes put together can see. Is thee sound?"

Gideon carefully touched his head, where there was a lump like half a fist. "Sound enough," he said. "Thee's hurt?"

"Old squarehead didn't die much like a flounder," Tom muttered. "We've got two sets of stove ribs, a smashed foot, and my ankle's broken, I think. Phinny's still of a piece. He fished thee out of the drink."

"My thanks, Phinny," Gideon said humbly, "my thanks to thee." But if Mad Phinny heard him, he gave no sign. He sat facing away from the others, staring blindly out to sea. His enormous hand gripped the shaft of the lance that still stuck up out of the whale's back like a flagpole.

And there they sat—in hopeless silence for a time—six bedraggled, half-drowned, battered scarecrows of men perched on the back of a dead whale on Christmas morning, each with his own private thinking.

The only chance they had in the world, as every man knew, was that the captain, watching them flying out of sight from his lookout at the masthead, had taken their bearings and would set out after them when the other boats returned from the chase. This was their single hope. But the horizon was as lonely as a ruler's edge. And the puniest swell of the sea could hide them from sight, so low in the water were they floating.

THERE was a very special terror in every man's heart. Each man knew what it was because each man had seen it with his own eyes on this voyage. They had all seen a dead whale, kept too long because of a storm alongside the ship, gradually swell from the pent-up gases inside it until it rode as high as the ship's rail. They had watched it, with a roar like a bursting dam, tear asunder and spread its hideous remains across the sea. And here, with the scorching sun overhead, they knew how much more quickly the dreaded process would take place.

Gideon saw Tom surreptitiously cut away a piece of blubber at the water line with his sheath knife—making a sort of Plimsoll's mark to measure the inevitable rising.

An hour passed, then two. They tried halfheartedly to sing for a while, but nobody really felt like singing, and presently even the attempt fizzled out. Hunger began to gnaw at them until there was not one of the six men who hadn't dwelt at length on the roasting geese they had left behind.

Gideon said, "If thee's a beggar, thee'd better not be choosy," and borrowing Tom's sheath knife he hacked and slashed a hole down through the blubber until he reached the meat, cutting out some ragged hunks of it.

The tough, black fiber tasted better than anyone had supposed it would. And so they had their Christmas dinner on, and of, their precarious home.

The food made them thirsty, but no one dared mention that. Gideon stood as lookout because he and Phinny were the only ones who could stand. Another hour passed. The sun began to slant sharply to westward. Tom's Plimsoll's mark stood eighteen inches out of the water.

Mad Phinny Crail had not uttered one sound. He had sat motionless, eating when the meat had been handed to him, staring vacantly at the horizon. Now, without notice, he muttered something unintelligible.

"Keep a lookout, Phinny," Tom answered him. "We need thy eyes."

Phinny turned away from the sea for the first time. Gradually he focused on Tom's face. His voice sounded thick and far away. "Thee's the mate," he said slowly. "Thee's the mate and thee's got the water."

"I've got no water, Phinny," Tom said, patiently enough. "No more has anyone else. Thee'll help by keeping a lookout for the ship."

"Thee's got water," Phinny repeated, staring at him. "Thee's got a cask stowed, and thee drinks at night when the rest of us is asleep."

Gideon felt the skin tighten across his scalp, and honored Tom for his composure.

"Thee's gone galley-west again, Phinny," Tom said, with quiet urgency.

"Thee's not in a boat. This is a whale, and not a man of us has a drop more water than thee. Right thy brains, Phinny!"

As if Tom's words had struck some angry memory, Phinny leaped suddenly to his feet, slithering on the insecure perch, and glared down at Tom. "Thee'll give me the water," he roared crazily, "or I'll slit thee stern to stem!" He grabbed the shaft of the ten-foot whale lance beside him and plucked it out of the blubber as though it weighed no more than a dinner knife. Its heart-shaped point, carefully honed to the sharpness of a razor's edge, gleamed red in the sunlight.

"Phinny!" Tom shouted frantically, "it's Tom Jaffrey, thy mate!"

Phinny only brandished the lance over his head, staring wildly about him. "Ye thinks I'm stupid, all of ye! I wants my proper share—be quick!"

Gideon looked desperately at the four helpless men cowering at Mad Phinny's feet. His heart hammered. He tried to swallow and couldn't. Without giving himself time to think of the lunacy of what he was doing, he darted in under Phinny's lance and butted *him in* the chest with all the strength that was in him. The lance waved crazily over the crown of his head.

Phinny stood like a rooted tree. Gideon dropped, his neck and back twisted with pain. His assault had served at least as a distraction. Now the huge harpooner stood staring down only at him, fingering the lance, his mouth working wordlessly.

GIDEON felt his neck to see if it was broken. Then he felt his back. His fingers touched something under his shirt. Immediately he recognized its feel. He snatched it out—a slim, rectangular package—and tore away the string with his teeth. Inside was a slender book, hardly more than a pamphlet, warped and blotched from its encounter with the sea.

An insane thought occurred to Gideon, a wild, last hope. Without daring to look up again at the menacing figure that towered over him, he began to read the first page: *"Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And—"*

"Watch him!" Tom screamed.

Gideon jerked up from the page. Mad Phinny was making a stifled rumbling sound at the back of his throat, his eyes wandering back to Tom, his lance swinging rhythmically.

"Heave over thy blasted book, in mercy's name!" Tom pleaded. "I'd heave it over for thee soon enough if I had my legs!"

But Gideon paid no attention. He gripped one of Phinny's thick calves. "Listen to me, Phinny!" he said quickly. "Listen to what I'm saying! Here's something better than water for what ails thee. It's the newest story from London, and I promise thee'll like it if thee'll only listen."

Phinny just glared down at him and yanked his leg away. "It's thee as has the water!" he said.

Gideon gulped. "Give me five minutes. Listen for five minutes."

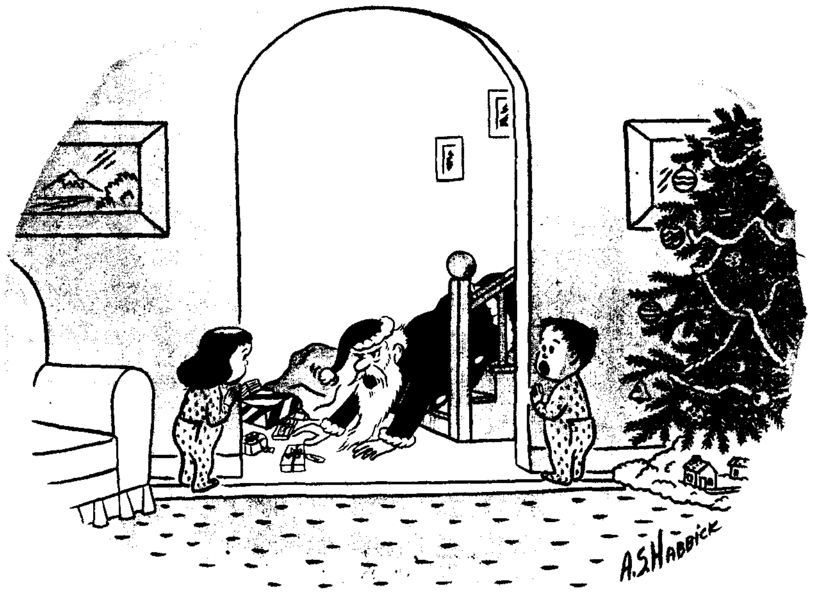
"In five minutes thee'll give me the water?"

The mad lie babbled out of him: "In five minutes, Phinny. But thee must listen very closely."

Like a dedicated being, Gideon went back to the book. On and on he read until somehow or other he got through the first short chapter. Instantly, he began the second so that there would be no awareness of a break. He shot a quick glance up at Phinny. The harpooner was standing motionless, his eyes fixed dully on the whale, his face expressionless.

WITH all the histrionic fervor he could muster, Gideon read the story of how a miserly old man named Scrooge was visited in his bedchamber by a lugubrious spirit called the Ghost of Christmas Past. Then Scrooge was introduced by another ghost to the family of his long-suffering clerk Bob Cratchit, and was moved to tears at the sight of the wretchedness he had inflicted on them.

Again Gideon darted a look at Phinny. What he saw sent a bolt of fear shooting through him from head to toe. On Phinny's face was an expression of black malevolence, which hadn't been there during all that had gone before. Suddenly, high up over his head, Phinny swung his lance. Gideon sat frozen, waiting for death.



"It looks like Santa Claus but it sounds like Grandpa . . ."

COLLIER'S A. S. HABBICK

Then Phinny exploded. "It serves the old bleeder right!" he bellowed. "Ef I was there, I'd scrooge *him!* Thet poor little Tiny Tim feller! Why, I'd —I'd—" Beyond the power of speech, Phinny hurled his lance into the whale with a blow that would most certainly have killed it if it had not already been dead. "Git along, boy," he spluttered to Gideon. "Git on with it!"

Gideon felt a quiet surge of triumph. His weary body began to relax.

"Don't trust him, Gideon!" Tom shouted. "He'll trick thee!"

"The pen," replied Gideon, rather sententiously, "is mightier than the lance. Sit down and rest thy bones, Phinny."

Immediately Phinny sat down close beside Gideon and scowled in concentration. "Don't lag, boy," he said.

And so Gideon began to read again. The sun dipped lower and lower, presaging the dreaded, hopeless night. In the past hours the whale had swelled appallingly. The Plimsoll's mark stood four feet clear of the water.

After a time, they felt a movement in the whale—a curious jarring sensation, as though they had somehow run aground. The water broke close at hand and the livid belly of a shark flashed up at them. In another minute there were a dozen more, fighting, writhing, tearing at the whale with their savage jaws. Constantly, their numbers increased until the surrounding sea was alive with them. The great whale was gradually being devoured piecemeal from under them.

Mad Phinny was on his feet, lance in hand, slashing and lunging, first on one side then the other. The water around them became a scarlet sea of blood. "Just thee keep a-goin, boy!" he called over his shoulder, in a voice thick with emotion.

And Gideon read on: "*'. . . But however and whenever we part from one another,'* (said Bob Cratchit), *'I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim—shall we—or this first parting that there was among us?'*

" 'Never, father!' cried they all."

Phinny seemed hardly to notice what he was doing, so intent was he on the reading. Tears were now coursing down his ugly face. He would search out a small shark, impale it with his lance and lift it clear out of the water. Then he would grab it by the tail, pausing to dry his tear-drenched eyes on the back of his sleeve, slit its belly from end to end with one slash of the lance, and hurl it back to be devoured by its cannibal brothers. "Oh, thet poor little boy," he would snuffle, "thet poor crippley little boy."

In another hour the general horror of the scene commenced to tell on Gideon, and his voice faltered.

Phinny immediately turned on him. "What's thee stoppin' for?" he demanded, stifling a sob. "If thee's not careful, thee won't be done before the ship's right alongside of us."

THERE was a moment's pause, an incredulous, electric pause. Then Tom spoke in a careful voice. "Ship, Phinny?" he said. "Did thee say—"

"Bearin' down on us to leeward," Phinny said, vaguely waving his lance off toward the horizon. "Hurry, boy!"

And it was true. In another two minutes the others could see it—and in five even Gideon could see it—bearing straight down on them, gilded by the evening glow, like a rescuing angel. At last, up into the wind she came, and dropped a boat. Gideon had a page and a half still unread.

The captain ordered their swollen, mangled catch brought alongside and cut in before it could explode or the sharks could reduce it further.

"Thee's saved a good fish, mister," the captain said to Tom, when they were aboard and Tom's ankle had been attended to.

Tom Jaffrey had been raised in the ways of truth. "Thee'll not believe one word I have to say, sir," he said, "but thee owes the fish and the life of every man aboard him to Gideon Cobb." And he told the whole story.

Gideon, refreshing himself at the scuttlebutt, felt the color rush to his face. The men, Nantucket whalemen six times around the Horn, were turning to look at him with new eyes.

Someone grabbed him by the arm. It was Mad Phinny, his gory lance still in his hand. "Come on for'ard, Gideon boy!" he said tautly.

So Gideon finished the story. *"Scrooge was better than his word . . ., . . . to Tiny Tim who did NOT die . . ., 'God Bless Us, Every One!' "*

PHINNY stood silent on the deck for a moment. Then he wiped his nose unsteadily on his sleeve and tottered aft, shattered but happy.

Gideon's eyes were fastened on the book. The story had ended halfway down the page. Across the rest of it he saw that Lucinda had added a note. Staring like a wild man, Gideon read: *I have shown thy letter about the native customs of the Windward Islands to the editor of the Intelligence, Mr. Cartwright. So pleased is he with thy excellent report that he means to publish a bit of it every week. Mr. Cartwright asked me if I thought thee would consider taking a position on the Intelligence or if thee was dedicated for thy life to whaling. I told him thee would take his position, and gladly, as I had never understood thy ambition to go a-whaling to begin with. I suppose it was because thee was still a lad, Gideon, and didn't yet know thyself. Trusting thee has received and had a quiet opportunity to read this gratifying little book called A Christmas Carol, I remain thy sincere friend, Lucinda Case.*

There was a postscript: *Thee may tell Tom Jaffrey,* it said, *that father, hearing splendid word of him from thy captain, has decided to give Tom command of the ship on her next voyage. In his last letter Tom asked a question of me. Thee may tell him that if he is still minded to ask the same question upon his return, my answer may not altogether displease him. Adieu.*

Gideon's heart leaped up so high at reading the first part of this letter that the second part scarcely affected him at all. It was very strange indeed. His perfect dream of beauty, his very heart's desire, had just slipped through his fingers beyond all rescue—and yet he felt as though a burden as big as a whale had just been lifted off his shoulders.

His unconscious simile told him everything: as big as a whale. He was done with whaling, done forever. His mind sang the words. He would never make a whaleman and he didn't care a tinker's dam. In a few years, he would make the best editor the Nantucket Intelligence had ever had; and if Lucinda must have a whaleman, she had chosen wisely.

Whales and whalemen were but poor, tractable creatures, after all. Charles Dickens and Gideon Cobb—literary men—had proved as much this very Christmas Day.

His heart as light as the fair Pacific breeze that clattered the yards aloft, Gideon trotted aft to have a word with Tom Jaffrey. —LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

Key Chrysler executives in dramatic new campaign. From top: Former president K. T. Keller, who now plays a less active role as chairman of board; president Lester L. (Tex) Colbert (r., with prospective car buyer); chief designer Virgil Exner; vice-president for sales Charles L. Jacobson (shown about to go on sales trip)

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By VANCE JOHNSON

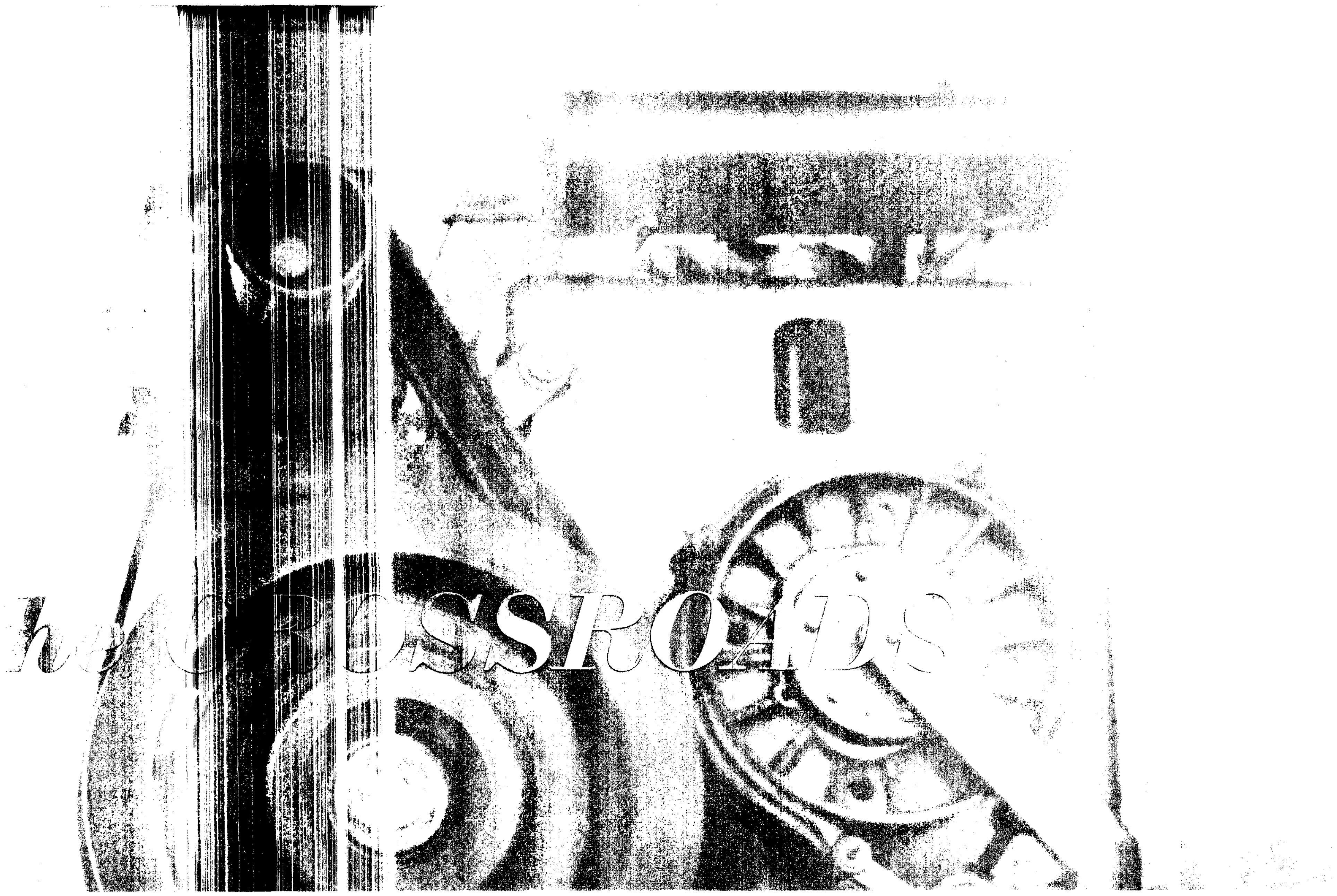
THE roughest, toughest competitive battle royal of our times has broken out in Detroit—among the Big Three automobile makers: General Motors, Ford and Chrysler.

Already it has produced upheaval, throwing old sales patterns to the winds, confusing job prospects for factory workers, mechanics, salesmen and others, and making or breaking car dealers in thousands of cities and towns. Out of the struggle well might come a complete realignment of the automobile industry.

Business historians probably will date the beginning of the hostilities from the first week of August, 1953. Auto makers, long accustomed to easy sales, suddenly found themselves then with a buyers' market on their hands—and Ford reacted with an all-out drive to wrest leadership in the popular price field away from the long-time leader, GM's Chevrolet.

A second, and fiercer, phase definitely will be dated from the third week of November, 1954—when Chrysler joined the battle with a completely new line of cars and the biggest sales campaign in its history.

Chrysler's response was grounded on clear necessity. Throughout 1954, Ford and Chevrolet have been in a seesaw struggle for top position, while Chrysler's low-priced Plymouth, the long-time third-runner, dropped into fifth place (behind Buick and Oldsmobile). Sales of Ford's medium-priced Mercury climbed so rapidly that they almost equaled the combined sales of the so-called Little Three (Studebaker-Packard, Kaiser-Willys



he CROSSROADS

The firm's direction from here depends on the outcome of a bold campaign—aimed at retaining its position as one of the auto industry's Big Three. The coming months will tell the story

and American Motors, which makes Nash and Hudson). By contrast, sales of Chrysler's medium-priced car, the Dodge, skidded so badly that they were barely ahead of GM's luxury car, the Cadillac.

As the 1954 car-selling season came to an end. General Motors commanded nearly 50 per cent of the total automobile market. Ford held nearly 31 per cent, compared to about 20 per cent three years ago. Chrysler came out with less than 14 per cent—a drop of more than 7 per cent in one year.

Past performances in the auto industry would have indicated worsening Chrysler troubles for at least another year, with its two big competitors continuing their unimpeded course. Because of the time required for making new tools and dies, car makers normally require three years to bring out a new model. Chrysler had made a big changeover in 1953 and was not due to make another until 1956.

It was well known in Detroit, moreover, that Ford had been preparing for its all-out challenge for at least six years before its 1953 onslaught—but for a long time Chrysler gave every outward appearance of indifference. To outsiders, its officials seemed clearly surprised when the company first began encountering serious sales troubles about 18 months ago.

Yet to insiders, a "forward look" already was in the making. With the 1955-model season, Chrysler hit the field on a dead run—obviously intent on transforming what had been a two-company fight into a battle royal.

At a cost of more than $250,000,000, Chrysler radically redesigned and restyled its entire line. Plymouths, Dodges, De Sotos and Chryslers for 1955 are as different in appearance from earlier Chrysler models as Fords are different from Chevrolets.

For the first time, Chrysler is offering the Imperial, hitherto the most expensive car of the Chrysler line, as a separate-line car to compete directly with Cadillac.

The corporation's approach was underscored by big, aggressive Ed Quinn, president of the Chrysler division, when he told his dealers:

"Force the fight. Make the other dealers play by our rules for a change."

New Models Kept Comparatively Secret

Like its competitors, Chrysler took great precautions to keep its new models from general view before the official showings late in November. But Quinn set out to deliver 15,000 Chryslers well ahead of time. His sales manager, Ray Curtan, issued orders for dealers to permit selected prospects to see, and order, them in advance of the official unveilings. Said Curtan:

"The plan is this: to put close to 15,000 new Chryslers on the streets—in the hands of owners—on announcement day itself."

Whatever secret expectations may be, everybody at Chrysler is talking and planning big. President Lester L. (Tex) Colbert has declared the corporation's goal for 1955 is 20 per cent of the market—the share it once enjoyed.

That Chrysler should even be in a position to throw down this challenge, and so soon after its 1953-'54 sales debacle, is one of the biggest surprises in recent industrial history. Because it has created such widespread talk and speculation, and because the stakes are obviously so high, Collier's has taken a firsthand look to discover how Chrysler is doing it.

It might be said that Chrysler's comeback effort actually began four years ago, long before anybody there suspected that hard times lay ahead, or dreamed that the company would attempt sudden and drastic changes in its cars. Much of the company's present vigor can be traced back to changes which started in 1950.

Chrysler Corporation was founded in 1925 by Walter P. Chrysler, a onetime railroad mechanic and later a General Motors executive. It so happened that most of the younger men who started out with him were of about the same age—and all approached the company's mandatory retirement age of sixty-five at about the same time.

One of the first to reach retirement was K. T. Keller, who had succeeded Chrysler as president in 1935 and had run the corporation with a firm hand ever since. Immediately upon passing his sixty-fifth birthday in late November, 1950, Keller informed the board of directors of his intention to retire and nominated as his successor Tex Colbert, whom Keller had been grooming for the job almost since he took it over.

The directors acceded to Keller's wishes and, as is customary in many large corporations, elevated

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Part of the plan: New stress on style

him to chairman of the board. The board members were so accustomed to having Keller run Chrysler, however, that they gave him a contract which could have made him undisputed boss of the company for another five years —despite the retirement rule.

The board's action gave rise to much speculation, inside and outside the company, as to who really was running Chrysler. To many businessmen, it was hard to believe that an old fire horse like Keller would want to step aside. But this Keller was determined to do.

His first act as chairman of the board was to move into a small, off-to-the-side office, turning the president's suite over to Colbert. He told everyone who asked that Colbert was in charge.

An Informally Attired Executive

When I called on Keller recently, I found him sitting at a desk which was barren of papers. His light-colored Stetson rested on a window ledge behind him, in an attitude which suggested it had been tossed there by a carefree hand. He was wearing a bright yellow sport shirt, with brown cross-hatching, and a brown tie.

We talked at length about Chrysler's past—but conversation concerning the present was limited almost entirely to "some little private projects" in which he then was engaged. (One: getting the spare tire of his personal 1955 Imperial placed outside the trunk, in the Continental manner.) He gave every appearance of an elder statesman who immensely enjoys the dignity and leisure which that position affords.

"The nerve center of the corporation," he said firmly, "is Tex."

Colbert, a tall, broad-shouldered, clear-eyed Texan, never did have any doubts about his role. Since joining Chrysler as resident attorney in 1933, he had worked in every phase of the business—from labor relations to running the huge Dodge B-29 aviation engine plant at Chicago during the war. Knowing he someday might run the company, he had kept his eyes open for talent and had made his own plans. As retirement and death removed K. T. Keller's contemporaries from top executive positions, Colbert filled them with men of his own choosing—men loyal to him. When asked bluntly at a dealer's meeting early this year who was running Chrysler, Colbert could reply with genuine assurance: "I am."

The new men all are relatively young, most of them in their forties or early fifties—old enough to remember what real competition had been like before the war; young enough to have fresh, vigorous ideas of their own and to relish a scrap.

When trouble showed up, it seemed only natural to them to take a quick, hard look at what had caused it, then take prompt action to eliminate the cause—without wasting time to find scapegoats or to manufacture alibis.

"When you cry about what has happened," said Ed Quinn, reflecting the general point of view, "all you produce is water on your desk."

Out of this hardheaded approach came the decision to restyle radically all Chrysler cars—and to push through a crash program, at great cost, in time for the 1955 season.

Fortunately, the Colbert team did not have to start from scratch. Groundwork for a big switch had been laid back in 1948, when Chrysler commissioned a number of Italian designers to build "forward-looking" bodies on several standard chassis. And in 1949, Chrysler had hired away from Studebaker a promising forty-year-old designer, Virgil M. Exner, and had set him up in its first advance-design studio.

This emphasis on design was in itself a significant departure from Chrysler tradition. From its beginnings, Chrysler approached car making from the engineer's point of view. Its purpose was to construct sturdy, comfortable cars—then build bodies around them. It made exhaustive studies into the causes of fatigue and sought to combat them with a long series of engineering innovations which, in time, became standard in the industry. Chrysler was immensely proud of all these firsts.

Only once in its first quarter century did Chrysler attempt an unconventional design—back in 1934, when the streamlined Chrysler Airflow was introduced. Sales dropped off sharply that year, so in 1935 Chrysler returned to conventional styling. Thereafter its cars always were somewhat more conservative than those of its competitors. Chrysler talked about the soundness and dependability of its products, not about good looks.

Even after Exner was hired, Chrysler executives approached style changes with caution. The 1953 cars were strictly in the Chrysler tradition—built by engineers, styled afterward.

To the engineers it had seemed logical that, because of heavy traffic and inadequate parking space, cars ought to be smaller and more maneuverable. Accordingly, the 1953 Plymouths and Dodges, leaders of the Chrysler line, were shortened by several inches. But the cars which caught the public fancy were the bigger, longer, wider products of Chrysler's competitors. Dealers and customers alike complained that Chrysler cars were "boxy" and "old-fashioned."

Undesirable Selling Conditions

Despite the complaints, Chrysler Corporation sold more cars than ever before in its history. Its gross sales exceeded $3,000,000,000 and it reported a profit of $74,788,617. But there was plenty of trouble underneath, and top people at Chrysler knew it. To sell cars, dealers generally had to cut prices by means of excessive allowances on trade-ins. Some of them began discounting cars—selling below list prices —eight weeks after the new models appeared.

This situation presented Colbert with his first real test. He acted quickly.

To begin with, Chrysler hired an independent business research organization to make a quick, thorough, nation-wide survey to find out what people really looked for when they went out to buy a new car.

The answer was positive: in today's automobile market, style is practically everything. Performance, economy, comfort—even price—play relatively insignificant roles in the average American's decision to buy.

Results of the survey reached Chrysler's Highland Park headquarters, just outside Detroit, in midsummer 1953—at a time when stylist Exner was win-

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ning his first big victory. Having produced a series of experimental cars, Exner in 1953 built a ⅜-scale model of a car he proposed for production—and for a time encountered stubborn resistance.

When a certain highly placed executive first saw Exner's model he is said to have thrown up his hands in horror, shouting: "Oh, no! Get that damned thing out of here—and don't let me ever see it again!"

On many later visits to Exner's studio, the executive demanded repeatedly that the stylist "get rid of that thing." But Exner seemed not to have heard—and the model stayed where it was. Finally, the executive stopped beside the model, studied it carefully, then said, "You know, that isn't such a bad-looking car after all. If you just would change it here, and there, and there—"

Chrysler men neglect to mention the executive's name, but I asked Tex Colbert what his reaction had been when he first saw the Exner model. He replied: "I said, 'Don't let's go too far!' "

Not long after Exner won acceptance of his basic design ideas, Ford launched its all-out sales drive. Colbert suddenly made Exner director of styling for Chrysler Corporation, with supervision over 200 stylists who theretofore had worked under the engineers in the Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler divisions. He ordered Exner to produce new designs for the entire line in time for 1955.

This schedule required the designers and the engineers to accomplish in about 15 months what ordinarily requires three years.

The Engineers Were Overruled

The import of Colbert's order was clear: from that day on, Exner was top dog. When the engineers said the hoods of the new cars had to be raised because there wasn't room for carburetors and air filters, Exner refused. Result: new, squatty carburetors which fitted into the available space.

All of the new Exner cars had the long, low silhouette—one which, he liked to say, was "poised and eager." A family resemblance was carried throughout, but each car had a personality of its own. K. T. Keller, engineer James C. Zeder and other old Chrysler hands felt Exner had produced a "brilliant blend" of styling and engineering. Tex Colbert was elated.

Yet, proud as everybody at Chrysler was of the new cars, they knew that design was not enough. The cars had to be priced right. They had to be sold—and selling might be unusually difficult because many former customers apparently had gone elsewhere.

Plants had to be kept running, too. Chrysler's past labor relations had left something to be desired—and even if other requirements could be met, Chrysler could lose the fight if, in time of crisis, it found itself with a strike on its hands.

The matter of price alone presented numerous problems—problems which struck at the fundamentals of Chrysler organization and tradition.

From the beginning, Chrysler had been a highly centralized organization—with all important decisions being made at the top. This system worked fine through the thirties, when the corporation was expanding. But by 1950 the company was so big that the central staff at Highland Park could not possibly provide effective supervision, and costs were getting out of line in many directions.

"We knew exactly what it cost to produce a Dodge or a Plymouth," says George W. Troost, vice-president in charge of finance, "but neither Dodge nor Plymouth had control over many of the things they bought, so there was no way of knowing whether the cost was reasonable."

Following Competitors' Example

One obvious answer was decentralization. General Motors had operated on a decentralized basis for many years and no big industrial organization had been more alert, more cost-conscious or more resourceful. Ford's first big step in preparing for its challenge of GM's leadership was to decentralize, on the GM pattern. Decentralization made sense to Colbert, too.

Month by month over the last two years, Colbert has delegated more and more authority and responsibility to his subordinates. By the fall of 1954, all four automotive divisions were headed by men fully responsible for their operations. They all had their own accounting setups and were doing much of their own buying. Some remarkable results had been achieved.

When John P. Mansfield, president of Plymouth, threatened to go outside the company to buy axles for his cars instead of buying from another division of Chrysler, that division found it could shave a third off its price. Ed Quinn discovered that a simple seat-cover cutting and stitching operation in the Chrysler division plant was costing *him nearly four times* as much as an outside firm would charge. His shop changed its ways—and came within a nickel a job of matching the competitors' bid.

Under Colbert's steady prodding, other major cost-cutting operations were put into effect:

- Before the war, Chrysler built complete cars in Detroit and shipped them to its dealers, nation-wide, from there. Its competitors built component parts in Detroit and assembled cars at strategic points across the country, thereby making large savings in shipping costs. After the war, Chrysler established its first remote assembly plant—for Dodge cars and trucks—in Los Angeles. Now all Chrysler cars destined for sale in the western United States are being assembled at Los Angeles, and a big Plymouth assembly plant is in operation at Evansville, Indiana. Others will follow.
- A big "automation" program is under way, involving the use of electronically operated and controlled automatic machines and processes which reduce physical labor, increase efficiency and productivity.
- Integration of Chrysler operations, for the purpose of controlling costs, took a big step forward with the purchase a year ago of 12 parts and body plants which had been operated by a Chrysler contractor, the Briggs Manufacturing Company.

To make sure that these programs moved forward without interruption, Chrysler this year negotiated a quarter-billion-dollar line of credit with the Prudential Insurance Company of America. It borrowed $62,500,000 of the total this year and arranged to draw the rest over the next two years.

All of these steps—decentralization, automation, integration, plant expansion and long-term financing—were designed to put Chrysler in a position to compete more effectively with GM and Ford. All were vastly important to Chrysler's future. But Tex Colbert and the men around him knew that no amount of production modernization would help unless Chrysler moved boldly to revamp its sales methods.

From the beginning, Chrysler had operated on the theory that it was in the business of manufacturing, not retailing, automobiles. Its policy was to let its dealers run their business, while it ran its own. While its competitors' fieldmen were hardheaded spokesmen for the home office, examining dealers' books and counseling them on all manner of subjects, Chrysler's fieldmen behaved like salesmen and good-will ambassadors.

COLLIER'S **"Good heavens, no, Mrs. Van Sterngarth! Yours isn't only just a *common* cold!"** SYD HOFF

The Chrysler approach had many virtues. It built up the dealers' feeling of self-importance and usually made them want to try extra hard to merit Chrysler's confidence. But it also had some glaring weaknesses—as the summer of 1953 revealed.

A sellers' market for automobiles had existed from the close of World War II until the first days of August, 1953. Then the situation changed abruptly. The supply of new cars outran immediate demand, and the buyer came back into his own. Ford launched its all-out offensive, and General Motors countered, blow for blow. Chrysler was caught in the middle, its dealers unprepared.

Instead of beating the bushes for prospects, many Chrysler retailers howled about their products. Discounting, which had begun early in the year, quickly became general practice. Some dealers resorted to "bootlegging"—selling new cars to used-car lots outside their territories.

Top Chrysler executives talked with dealers in all parts of the country, trying to buck them up. But conditions kept getting worse, and Colbert became convinced that a drastic overhauling of the whole sales setup was imperative.

Changes in the Sales Setup

His first step was to put a new man in charge. A. vanderZee, Chrysler's long-time and highly successful vice-president in charge of sales, was shifted to a new executive position involving various confidential phases of the new development program. Into his place Colbert moved Charles L. Jacobson, a veteran salesman who had held important jobs for Chrysler in all parts of the country and who had the additional virtue of not having been intimately connected with Chrysler sales since the war. (His most recent job was as president of MoPar, Chrysler's automotive parts subsidiary.)

Under Jacobson's direction, the Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler divisions hired scores of new fieldmen. Plymouth, which always had been sold by dealers who handle one of the other Chrysler cars, got a field force of its own for the first time.

By fall, Jacobson was ready to move into another, tougher, phase of his program. The tip-off on what it would be came in a closed-circuit television conference which Ed Quinn held with Chrysler dealers.

For Chrysler, the TV conference in itself was quite an adventure. Dealers assembled in hotels and theaters in 28 centrally located cities across the country. Quinn's words and image were carried from the stage of a theater in New York, by means of leased wires, to television receivers in each city, enabling him to talk to the dealers as directly as if they all had been in the same room.

Quinn used words no listener could misunderstand.

First, he held up to the close-range cameras a booklet entitled How It Figures for 1955, which, he said, reached to the heart of the matter. District managers would have this book in hand, Quinn went on, when they called on dealers in the fall, before the 1955 models began moving. The managers and

vital groups: labor and dealers

e dealers together would fill in the lank spaces, covering virtually every hase of the dealers' business, from owroom space to financing.

Then, Quinn declared, the district anagers would tell dealers how many rs they were to receive before the ovember new-model showings, how any they would receive the next onth and the month after that. Deal-s would be expected to sign an agree-ent to sell that many cars.

Quinn looked squarely into the TV ameras and bluntly told his dealers at if they were unwilling or incapa-le of going "the whole way," he saw nly two alternatives: (1) division of a ealer's territory and the addition of nother dealer; or (2) his replacement y a new and more aggressive dealer.

To back up this tough new approach hrysler was ready with a Dealer En-rprise Plan and perhaps $10,000,000 a starter, to finance new dealerships r the sale of existing ones to younger, ore vigorous men. It was ready to upport those who buckled down to the b by nearly doubling its advertising udget.

While Jacobson, the presidents of the ur divsions and their fieldmen prod-d Chrysler dealers to greater effort, l of them, and Colbert too, were busy lling Chrysler's new look in every ay they could conceive.

Unprecedented attention was being iven to employees of Chrysler. In No-ember most Chrysler plants held open ouse for employees and their families. New 1955 cars were on hand so that all who wanted to could drive them.

Colbert himself took on the bigger and infinitely more ticklish chore of seeking better relations with the unions, thus guarding Chrysler's flanks against surprise attack.

Through the years, Chrysler and the United Auto Workers (CIO) had had anything but amicable and co-operative elations. In 1950 the UAW struck hrysler for 100 days—during which ord, for the first time since Chrysler's arly years, moved into the industry's umber two sales position.

Conferences with UAW Chief

When Colbert took over the presi-ency of Chrysler in December, 1950, e quickly outlined to Walter P. Reu-her, president of UAW, plans for a ew and friendlier kind of relations, ut union representatives remained keptical. Wildcat stoppages and con-roversies continued.

This year grievances began to pile p and in the summer a strike vote was aken at Dodge.

Against this dark backdrop, the hrysler council of UAW met in De-roit in the last week of August to dis-uss future policies. It was the kind of neeting which might have produced rim forebodings for Chrysler—one hich any management representative ormally would want to stay as far way from as possible.

But to Colbert it presented an un-sual opportunity for some solid selling f Chrysler to its employees.

He asked for and got an invitation to ppear before the council. The union nen said afterward they had feared hat, in view of Chrysler's well-known roubles, Colbert might be coming to sk them for a wage cut. But he quickly eassured them. He made it plain he was not there to discuss any collective-bargaining issues, but rather to lay out "the facts of life about Chrysler's position competitively among the Big Three."

Reporters were not present, and neither Chrysler nor the UAW would comment officially about what was said. But one union official summed it up for the Detroit News: "In short, he asked us to start pushing for Chrysler. . . . Then he went into a description of the new 1955 models. He said the company was planning the greatest sales-promotion campaign in its history . . .

"Colbert did not mince any words about how it was our job to push, too. He said everybody working for Chrysler has to get going or else it was going to be just bad for a lot of people."

Policy Called "Revolutionary"

The Detroit Free Press described the Colbert speech as a revolutionary approach to labor relations, and added: "It was the first time on record that any auto firm had taken its employees so completely into its confidence on trade secrets."

It is too early yet to measure the effects of this unorthodox Colbert effort. Most union officials with whom I talked were cagey—wanting to see more demonstrations of Chrysler intentions before committing themselves. But some expressed the cautious opinion that "a change seems to be taking place at Chrysler" and that it augured well for the future. Impartial observers in Detroit were convinced Colbert had helped both himself and Chrysler. Strike votes (over grievances) at De Soto and the automotive body division darkened the picture somewhat in November, but the opinion persisted that if Colbert followed up wisely and vigorously, labor relations at Chrysler were bound to improve. It was pointed out that, in October, members of Chrysler Local 7 personally distributed letters to merchants in East Side Detroit, urging them to buy Chrysler cars. The union men argued that good business in that area "depends to a great extent on full employment" at Chrysler plants—and that "full employment throughout the year can best be accomplished if enough people buy Chrysler cars."

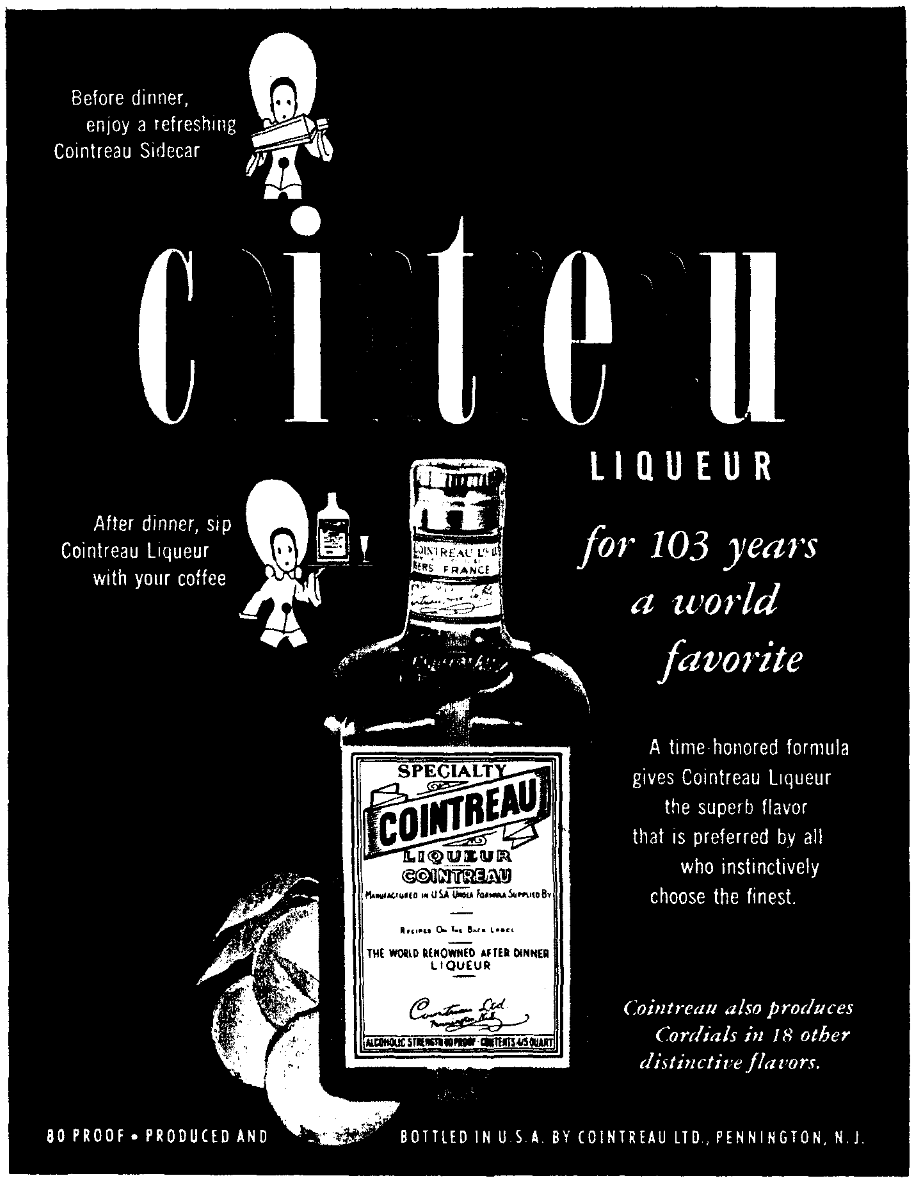
In this endeavor, at least, assembly-line workers were in full step with the executives at Highland Park. Everybody there is "selling Chrysler" these days—and selling hard.

But the fight has just begun.

Ford, Mercury and Lincoln, and General Motors' Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac are all in the market with new models, too. Ford and GM are lean and hard, battle-tried and flushed with success. They most assuredly will be hitting with everything they have in 1955, just as they did in 1953 and 1954.

The Little Three also have new models and will be fighting for their lives. Together they now have only about 5 per cent of the total market; they can't stay in business on much—if any—less.

Confident as they are that they have planned well, Tex Colbert and his team at Chrysler are well aware that the fight will get rougher in the weeks immediately ahead—and that many months may pass before a clear decision begins to emerge.



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Mr. Lionel Q. McBjork, who is often pictured in the society magazines as the best dressed man on Long Island, Andros Island, The Virgin Islands, or the Isle of Capri, says,

"I have all my sport shirts tailored of Springmaid broadcloth"

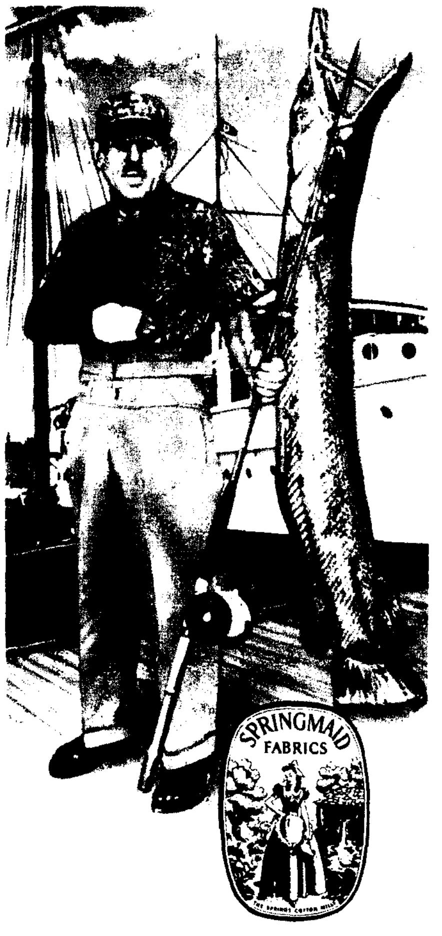
Mr. McBjork became a customers' man in a brokerage office after graduating from Elmira, and was making his first million by making love to the secretaries of some big Wall Street fishermen. While they stocked their pools, he pooled their stocks.

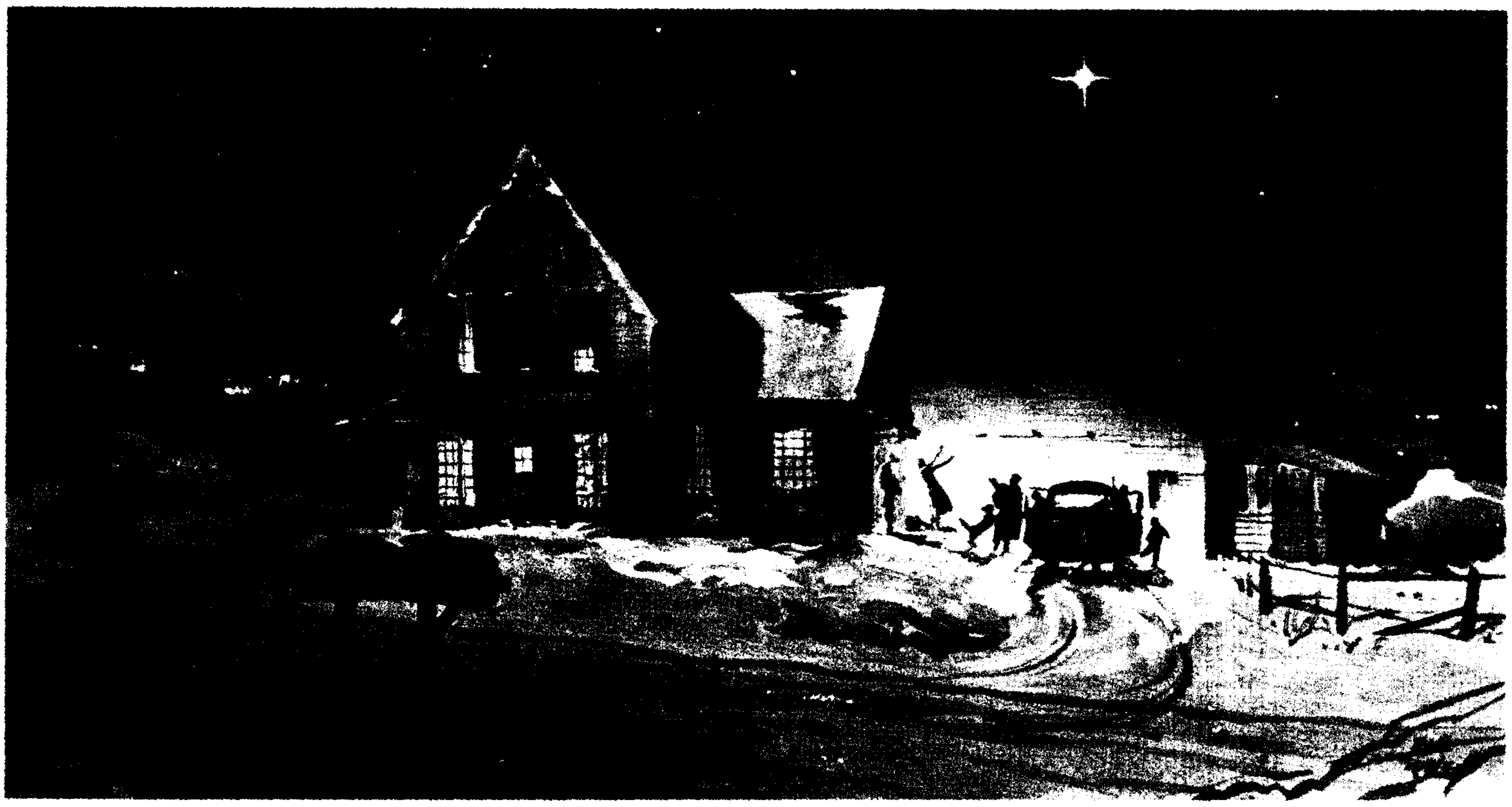
He joined the Bankers Club and bought a 28 oz. rod for a 14/0 reel and a 54 thread line. As long as his sources were reliable, he made record hauls but one cute sturgeon took his line, and he had to marry her or else she would sell him short. This cut his bait for undercover contacts and took the suckers to the cleaners. He didn't get off the hook until his wife landed a son of a President.

His second wife was the heiress of a patent medicine fortune. He joined the Bath Club and bought a 30-30 rifle with a telescopic sight. On their first safari she took along a tank of her tonic and stayed blissfully blind until she stumbled into an elephant trap.

His present wife was the Baroness Tschysdvoff, nee Schwartz. Her grandfather made his fortune the aristocratic way—by stealing a Western railroad while the Grant administration was having an Eastern investigation. Mr. McBjork now joined the Clambake Club and bought an over-and-under fowling piece with extra barrels. He's now Newport champion at live pigeon shooting.

Those who imitate Mr. McBjork with big game or a big name will do well to insist on the SPRINGMAID label. Mr. McBjork does his best fishing in Springmaid Broadcloth.





JOHN PIKE

A Day of Bright and Reasoned Hope

THIS YEAR, as has become the custom of Americans, the road to Christmas is approached on weary shoppers' feet, through honking traffic snarls, past loud-speakers blaring jingles in swing time, among postmen sagging under late-remembered cards bearing 15 cents' worth of mass-produced verse, and on into houses stacked with rich gifts gathered in haste against the New Year's penitential pay-off.

Ebenezer Scrooge, viewing such a scene, might well feel reinforced in the viewpoint expressed to his nephew: "Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas to you but a time for paying bills without money, a time for finding yourself a year older and not an hour richer . . .?"

Once more, Scrooge would be misgauging the qualities of the human heart. The trappings of Christmas change from year to year, generation to generation. The spirit of Christmas has remained steadfast for nearly 2,000 years.

SOMETIME in the gathering dusk of Christmas Eve, when the sidewalk loud-speakers have fallen quiet, when the traffic jams have been untangled, when the weary feet of the shoppers and clerks and postmen have borne the tired bodies home, the curtain rings down on the four-color build-up, and Christmas—true Christmas—takes over.

Christmas—this year as in all the years past—is a whole of many parts.

Christmas is memory—all those treasured, timeless fragments of Christmases past that coalesce into a lively and beautiful backdrop for Christmas present. The bits are widely assorted—a whiff of spruce needles, a stab of rare excitement, the way a candle casts a quivering shadow on a high ceiling, the moon's long path on a frosted slope, voices sharp on the cold night air, voices low in the hushed parlor, a friend grown older, a friend long gone.

CHRISTMAS is music—the sparkle of Jingle Bells, the calm beauty of Silent Night, the warm fellowship of God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen! . . . songs sending merriment bounding through a snowy village square . . . songs rising through the Gothic splendor of a great cathedral . . . songs that erase pain and pettiness and link men's souls with the eternal serenity of the Christmas Story.

Christmas is home—any home that gives tenancy to a family and a sprig of holly. Home is where all the memories and the music and the love and laughter come together and take form and meaning. Home, at Christmas, is a thumping of drums and a thundering of young feet and a bustling in the kitchen. Home, at Christmas, is also a pervasive contentment, a thanksgiving, a reverence, an inner warmth to rival the warmth of the crackling logs in the fireplace. Home is a magnet for wayfarers, at Christmastime, and to all who dwell in it, or enter it, a temple.

CHRISTMAS is good will toward men. It is the strong, deep kinship that brings a family together and binds it together. It is the warmth that spreads through a congregation, gathered closely in friendship and reverence. It is whatever tugs at the soul of the passer-by, seeing a ragged little boy gazing with earnest wonderment into the toyshop window; whatever prompts the tears for Tiny Tim, and the little quiver of exultation for the salvation of Scrooge; whatever makes the heart sing at the glow of a child's face, discovering some unexpected gift.

Christmas is faith—the faith that has come unbroken, undiminished through the centuries from that first Christmas.

Skeptics sometimes question the strength of that faith, and its ability to carry men through the agonizing trials they have set for themselves.

The skeptics are as myopic, in their way, as those arrogant men who from time to time have tried to elevate themselves to His place, and to command for themselves the faith that men repose in Him.

The impostors, observing the spires men have built as symbols of their faith, have assumed that by destroying the symbols, and imposing stern bans upon the rituals, they could destroy the faith. The faith has lived on.

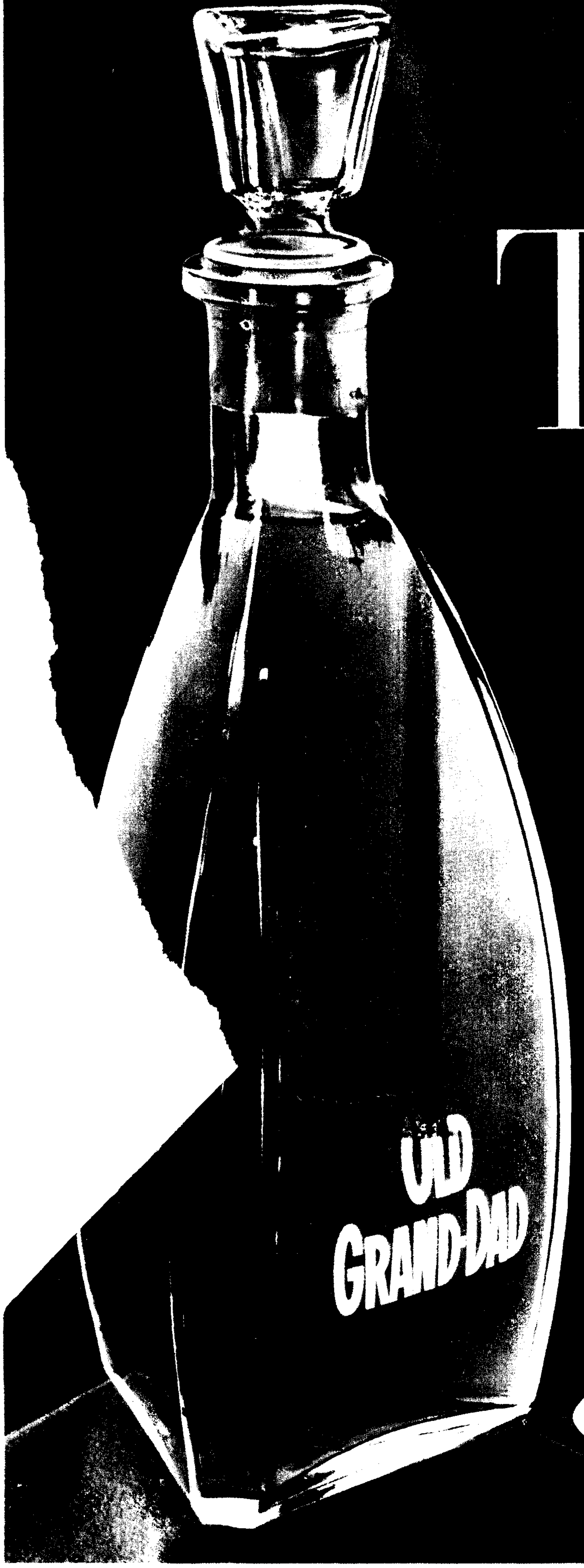
THE faith that has endured for nearly 2,000 years does not depend for its strength upon splendid symbols; it lives, deeply and naturally and stubbornly, in the hearts of men.

Christmas is a humble story, of a Mother, and a Child born in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn. The lessons in the story are simple lessons, of justice, mercy, brotherhood, and the dignity of any man born in God's image.

The monuments to this kind of faith are found in the love of a mother for a child; in the pleasure one friend finds in another; in the songs of Christmas, and their way with the human spirit; in the pity for those who have no home, no joy at Christmastime.

This is a spirit that dwells in the hearts of all men. No temple, honoring such a spirit, is more magnificent than another; no Christmas tree is more beautiful than another; there is no way, and no need, to embellish the beauty of the manger scene.

The Christmas Story is a simple song of love without limit, without end. While this song dwells in the hearts of men, peace on earth will remain a bright and reasoned hope.



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